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Painted by F. J. Stephanoff.

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THE QUEEN OF HEART

THE  
YOUNG LADY'S  
MAGAZINE;

OF THEOLOGY, HISTORY,  
PHILOSOPHY AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE, EMBRACING  
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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**Embellished with Engravings.**

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VOL. I.  
—

**London :**



GEORGE VIRTUE, IVY LANE;  
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1838.

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## PREFACE.

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It had long been a matter of surprise, that amongst the numerous works which were periodically issuing from the press, not one had been established, having for its object the edification and improvement of the youthful mind. In an age like the present, when education and intellectual refinement have become so general, that ignorance is turned from with such absolute loathing, that the stigma of it is often sufficient, virtually to expel its unfortunate (but in many cases *involuntary*) victim from the delightful intercourse of refined society; it most assuredly behoves the caterer for popular taste, to concentrate every energy in the production, not only of such matter as may amuse the fancy, but at the same time tend to expand the mind, elevate the morals, refine the intellect, and awaken,—not the morbid sensibilities, too often produced by ill-selected fictions—but those pure, unhacknied feelings of the youthful heart, which are in themselves a mine of inexhaustible treasures, and which, by their development, shed a halo of enchantment around. In most (perhaps all) of the periodicals dedicated to the use of the fairer part of creation, many pages are consecrated to that universal enslaver, y'cleped "Fashion," which might be devoted to purposes of a far less evanescent, and infinitely more ennobling, nature. Compliance with popular custom entails the due observance of certain mysteries in adorning the person, and furnishes a wide field in which taste may luxuriate,—but *that* taste



should be confined to its proper sphere ; far removed from those pages where the young and guileless are taught to seek for intellectual improvement ; and, in abjuring the trammels of that ever-varying idol of the *beau monde*, we have every reason to believe "THE YOUNG LADY'S MAGAZINE" has not had the *less* claim to public patronage, but rather been considered as a desideratum, in the great world of literature.

On closing the first volume of our delightful labors, we embrace with pleasure the opportunity of offering to our subscribers, generally, the acknowledgments to which they are incontestibly entitled, for the liberality with which our exertions have been patronized. It has been our unceasing endeavor, by securing the assistance of writers of established talent, to redeem our every pledge ; we trust we have succeeded. For the future, we shall give none individually, but will continue by every possible means to support the high character our work has already been so fortunate as to obtain, and from time to time make such additions, or improvements, as may seem best calculated to increase its reputation, and promote its interest.

To the many talented individuals who have kindly aided us, we offer our most unqualified thanks, and in the hope that we may long remain united in our labors, unruffled by time and storm, we bid both them, and our fair readers, for the present, Farewell !

NOVEMBER, 1837.

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THE  
YOUNG LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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A D D R E S S.

No lawyer ever hunted for a precedent more sedulously than we have sought for an instance of a Magazine being ushered into public notice without an introductory address. But we have found no such instance. Messieurs of the other sex, "our very noble and approved good masters" have invariably introduced their Herculean Quarterlies and Monthlies to the world with a flourish of their own trumpets; then how can we (poor humble *bas bleux* as we are) dare to break through the custom and toss No. 1, of THE YOUNG LADY'S MAGAZINE before the public *sans ceremonie*? Why a lady is more polite in presenting a luncheon to her lap dog! What could we say as an apology for such abruptness? Whither could we look for an excuse? Nothing in nature seems abrupt! Spring, beauteous Spring, as we now behold her, clad in richest verdure and bespangled with flowers, was *led on* by "old Winter" who, after introducing her, made, his best bow and slowly retired. Twilight is the harbinger of day and it gradually closes the curtain when the sun retires below the horizon introducing at the same time "ebon night and her starry train." The rainbow, that broad arch of beauty which is based on the horizon now

before our eyes, has appeared somewhat *mal-a-propos*, for even *that* was “brought forth” and “cradled” as our immortal peerless Byron expresses its first adumbrations. Pardon us indulgent readers, if we have not found an excuse in those phenomena of nature we have at least discovered an analogy that will answer our purpose. THE YOUNG LADY’S MAGAZINE will resemble the *Spring* in the freshness of its literature and the purity of its sentiments. It will humbly emulate the clearness of *day* in its didactic essays, and the sublimity of the “starry heavens” of *night* in its deeper and more romantic articles. And it will offer, though a feeble, yet an appropriate, emblem of the *rainbow* in the variety of its tints and the harmony of their blending. We have thus boldly but sincerely promised and vowed three things in its name. But as these promises may not be deemed a full intimation of our intentions. We explicitly state. That we shall touch upon Religious topics with the most profound reverence;—that our moral essays shall breathe that pure spirit with which an enlightened and tender mother would wish to animate the heart of her ripening offspring; that our light productions may sparkle and be redolent of mirth, but their wit shall never inflict a wound, and their humour shall never be tainted with aught offensive to the chastest delicacy. We shrink from exhibiting loathsome objects of vice to the young mind’s indignation and dare not to inspire fictitious sorrow. If we ever elicit a tear it shall be by the power of genuine pathos—we would not attempt to create a morbid sensibility, but we deem it a gracious task to draw the pearly drops of sympathy from the undefiled lachrymatory of a young and unsophisticated heart. We have thus rather indicated than defined the character of the work this specimen of which is respectfully submitted to the reader.

We have now only to add that we bow not, in any respect, to the sceptre of that all-potent termagant FASHION. We think for ourselves and therefore spurn her mandates. And this we say with reference to matters of a mental character. As for that department of Fashion's affairs which the dress-maker has to officiate in, we, with deep deference, leave its "important trifles" to the *surveillance* of Mesdames of the *Magasins des modes*, and the conductors of those Magazines which exhibit periodically those "mighty matters" to the *beau monde*. Our aim is to embellish the mind, not to ornament the figure; we desiderate habits of virtue in our young readers and care little about habits of dress. We shall labor, not for those whose whole lives, with the exception of the portions allotted to dress, are comprised in the following French couplet:

Du lit à la table,  
De la table au lit.

But shall regard our readers as beings of intelligence and emotions, and endeavour to furnish for them what will brighten the former and pleasurably excite the latter. All young ladies desirous of obtaining pure moral instruction and refined amusement may find them in the columns of the YOUNG LADY'S MAGAZINE, and therefore we aspire to and will endeavour to deserve the patronage of all who have such a desire.

---



## THE QUEEN OF MAY.

---

Young Queen of May ! robed in the radiant light  
 Of beauty's sheen, and holiest innocence ;  
 Meetly the laughing loves of eyes so bright,  
 The homage of the votive crowd, excite,  
 And waken heart-devotion, pure—intense !  
 Upon thy blue-vein'd brow, the trace of thought  
 Gentle and sweet, sits throned in loveliness ;  
 While woman's softness, blent with smiles and wrought  
 With hues of promise from youth's rainbow caught,  
 Beams forth the light of hope and happiness.  
 There are no passions in thy guileless breast  
 To mar its peace, and breathe of worldly care ;  
 But all is tranquil as an infant's rest,  
 And in thy heart's sweet sunshine richly blest,  
 Thou deem'st not it may e'er be thine to share,  
 The withering blights of life—and yet the glow  
 Of *earthly love*, steals o'er thy cheek of rose ;  
 Its blushes mantle to thy brow of snow,  
 But gentle maiden, little dost thou *know*  
 How oft its spell destroys the mind's repose.  
 Oh ! 'tis *too like* those flowers which strew thy way,  
 (Gems from the coronal of gorgeous spring)  
 As *fair yet fading*, and although the play  
 Of its young morning smile is blandly gay,  
 A *thorn* is lurking 'neath its radiant wing.  
 But oh ! 'twere sad to cast a thought of gloom,  
 Sweet girl ! upon that spirit-dream of thine ;  
 Or throw around thy hopes a visioned tomb,  
 Rather smile on amid their placid bloom,  
 And future years, perchance, for thee, may twine.  
 Full many a wreath to consecrate the day,  
 Whose beauteous dawning hailed thee " Queen of May."

MARIE.

## MY SISTER.

---

"When musing on companions gone  
We doubly feel ourselves alone."

---

I WAS educated at one of our principal Universities and while there contracted an intimacy with Lord Maningham. He was a few years my senior and, at the time of my entrance, had alienated from him by the violence and unsociableness of his temper, all his fellow students. Somehow, from being myself fond of solitude, I often shared his lonely hours, in preference to mingling in the parties and merriment of the other students. We were soon something more than friends; he poured out his whole soul to me, and received my confidence in return. I admired him for his candour, pitied him for his faults, and loved him because there was a void in my own heart, and I could not exist without something to take an interest in. Walter Maningham was a model of manly beauty—tall, almost to an excess, with a high intellectual brow, and eyes whose expression varied from tenderness to fire. He would often lament to me, almost with tears, that his passions were so ungovernable, but he made no vigorous effort to subdue them, nor prayed to heaven for strength; consequently they became even more violent. All rejoiced when he quitted the University, even the very governors, all but me, and I was inconsolable. He promised to write often, and on his return, for he was going on the continent, to stay some weeks with me at my father's house. We parted with regret, and I shortly afterwards returned home. Even the short time I had been absent had wrought a change; my mother's raven hair was tinged with grey, and my father looked older and thinner. Isabel, my only and beloved sister too, was altered; she had become more beautiful, more enchanting, and as she threw herself into my arms, and welcomed me with passionate kindness, I thought I had never seen any one so lovely. She had a thousand things to tell me—I but one to relate—my friendship for Maningham. I dwelt on his perfections with blind enthusiasm, and glossed over his faults until the heart of my gentle auditor was moved, and she longed to see her brother's friend; thus by my thoughtlessness did I sow the first seeds of that fatal passion which destroyed her.

I will pass over the period which elapsed before Lord Maningham made his promised visit. He came at last; my parents

received him with delight, as my friend, perhaps, my future patron, Isabel with timid joy. It is strange how a being so meek and child-like as my sister Isabel could have charms for such a man as Walter Maningham, and yet I am convinced that he loved her with all the deep feeling of his enthusiastic soul, and Isabel returned that affection with confiding tenderness. My parents consented to their union—I hesitated when mine was asked; I looked upon the fairy form of my idolized sister, as she sat encircled by the arms of her lover, her meek young face, buried in his shoulder, her hands extended in supplication to me.

“Do you fear to trust me with your sister?” said Maningham, half reproachfully, “I confess that I am unworthy of such a boon, and yet my friend, judge me not by what I have been, forget the past and in future I will be all you could wish me to be.”

“Hold!” said I, “ere you promise, and remember, my Lord, how often you have made such resolves and broken them. For my sister’s sake Walter, for your own, I dare not consent—leave us but for a short time, but for one year, and if at the expiration of that period you return an altered and a better man, the hand of my Isabel shall be your reward.”

“Bella, love!” said Maningham, turning fiercely from me and falling at her feet, “you will not surely consent to this cruel separation? Speak my beloved? Say it shall not be so!”

She glanced beseechingly at me, and for the first time I looked sternly on her; she started up and flinging herself into my arms exclaimed, “Walter, leave me—forgive me—pity me! I cannot disobey my brother!”

Lord Maningham paced the floor with rapid strides; his countenance grew dark and fearful. My sister shuddered at its expression and clung closer to me; at length he paused and snatching her hand kissed it passionately, murmured an inaudible farewell, and rushed from the room. My sister looked sadly after him, and then turned her tearful eyes on me. I tried to sooth her, and spoke of future happiness, when he should return worthy of her love. It seemed to cheer her, although myself I had no hopes of any change in him, but only looked forward to the effect of time to cure this ill-fated attachment. When I met my sister in the evening every trace of her recent agitation had disappeared, but she looked confused whenever I addressed her and coloured violently if my eyes rested for a moment on her downcast features, she

wept when she bade us good-night, and lingered again and again to receive her parents blessing and my kiss. The next morning she was missing. The sophistry of her lover had triumphed over every sense of duty. For my sister's honour I had no fear, it was her happiness I trembled for.

It was in vain we sought some trace of the fugitives, we found none; and it was about a twelvemonth after my sister's departure that I received a short sarcastic note from Lord Maningham, informing me, that the year of probation being expired, I was at liberty to visit Lady Maningham, whenever it was most convenient to myself.

But for my sister's sake I had not noticed this cold invitation—but I was eager to see her—to assure her of my forgiveness—to watch over her happiness as in other, earlier times. It was late when I arrived at a princely mansion, in a romantic part of Wales. I sent in my name, and was shown into a spacious, gloomy looking apartment. Lord Maningham entered almost directly; he offered his hand which I involuntarily grasped, and my first words were an enquiry for my sister.

"She knows not of your coming—I intended it as a surprise for her."

He rang the bell, and ordered the servant to summon Lady Maningham. How my heart beat as her light footstep approached—the door opened and uttering a scream of joy she fainted away in my arms. Her husband looked displeased, and flung open the window, and I laid her on an ottoman. She soon revived and greeted me with affectionate warmth, looking her thanks to Lord Maningham. When we were more composed, I beheld with alarm the alteration which had taken place in my sister. She was pale and languid, and seemed to move, nay even to speak with difficulty. I noticed too, that if she caught the eye of her husband fixed on her while she spoke, she paused suddenly, and remained silent for a while. I told Lord Maningham that I feared she was ill, very ill, and requested that she might have advice.

"Put no whims into her head," he replied impatiently, "you are well enough, are you not Bella?"

She bowed her head, but a tear fell on the hand I held. He looked keenly at her, and then offering to ring for her attendant supported her to the door. A kind good-night in his own peculiarly sweet voice and the accents of a kiss reached my ear as they stood a few moments together; my inconsistent friend soon returned to me, and after a few moments silence, said—

"Tell me De Lisle, I conjure you by our former friendship, do you sincerely think that your sister is in danger. I have at times fancied she was ill, but she never complains, and I drive away the idea as maddening—still it will intrude when I gaze on the pale cheek, and wasting form, of her I so idolize."

I spoke soothingly to him, and said I hoped there was no immediate danger, but that I certainly thought Isabel, very ill, or very unhappy—as I pronounced the last word he started and turning deadly pale, remained silent for a few moments; at length he said—

"You know that from my infancy my unbounded passions, my insanity! in mercy call it no worse name—has alienated from me every friend, broken every tie, and left me almost an isolated being: surely the scarcity of objects to love, makes us cling with greater tenacity to those which remain. As a flower in the wilderness—a moon upon a black waste of waters—such is my pure, beautiful Isabel to me. The best, the sweetest, and the last! That which has estranged all other hearts, has but bound her's the closer. She has soothed my impetuosity and in my wildest moments her words have fallen like gently-dropping waters, and cooled the fire of my soul! When I was harsh—when I wounded her meek spirit, she answered only with her tears—when others became the objects of my fury, she stepped like a ministring angel between me and the objects of my wrath, and saved them." "De Lisle," he continued, with increasing vehemence, "Is it possible that one so fair, so good, should die?"

"Every thing is possible with God!" I began, but he impatiently interrupted me.

"You must preach, I suppose, because it is your vocation! but I am in no mood to listen to you."

He arose hastily, shewed me to my apartment, and, having paced the gallery until past midnight, retired himself.

The following morning the change in my beloved sister, was even more perceptible. She did not appear surprised when the servant told her that his master had been out ever since dawn.

We enjoyed our *tête-à-tête* breakfast, talking over past times and old friends, she did not seem once to regret the step she had taken, only as the cause of our long separation. She spoke of her husband as her "Dear Maningham," her "kind Walter." No mention of those sufferings which had destroyed her health escaped her lips—you would have thought her, from her words, a loved and happy wife, had not the fading cheek, the shade

of care on that young brow, the dimmed lustre of those beautiful eyes, told a sadder tale.

We had just finished breakfast, and were standing by the window looking out upon the wild and luxuriant scenery around, when Lord Maningham, accompanied by another gentleman, appeared riding furiously up the avenue. He kissed his hand to us, and on his entrance introduced his companion as Dr. Ap Griffith, a physician of some celebrity I felt my sister shudder as he approached.

"Bella, dear," said her husband, "you will consult this gentleman for my sake?"

"What would I not do to please you!" replied the gentle girl, placing her hands in his. "But indeed you unnecessarily agitate yourself, I am not so very ill."

"I knew it!" said his Lordship, looking triumphantly at me, "nevertheless, my love, talk to the Doctor, as I have had the trouble of fetching him."

He led her to a seat, and then taking my arm we quitted the room. As we waited in the library for the Doctor, he continued to exclaim against the folly of telling people that they were ill; and offered to lay me any wager, that before the summer was half over, Isabel would look as blooming as one of her favourite roses. But his animation was evidently forced and unnatural. At length Ap Griffith joined us.

"Well Doctor," said his Lordship, starting up; but he paused and turned deadly pale as he caught the doubtful expression of that gentleman's face, "she is ill then—merciful God!—perhaps she is dying!"

"My Lord," replied the Doctor, "this is a fearful stroke, but you must strive to bear it as becomes a man and a christian—Lady Maningham is in the last stage of a decline and cannot live much longer. Her constitution, naturally delicate, has I fear been much shaken by over excitement and agitation."

"Do not curse me De Lisle!" said Maningham, in a hoarse and broken voice. "I have destroyed your sister!" He sank at my feet in happy insensibility, as it saved him from madness, which would have followed this severe shock on a mind so ill-regulated as his.

Lord Maningham's alarming illness now called for all our care and attention. Isabel disobeyed the Doctor's injunctions and insisted on watching by the bedside of the sufferer, and, when I would have remonstrated, she turned her pleading eyes to me, and said

"Do not separate me from Walter, dear brother! it is but

little longer we shall have in this world to be together!"

Though I felt that she was wasting what little strength still remained to her, I could not refuse this request.

It was nearly a week after my arrival; I was sitting reading the Scriptures to her, as she sat by the side of the unconscious invalid—her weary head resting on the same pillow with his—when she exclaimed

"He is waking! oh my dear brother, I think Walter recognizes me!"

She bent tenderly over him and kissed his damp forehead; the sick man took both her hands in his, and pressed them convulsively to his lips and heart—while tears escaped from his closed eyes, and stole down his pallid cheeks.

"I dream't sweetest that I was to lose thee!" he said, in a low voice, drawing her yet closer to him. "Say it was a dream Bella!"

She shook her head mournfully, but could not speak.

"Are you too in a league to deceive me?" continued her impetuous husband. "Do you wish to drive me mad?—to kill me?—or are you only exercising your boundless power over my heart?" "Be satisfied," he added, in a tone of subdued tenderness, "it breaks for thee Bella!—it breaks for thee!"

She soothed him with affectionate words, and besought him to try and sleep; she even attempted to sing to him; but her broken and altered voice seemed only the more powerfully to agitate the sufferer. He slept at length, and from that time began gradually to recover. For hours he would gaze on the fading form of his young and idolized wife—haunting her steps like a shadow, anticipating her wants, reading every unexpressed wish in her varying countenance. He would sit at her feet, and hang on every tone of her low sweet voice, as if he feared it would be the last; and when the rich hectic mantled on her cheek he mistook it for the returning bloom of health, called on us to congratulate him, and shake hands with the Doctor, assuring him that he was quite mistaken in his prognostications. But when that deceitful flush disappeared from her pallid face, he gave way to the wildness of despair—cursing himself as her destroyer, and frantically imploring her forgiveness.

Weeks passed away and my sister's birth-day came; a gladsome time that had once been to us all—now there was no rejoicing, no presenting of trifles, rendered valuable by a kind glance and an affectionate word.

"Have you no offering for me Walter?" she tenderly enquired.

He turned sadly away from her and answered, "none!"

"Nor you Edward?"

I gave her a white rose, fit emblem of her own sinless purity. She kissed it and placed it in her bosom; and some time afterwards, pointing to it, said

"Your flower is fading, brother! it will soon be gone!"

Maningham tore away the withered leaves and replaced it from a vase which stood near him.

"When you return home Edward," said Isabel, "tell my dear father and mother that I never forgot them, even for a moment; that my only regret was that I could not see them once again! Console them for my loss, and speak comfort to them! Alas, my husband! my poor Walter, who shall comfort thee?"

She flung herself into his arms, and they wept together. At length, turning her sweet face to me and resting her head on his shoulder, she said

"Now, dear brother, read us a prayer."

She held one of Walter's hands clasped in her's and prayed with me. Presently missing her gentle voice, I looked up—she had fallen a little forward—there was a holy smile on her parted lips—but the spirit which once animated those meek soft eyes had fled for ever.

"Thus lived, thus died she, never more on her  
Shall sorrow light, or shame; she was not made  
Thro' years, or moons, the inner weight to bear  
Which colder hearts endure, until they are laid  
By age in earth."

E. Y.

---

## SONG.

---

How smiling the flowers appear!

How playful the zephyrs pass by!

How gay is the Spring of the year!

How bright and serene is the sky!

See Nature with angel-like face,

In her pleasing and sportive array,

Simplicity, Beauty, and Grace

Adorn the fair bosom of May.

Come, Rosa, away we will rove,

At the first rosy blush of the morn,

And list to the musical grove

That awakes at the peep of the dawn.



## THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

We will cull from the bosom of May!  
 The flowers that smiling appear,  
 'Tis a season for youth to be gay,  
 'Tis the fairest of all in the year.

Come, Rosa, and do not for shame,  
 Give up any more to repose  
 Than is fitting for Nature to claim,  
 When abroad with such beauty she glows.  
 Leave the sluggard and pamper'd at home,  
 The victims of sloth and despair;  
 Through meadows and groves we will roam,  
 While youth and the morning are fair!

The slaves of the City may toil,  
 As toiling they were for the grave  
 'Tis enough at their fate to recoil,  
 And our hearts we will never enslave.  
 We will cull from the bosom of May,  
 The flowers that smiling appear;  
 'Tis a season for youth to be gay,  
 'Tis the fairest of all in the year.—J. KINDER.

## THE MARTYR'S HYMN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAINBOW SKETCHES," ETC.

On with ye to the stake—my hope, my trust,  
 Is centred not in things of earth and dust;  
 On with ye to the fire—deem not I fear,  
 Or shame, or woe, or pain, or sorrow here  
 On with ye to the axe—I follow on  
 To the great prize the Lord my Saviour won.

The spirit of my God is o'er me now,  
 A holy courage lighteth heart and brow;  
 I hear the music of a heavenly throng,  
 Freed from the thought of suffering and of wrong,  
 And there, oh! there, my spirit fain would be  
 Bending before an unveiled Deity!

Despots, ye cannot quell me—tho' the fire  
 Be lit in your unconquerable ire,  
 My hope is centred in all things above  
 My thoughts are fixed upon my "Sun of Love,"  
 And when I rest beneath the silent clod  
 I know my soul shall glory in its God!

## HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

### No. 1.—MAY DAY.

"I have seen the Lady of the May  
 Sit in an arbour (on a holy day)  
 Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swains  
 Dance with the maidens to the bag-pipes strains,  
 When envious night commands them to begone,  
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,  
 And for the well performance, soon disposes,  
 To this a garland interwove with roses,  
 To that a carved hooke, or well-wrought scrip;  
 Gracing another with her cherry lip;  
 To one her garter; to another, then,  
 A handkerchiefe, cast o'er and o'er again;  
 And none returneth emptie that hath spent  
 His pains to fill their rural merriment."

*Brown's Pastorals.*

THE month of May is usually represented by a sweet and amiable countenance, clad in a robe of pure white and green, embroidered with daffodils, hawthorns, and blue bells. Milton celebrates it, as does Shakespeare, when he says:—

"On a day, alack the day  
 Love whose month is ever May  
 Spied a blossom passing fair  
 Playing in the wanton air."

The first of May was, "in times of old," consecrated both to the Goddess Flora, and the Queen of Love, and was the rustic holiday of our forefathers who were accustomed to celebrate it with joyous diversions and festive revelry. In those days—

"The lords of castles, mannors, townes, and towers  
 Rejoyc'd when they beheld the farmers flourish,  
 And woulde come downe unto the summer bowers  
 To see the country-gallants dance the morrice."

Shortly after midnight the lads and lasses left their villages and retired to the woodlands, by sound of music, where they gathered the May, or blossomed branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then returning by sunrise, they decorated the lattices and doors of their dwellings with garlands of "the sweet smelling spoil of their joyous journey," and spent the remainder of the day in sports and pastimes. In the villages they danced during the day, round the May-pole, which afterwards remained during the whole year untouched, except by the seasons, a faded emblem and a consecrated offering to the Goddess of Flowers.

"Stay, quoth my muse, and here behold a signe  
 Of harmlesse mirth and honest neighbourhood,  
 Where all the parish did in one combine  
 To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood  
 When no capritious constables disturb them,  
 Nor justice of the peace did seek to curb them,  
 Nor peevish puritan, in rayling sort,  
 Nor over-wise church-warden spoyl'd the sport."

At night the villagers lighted up fires, and indulged in revellings which sometimes were "after the high Roman fashion," and might, indeed, have vied with those religious festivities with which the "true believers" are still accustomed to reward themselves, for their pious abstinence during the fast of Rhamazen.

"Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes,  
 (For then true love and amity was found,)  
 When every village did a May-pole raise,  
 And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound :  
 And all the lusty yonkers, in a rout,  
 With merry lasses daunc'd the rod about,  
 Then friendship to their banquets bid the guests,  
 And poore men far'd the better for their feasts."

The May-poles and pageantries of May-day are now becoming obsolete. We have, it is true, pageants and processions but they are continued merely for the pecuniary advantages resulting from them. We cannot, however, pass over the day without some notice of its former "mirth and merriment."

The most innocent and amusing of all the May-day sports was doubtless that of dancing round the May-pole. Of these there were formerly a great many "set up" in London, which were regularly greeted on May-day. In speaking of one, opposite Gerrard's Hall, Stow says, "it might be, as was the case in every parish, set up every summer before the principal house in the parish or street," and "it stood in the halle, before the scrine, decked with hollie and ivie at the feaste at Christmasse."

Were it not for Stow and other chroniclers, we should, of course, know little or nothing of the customs on this and other memorable days of our ancestors.

The jocund sports of May-day, were not confined to the young and gay, even royalty itself partook of its diversions, and "every man, except impediment, would walke into the sweete meadowes and greene woodes, there to rejoice their spirites with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers," and to hear—

"How the merry minstrels of the grove  
 Devote the day to melody and love ;  
 Their little breasts with emulation swell,  
 And sweetly strive in singing to excel."

In the thick forests feed the cooing dove ;  
 The starling whistles various notes of love ;  
 Up spring the airy larks, shrill voic'd and loud,  
 And breathe their matins from a morning cloud,  
 To greet glad nature, and the God of day,  
 The flow'ry Venus, blooming Queen of May."

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, and more particularly in his early years, the May games were celebrated with *Justes* and splendid Pageantry, and that famed chivalric out-law, Robin Hood, presided as Lord of the May, supported by his boon companions Little John and Friar Tuck, and near them sat the fair Maid Marian, crowned as Lady of the May,

"With eyes of blue,  
 Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night,  
 And habited in pretty forest plight—  
 Young as the dew :"

whilst in a subsequent stage of the Pageant, were—

"The archer-men in green, with belt and bow,  
 Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,  
 With Robin at their head, and Marian."

Henry's was, at first, a court of social gaiety, of which the Annals of his day furnish abundant testimony. Hall, in his "*Chronicles*," tells us that "on May-daye in the second yere of his rayne (anno 1510) hys Grace beyng yonge, and wylling not to be idell, rose in the mornyng very early to fetch May or greene bows, hym-selfe freche and richely appareyled, and clothed all his knyghts, squiers, and gentlemen in whyte-satyn, and all hys garde and yomen of the crowne in whyte sarcenet. and so went every man with his bowe and arrowes shooting in the wood, and so repaired againe to the courte, every man with a *green* bough in his cappe ; and at hys returnyng many hearynge of his goynge a Maying, were desyrours to see hym shote, for at that tyme his Grace shotte as stronge and as greate a lengthe as any of his garde."

In the following year, the King being "lusty, young, and courageous," and greatly delighting "in feates of chyvalrie," caused a challenge at *Justes*, "against all commers," to be proclaimed, "to be holden at his mannour of Greenwyche," on the three first days of the ensuing May ; "whiche noble courage, all younge persones highly praysed, but the auncient fathers muche doubted, considering the tender youth of the Kyng, and divers chaunces of horses and armure ; so much that it was openly spoken, that stele was not so strong, but it might be broken, nor no horse could be so sure of fote, but he may fall:

yet for all these doubets, the lusty Prince proceeded in his challenge."

In 1514 *Tilting* against "all commers," was proclaimed for the opening of May. The principal defenders were the King, and the Duke of Suffolk: the former was clad "in a scopelary mantel and hat of clothe of silver, and like a white hermite; and the Duke appeared appareled like a black hermite, all of black velvet: both their berdes wer of Damaske silver." "At these justes wer broken cxiii speres, in a short season." The prize was adjudged to the King and his brave companion.

In 1515 a still greater degree of splendour was given to the courtly celebration of May-day. Henry the Eighth, and Queen Katherine, "accompanied with many Lords and Ladies rode a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill: where as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeoman, clothed in greene, with green hoods, and with bowes and arrowes, to the number of 200. One, being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoote: whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the 200 archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled again, they likewise shot again: their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen, and their company."

On their return they were met by "two ladyes in a ryche chariot drawn with v. horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written. "On the first courser, called *Cawde*, sate *Humidite* or *Humide*." On the ii courser, called *Memeon*, sate Lady *Vert*. On the iii called *Phéton*, sate Lady *Vegatiue*. On the iiiv, called *Rimphon*, sate Lady *Pleasauce*. On the v, called *Lampace*, sate *Sweet Odour*: and in the chayre, sat the Lady *May*, accompanied by Lady *Flora*, richely appareled, and they saluted [the Kyng with diverse goodly songes, and so brought him to Grenewyche." "At this Maying was a great number of people to behold to their great solace and comfort." The festivities of the day terminated with justing "on greate coursers" and "a goodly banquet."

In 1517 an "evil May-day" occurred, in consequence of an insurrection made "by prentices and other young persons against aliens."

Of the English May-pole much has been said, Geoffrey Chaucer, speaking of "a vaine boaster," and in reference to the May-pole, or shaft, which had for many years been set up in Cornhill, says—

"Right well aloft, and high ye heave your head,  
The weather-cocke with flying, as he would kill,  
When ye be stuffed, bet of wine, than bread,

\* \* \*

As ye would beare the great *Shaft of Corne-hill*."

After the disturbance above alluded to, the "great Mayings and May games," as Stow expresses it, "made by the governors and masters of this city, with triumph setting up of the great shaft, or principal May-pole in Cornhill," were "not so freely used as before," and the shaft itself "was not rayed at any time since Evil May-day"—but "was laid over the doors, and under the pentises of one row of houses, and alley gate, called of the shaft,—*Shaft Alley*, in the ward of Lime Street." Pennant inaccurately states that this "unfortunate shaft, or May-pole, gave rise to the insurrection of the apprentices, and the plundering of the foreigners." That tumult, however, originated in circumstances altogether independent of the May-pole, but this shaft was the cause of a kind of civil *after dinner broil*, in which it was first "mangled" and afterwards committed to the flames.

"The church of St. Andrew the Apostle," says Stow, "in the ward of Aldgate, was known from other churches of that name, by the addition of *Knape* or *Undershaft*, because that of old time, every yeere, on Maie-daye in the morning, it was used, that an high shaft or long pole, was set up there, in the midst of the streete, before the southe dore of the sayd church; which shaft, when it was set on end, and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple."

This shaft remained hanging "upon iron hooks," under "the pentises," till the third year of Edward the Sixth, "when the plague of fanaticism began to scandalize the promoters of the reformed religion," and a frantic zealot called *Sir Stephen*, then curate of St. Catherine Cree, or Christ Church, made it the subject of a discourse at Paul's Cross, and "in the afternoon of that present day (Sunday) the neighbours," says Stow, "over whose doores the said shaft had laine, after they had dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more helpe, and with greate labor raising the shaft from the hooks they sawed it in pieces, everie man taking for his share, so much as had layne over his dore and stall, the length of his house, and they of the alley, divided amongst them so much as had laine over their alley gate. Thus was this *Idoll* mangled and afterwards burned."

It appears to have been the object of many of the more rigid among our early reformers to suppress the amusements of the

lower and middle classes and more especially May-pole games; and these "Idolls" of the people were got down as zeal grew fierce, and got up as it grew cool, till, after various ups and downs, the favourites of the populace were by the Parliament, on the 6th of April, 1644, thus provided against: "The Lords and Commons do further order and ordain, that all and singular May-poles, that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down, and removed by the constables, bossholders, tithing-men, petty constables, and church-wardens of the parishes, where the same be, and that no May-pole be hereafter set up, erected, or suffered to be set up within this Kingdom of England, or dominion of Wales: the said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said May-pole be taken down."

Long previous to this ordinance, such great interruption had been given to the May games and sundry diversions of the people, that James the First, on returning from Scotland, through Lancashire, in 1615, judged it requisite to issue a Proclamation, forbidding any interference with the lawful recreations of his subjects, either in "dancing, archery, vaulting, &c. or in having May games, Whitson ales, and morris-dancers, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of divine service." In the following year, that Proclamation was extended to all parts of the Kingdom; and it was again ordered to be enforced by Charles the First, (together with the observance of wakes, or feasts, on the anniversary dedication of churches) by his letters mandatory, dated at Westminster, on the 18th of October, 1633. This command the King ordered to be promulgated by Episcopal authority, through all the parish churches of every diocese, but it so greatly excited the displeasure of the puritans, that they afterwards used it as an argument for expelling the Bishops from the House of Peers, and condemning Archbishop Laud.

The Strand May-pole was set up in the place of an ancient stone cross, mentioned by Stow. It was erected prior to 1634, and is described in Pasquill's "*Palenodia*," published in that year.

"Fairely we marched on till our approach  
 Within the spacious passage of the Strand,  
 Objected to our sight a *Summer Broach*,  
 Y'clep'd a May-pole, which, in all our land,  
 No city, towne, nor streete, can parrallel,  
 Nor can the lofty spere of Clarken-well,  
 Although we have the advantage of a rocke,  
 Search up more high his turning weather-cock."

At what period the "Summer Broach" was taken down, does not appear, but it unquestionably could not long survive the Parliamentary Ordinance of 1644, even admitting it to have stood until then.

The restoration of Charles II. was the signal for the restoration of May-poles. On the very first May-day afterwards, in 1661, the May-pole, in the Strand, was reared with great ceremony and rejoicing, a curious account of which, from a rare tract, intituled "The City's Loyalty Displayed," we now give.

"Let me declare to you," says the writer, "the manner in general of that stately cedar, erected in the Strand, 134 foot high, commonly called the May-pole, upon the cost of the parishioners there adjacent, and the Gracious consent of His Most Sacred Majesty, with the Illustrious Prince the Duke of York. This tree was a most choice and remarkable piece; 'twas made below bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard, near the King's Palace, and from thence it was conveyed, April 14th, to the Strand, to be erected. It was brought with a streamer flourishing before it, drums beating all the way and other sorts of music; it was supposed to be so long, that landmen (as carpenters) could not possibly raise it. Prince James, the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, commanded twelve seamen off aboard to come and officiate the business, whereupon they came and brought their cables, pullies, and other tacklins, with six great anchors; after this was brought three Crowns, bore by three men bare-headed and a streamer displaying all the way before them, drums beating and other musick playing; numerous multitudes of people thronging the streets, with great shouts and acclamations all day long. The May-pole then being joyned together, and hoopt about with bands of iron, the Crown and cane with the King's Arms richly gilded, was placed on the head of it, a large top like a balcony was about the middle of it. This being done the trumpets did sound, and in four hours space it was advanced upright, after which being established fast in the ground, six drums did beat, and the trumpets did sound; again great shouts and acclamations the people gave, that did ring throughout the Strand. After that came the *Morris Dancers* finely deckt, with purple scarfs, in their half shirts, with a tabor and pipe, the ancient musick, and danced round about the May-pole, and after that danced the rounds of their liberty. Upon the top of this famous standard is likewise set up a royal purple streamer, about the middle of it is placed four Crowns more, with the King's Arms likewise, there is also a garland set upon it of



various colours of delicate rich favours, under which is to be placed three great Lanthorns, to remain for three honours; that is, one for Prince James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England; the other for the Vice Admiral; and the third for the Rear Admiral; these are to give light in dark nights and to continue so long as the pole stands, which will be a perpetual honour for seamen. It is placed as near hand as they could guess, in the very same pit as the former stood, but far more glorious, bigger, and higher, than ever any one that stood before it; and the seamen themselves do confess that it could not be built higher, nor is there such a one in Europe beside, which highly doth please His Majesty and the Illustrious Prince, Duke of York. Little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying, 'golden days began to appear.' I question not but 'twill ring like melodious musick throughout every county in England, when they read this story exactly pen'd; let this satisfy for the glories of London, that other loyal subjects may read what we here do see."

A processional engraving by Vertue, among the prints of the Antiquarian Society, represents this May-pole, at a door or two westward beyond "where Catherine Street descends into the Strand," or near the site of the present Church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

Strype, who lived at the time says, that "the May-pole in the Strand, being above 100 feet in height, and grown old and decayed was in 1717 obtained of the parish by Sir Isaac Newton, knt. and being taken down was carried away through the city, on a carriage of timber, unto Wanstead, in Essex," when by permission of Sir Richard Child, bart. afterwards Lord Castlemain, given to the Rev. Mr. Pound, the Rector, it was erected in Wanstead Park, for the support of a vast telescope, 125 feet in length, which had been presented by Monsieur Hugon, a French astronomer, to the Royal Society, of which he was a member.

The last poet who mentioned it was Pope; he says, of an assemblage of persons, that—

"Amidst the area wide they took their stand,  
Where the tall May-pole once o'er look'd the Strand."

Customs are sometimes continued for ages after their real origin has been forgotten, or, otherwise, so amalgamated with "baser matter" that no analysis can discover the primary germ. Thus, probably, it has fared with the practice of setting up the May-pole, although it may seem to bear relationship to

one species of the corrupt worship of antiquity, to which an allusion only can now be made. In the middle ages, crowned with gay wreaths, and decorated with variegated festoons of blooming flowers, it was regarded as an emblem of the genial productiveness of Spring, and the sports and dances which accompanied the festivity, were the emanations of gratitude for the blessings of returning vegetation and fruitfulness.

“ The May-pole is up  
Now give me the cup ;  
I'll drink to the garlands around it ;  
But first unto those  
Whose hands did compose,  
The glory of flower's that crown'd it.”

Stubbes, one of the most severe of the race of splenetic fanatics, who in his “ Anatomy of Abuses,” carps at the most harmless pleasures, and pours forth his angry denunciations at almost every ancient custom connected with social amusements and jocular hilarity, relates the fetching in of the May from the woods, and says, “ the chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their Maie-pole, which they bring home with great veneration,” and describes it as being “ bounde rounde a boutte with stringes, from top to the bottome, and sometye painted variable colours, with twoo or three hundred men, women, and children followyng it, with greate devotion.” “ And thus,” he continues, “ beyng reared up, with handkerchiefes and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde green boughes about it, sett up sommer haules, Bowers, and Arbours hard by it. And then fall they too banquet and feast. to leape and dance aboute it, as the Heathen people did at the dedication of their Idolls, whereof this is a perfect patterne, o rather the thyng itself.”

“ I shall never forget,” says Washington Irving, “ the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day. One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn ; and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Morris-Dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city.” “ I value,” continues our unversified poet, “ every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling

into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by, the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic; the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city." But to conclude, it is somewhat curious that the most light and dancing nations should have conspired together to put an end to our merriment; but so it was. "The Parisian gentry," says a modern writer, "could sooner baulk our naturally graver temper, and pique it on being as reasonable as themselves, than they could stop the out-of-door pastimes of their own Boulevards and provinces. Our dancing was now to be confined, like a sick person, to its apartment. We might have as much gallantry as we pleased in a private way, a permission, of which our turn of mind did not allow us to avail ourselves to the extent of our teachers; but none in a more open and innocent one. All our ordinary pleasures were to be sedentary. We were to show our refinement, by being superior to every rustic impulse; and do nothing but doubt, and be gentlemanly, and afraid of committing ourselves. The trader was too busy for pastime; the dissenter too serious; the sceptic too philosophical; the gentleman too high bred; and, like master like man, apprentices became too busy, like their employers: the dissenter must stop the dancing of the village; the philosopher was too much occupied with reading Plato, to remember that he was equally for cultivating mind and body; and the footman must be as genteel as his master, and have a spirit above clownish gambols."

The poetry of Shakspeare's time represents the age and the whole nation. There are pelted villages in it, as well as proud cities; forests, as well as taverns. There are gardens and camps; courts of kings and mobs of cobblers; and every variety of human life; its pains and its pastimes; business and holiday; our characters, minds, bodies, and estates. Its persons are not all obliged to be monotonous; to have but one idea or character

to sustain, and find that a heavy one. Its heroines can venture to "run on the green-sward," as well as figure in a great scene. Its heroes are not afraid of laughing and being companionable. Nothing that has a spirit of health in it, a heart to feel, and lungs to give it utterance, was thought alien to a noble humanity; and therefore the "sage and serious Spenser" can make his very creation laugh and leap at the coming of a holiday; and introduce May, the flowery beauty, borne upon the shoulders of a couple of demi-gods.

"Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide;  
And leapt and daunc't, as they had raptured beene,  
And cupid self about her fluttered all in greene."

But let us see what a picture we make of this now in London:—

"Then came dark May, the darkest maid on ground,  
Deckt with no dainties of the season's pride,  
And throwing soot out of her lap around.  
Having grown scorn'd, on no one she did ride,  
Much less on gods; who once on either side  
Supported her, like to their sovereign queen.  
Lord; how the sweeps all grinn'd, when her they spied,  
And leapt and daunc't, as they had scorched been!  
And Jack himself about her lumber'd all in green."

Such is May-Day in London—once the gayest of its holidays, furnishing the inhabitants with a pleasant prospect and retrospects perhaps for half the year. May was the central object of one half-year, as Christmas was of the other. Neither is scarcely worth mention now. The celebration of May in the country is almost as little attended to as in London. The remoter the scene from the metropolis, the more it flourishes. In some villages a pole is set up, but there is no dance. In others, the boys go about begging with garlands, and do nothing else. A lump of half dead blue-bells and primroses is sent in at your door, to remind you that May was once a festival.

But let us hope for a revival of by-gone sports and pastimes, and that the day may not be far distant when we shall join our friends and neighbours in a merry, though innocent, dance round the May-pole, and when—

"the pipe and drum  
Shall bid defiance to *our* enemy;  
And that all fiddlers, which in corners lurke,  
And have been almost starv'd for want of work,  
Shall draw their crowds, and, at *our* exaltation,  
Play many a bit of merry recreation."

W. S.

## N O .

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*By W. L. Macdonald, Esq., R. N.*

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WHAT a train of reflections are set in motion on the rail-road of memory by the simple monosyllable, No. Who among the many has not, in his boyish, or by-gone days often repented its too-ready utterance?—we can answer for ourselves: numerous are the instances of self-denial, either from coyness or a mistaken notion of politeness, in which “thank you” has been prefaced with a faltering “No,” when we evidently intended “Yes,” though resolution failed to bring it forth. How often has this folly been carried to an excess which tended to our own mortification and the risk of offending our host, who vainly attempted to press upon us the good things of this world? A perfect stranger may by accident tread on your corns—he begs your pardon, hoping he did not hurt you: the response is generally “No,” though at the time, you are writhing with agony, and wishing the author of your torments in “No man’s land.” You are travelling in a stage-coach, perhaps in the dog days, with three of the fair sex, neither of whom have any pretensions to special tenuity, or with a waist among them at all definable; with a sweet smile you are asked if you have any objection to the other window being closed as the lady dreads another attack of the tic doloureux. The appeal is irresistible, you answer with a smiling “No,” drawn from the top of your heart, although the heat is already amounting to suffocation, and unfortunately there is No room on the outside. How many of the fair daughters of earth have repented, when to late, the hasty No, which has repaid an ardent attachment? In this matter, however, on an average, the ayes, as they should be, will be found above the Noes. How many men have taken bribes, and while the conscience whispered No,—the extended hand has falsely echoed Yes? A friend of ours, who is now No-more, had such a habit of saying No, that No other answer could be obtained: if you asked him to take a seat, it was, “No, I thank you:” “will you stand?” “No, I thank you:” “good day to you;” “No, I thank you,” and so on. We were at a loss to christen him in order to cure this peculiarity: some said, call him Mr. No-body: that, we found would never do, for he had a very corpulent body, and consequently, was a great man although of *No notoriety*. At last it was agreed, as his Alpha and Omega was No, that his cognomen should be No-all; and by its invariable use the habit was event-

ually eradicated, but whether or not curing, as in many other cases, caused dissolution, deponent knoweth not, farther, than that he soon passed to that bourne whence No traveller returns.

We often see No. 1 over a door: figuratively speaking, No one is ever seen at that door, though it may be a gin-palace. Again, if a shop be vacant for any length of time, a board makes its appearance, with this momentous warning,—“*Stick No Bills:*” surely, the proprietors have no reason to suppose that any person in the three kingdoms, has the least desire to imitate our ancient foes across the channel:—

Because the French a target make of Phil,  
Shall we, like Spaniards, aim a knife at *Bill*?  
The nation's voice, from high to low,  
Will join in chorus, No, No, No.

We remember once asking a naval officer, a bit of a wag, the reason a man-of-war's boat answered the sentry's challenge with No, No, although going to that vessel? to the best of reasons, said he;—do not two negatives make an affirmative? We were silenced, therefore, lest we should be charged of high treason, the above chorus boasts of three, which, by Lindley Murray and logic combined, constitute a decided negative. The same wag, when about to pass an examination for navigation, &c., applied to Mr. No-rie, a celebrated teacher of the naval sciences, to ‘brush him up,’ but found that he reversed his name in his actions, and wanted too much Rhi-no, so politely told him it was of No consequence. No-go, is often made use of by persons, who have not resolution enough to disturb the order of words and go on. It is said that an Irish beggar will not take No for an answer, and the following anecdote bears out the assertion. An officer, who had grown grey in the service without preferment, landing at the cove of Cork, was instantly beset by a host of persevering mendicants, and one old woman in particular followed him through the town, relating a most pitiful tale, and styling him Captain at every sentence. At last, the neglected veteran, worn out by her importunities, exclaimed,—“my good woman, I am No Captain,” “God bless your honour,” she replied, “why you look old enough for an Admiral.”

No stands God-father to numerous relations, some named No-body and some No-thing, but the former predominate; there is sure to be one of the family found in every house, and there is No-thing evil that he cannot accomplish, whereas, anything good, is sure to find a more tangible author. The No-book family existed before the flood, for No-body was saved, besides No-ah and his, in the ark, and No-doubt, No-body will

see such a flood again. We have seen him in our time set the houses of parliament on fire, blow up the equestrian statue of William III., and last, though not least, refuse to be King himself. If No has No royal blood in his veins, his connection with No-bility cannot be questioned. He is like Napoleon, short in stature, and blunt in manner, and babes yet unborn may tremble at his name as a No-men (an omen) of fear. Finally, we have a No-tion (though No Yankee) you will guess what question that is, to which every one *nolens volens*, answers No:—you give it up? What does N-O spell? *Finale Secundus*: little bud, “YOUNG LADY’S MAGAZINE,” may No evil come near your first blossoming; may your natal day be auspicious, and No sorrow cloud your dawn of life. We have No fear.

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### THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

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“This is the day that the Lord hath made, we will rejoice, and be glad in it.”

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O Day of days!—The ancient woods are ringing  
 With wild delicious songs, of purest praise,  
 Which, from their inmost green recesses springing  
 Hallow those old-world fanes *Man* could not raise!  
 —Now, many voices trill, like harps, now sighs  
 One rich,—one soft, but solitary flute  
 (The Merle’s deep tone of love, and languor,) yet  
 No choristers are mute!—

Sweetest of days!—The amber sun-light streameth  
 Thro’ leaves of tend’rest green, o’er rills, and flowers,—  
 Whilst folded in soft winds,—the wand’rer dreameth.  
 Of their descent, from Eden’s odorous bowers;  
 Beholds in Nature’s youth, (from death restor’d)  
 Her joy,—her love,—a glad mysterious thing,  
 And lauds—“the RESURRECTION, and the LIFE,”  
 Who bringeth round our spring!

Most beautiful of Days!—hearts, worn, and weary,  
 With burthens sore, of mortal pilgrimage,  
 In thine ethereal light, and joy,—less dreary  
 Feel their sad lot;—and gather strength to wage  
 Afresh, the Christian war; blending their song  
 Thus,—with the grateful universal voice:—

“This is the day the LORD,—our LORD hath made,  
 Therefore, we will rejoice!”—

M. L. B.

## NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

THE house on our right hand had stood untenanted for some time, but was at length destined to stand so no longer; to the great joy of my family, it was taken by those "very pleasant people the Chatterly's—our intimate friends,"—of whom we knew nothing; that is, nothing of the ways and means by which they lived,—nothing of their domestic economy, and arrangements. These things, I do not pretend to say, are always necessary to be known of our neighbours, on the contrary, I deprecate a prying, gossiping spirit; but, touching the Chatterly's—*vouz verrez.*

Mrs. Chatterly, soon after her satisfactory settlement in her new abode, avowed an intention of "living with us, on the most neighbourly terms," to which hinted proposal, like green geese, we assented; for we did not know till *then*, that "living with," meant so, in its actual interpretation, as well as in its collateral sense, *living upon*; nor had we at this period, the most distant conception, of how "a very pleasant family," could be, by an unlucky degree of proximity, metamorphosed into a herd of *bores*,—or how, "the best neighbours in the world," could become the very worst.

Mrs. Chatterly it seems, for she told my mother, her daughters told my brother, and her sons told my sisters, and me (none of them could keep their family affairs to themselves, for one half hour), Mrs. Chatterly, I say, was one of those truly to-be-pitied women, who, from adverse pecuniary circumstances, was always swimming in the troubled waters of life; always contending with those billows, which tried to beat her back, when she wanted to go forwards; and always striving to "*get on*," in life, though, excepting in years, her meritorious exertions scarcely seemed to be crowned with their deserved success. Hard is the fate of women like her, who, born in, and to, a genteel station of life, possess not the means to support it, and yet laudably endeavour so to do, for the sake of their connexions, and their children; with such, the whole of existence is,—*a struggle!*

Mrs. Chatterly, always a very handsome, joyous hearted, sweet-dispositioned, young female, early in life (for she had married early), became a widow, being left with a numerous family, and losing with her husband, who was a clergyman,—almost every penny necessary to the support of this family: how she "*muddled on*" for years, after these melancholy deprivations, nobody knew, for nobody enquired; whether they fan-



cied it would hurt their own feelings, or the decayed lady's to pry into her poverty-stricken estate, I cannot take upon myself to decide ; but confess, a third reason for their indifference has always struck me as the most plausible, viz. : that Mrs. Chatterly, having soon after her husband's demise, sold her London house, and furniture, and gone into the deep retirement of a *cheap, out-of-the-way* county, with her children, she became quite forgotten by those metropolitan friends, to whom she could not send by way of reminder, bride-cake, because she did not marry again, nor the country delicacies of poultry, game, honey, eggs, butter, cheese, flowers, and fruit, because she could not afford them.

Some years afterwards, however, the *ci-devant* friends of the handsome widow, most of whom, when she went into retirement, were not too old to be living when she emerged from it, were astonished, and of course delighted, to renew their acquaintance with her in town ; she was returned to reside in London, for the express purpose, she said, of introducing (and *establishing*, but this was an aside), her daughters ;—beautiful, shewy, captivating girls too, they are ; but none are yet married, and I rather imagine they mar their own matrimonial prospects, by their amiable candour in declaring *poverty* to be the besetting sin of the family ; whilst their extraordinary domestic proceedings as indubitably confirm the fact. Do what they will, however, the Chatterlys are so lively, good-humoured, and delightful, that it is impossible to be seriously angry with them, and I verily believe, that their consciousness of this circumstance, makes them, as our next door neighbours, so irresistibly encroaching and troublesome.

Three years have the Chatterlys now resided beside us ; and it is difficult to state the series of domestic annoyances we have, during this period, received "all in a neighbourly way," i. e. : per courtesy, through begging, borrowing, prying, peeping, and tattling. Whether they keep in pay (for the express purpose of holding over us, the terrors of espionage) Argus, Peeping Tom, or Paul Pry, I do not know ; but certain it is, these our friendly neighbours often know quite as well as ourselves, sometimes better, what we do, or are thinking of doing (servants, by the way, are unconscionable gossips).

Should we be meditating a party, the Chatterlys *of course* are aware of it, as well as of its arrangements, when as yet they are all undetermined by ourselves ; and when they apprehend their own exclusion from the same, Mrs. C— no-wise daunted ; Mrs. C—, I say, who in her superfluity of good-humour *never*

*takes offence*, and expects all the world to allow—*she never gives it*, often hazards a bold and ever successful experiment to secure to herself, and family, the enjoyment of the *soirée*. Two or three hours ere the commencement of the said party, her knowledge of which, in default of an anticipated invitation, she prudently conceals from us, a three-cornered billet, or verbal message, is sent into my mother, from our neighbourly neighbour, to this effect:—

“Mrs. Chatterly’s kind regards, and if convenient to her friend, \*\*\*\*, she will drop in for an hour or two in the evening to chat, or play piquet; and will also take the liberty of bringing with her, *some (!)* of her young people.” Now, what answer *can* be given to a lady who *will come*,—but one in the mood civil and persuasive?—“Compliments to Mrs. Chatterly—a few friends this evening—but very happy if she, and any of her family who please, will join them.”

At nine o’clock accordingly enter Mrs. Chatterly, dressed as for a small social *tea and talk* party, of four or six, accompanied by three daughters, and two sons, evidently expecting quadrilles and supper, and followed by one of our servants, carrying mamma’s work-box, and the young ladies’ music books; the whole family thereby intending to shew for once, their perfect *ignorance* of our *re-unions*, number, and nature, and tacitly to reproach us, for our pagan barbarity, in omitting to invite “*neighbours*,” who possess so many means of playing the agreeable.

And barbarous I admit, does our conduct, on such occasions appear, until explained; and in explanation, I think we can assign *three* sufficient reasons:—

1. The Chatterly girls are handsome,—decided, striking beauties; and the mothers of plainer daughters do not like always to meet young women, who monopolize the attention of all gentlemen, in whatsoever room they are met. *Therefore we do not always invite them.*

2. The female Chatterlys are talkative, and high-spirited; but their voices, not modulated by the tone of *ton*, are heard above all the voices of the company they favor with their presence; and led away, by unrestrained spirits, perfectly rustic,—Irish,—*outré*,—they often do, and say *such things*, that they make gentlemen stare, and give ladies the horrors! *Therefore we do not always invite them.*

3. If truth must be told, our “next door neighbours,” have not dresses sufficiently numerous, rich, or gay, to appear, as, in these days, most ladies *do* appear. This is a misfortune, and *we*

like them not the less for it: but the world (of which we of course do not make a part), regard it as a fault; indeed, it is time they should know, if they have not made this important discovery already, that, as society goes, the wicked well-dressed, are better received, than the amiable dowdy, and shabby genteel. *Therefore we do not always invite them.*

And since I am in the truth-telling vein, I cannot hesitate to declare (why should I, for Mrs. Chatterly makes it town-talk?) that our good friends next door on the right, have great difficulty in making "both ends meet." I have some thoughts of referring them to Joey Hume on the subject, but cannot meanwhile help wishing, that the balconies which run connectedly before our respective houses, were divided by a space, or a high abutting partition. As it is, their unimpeded proximity, affords our neighbours, the complete run of *our* domicile, in which, I conscientiously believe, they *reside* more hours in the day, and more days in the year, than they do in their *own*! Tap, tap, tap, do we incessantly hear at the windows of our front drawing-room (instead of the exposing London *châssis*, would that they were "the loop-holes of retreat";) now a sash is thrown up; now a blind pushed aside; and anon, a head is at one time thrust in, a leg, or half a body; whilst at another, Miss Janet, or Master James, "pop through the *casement*, swift as light," and stand *in propria persona* before us. The object of these domiciliary visits, is usually an appeal to our benevolence: never existed a family, who so completely lived by begging, and borrowing; and they really seem to consider us, as specially appointed by Providence, to supply them with every article in which they may happen to be deficient. Our carriage, our horses, and consequently our coachman, they use, as if these appendages to genteel life, were their own; and if we denied them this loan, whenever it was in our power to grant it, they would report us through a large and gossiping neighbourhood, mean, and ill-natured.

More than once Mrs. Chatterly has returned our carriage broken, our horses lamed, and our coachman intoxicated and insolent; but these accidents are, to the good lady, so trivial, that after patching them up, she thinks, by a civil apology,—next time she requires our equipage,—the loan of it is requested again. My mother intends, I rather think, to part with our present knight of the hammer cloth, and engage a new one, of the same *genus*, with the Waldon's coachman, who is rather an imperious, and particular gentleman "*what won't drive nobody*," he says "*out of the family*."

Mrs. Chatterly even goes so far as to *borrow* my mother, to chaperon her daughters to public exhibitions and private parties; but my mother in return, uses her sons (troublesome lads enough, in their beggings, for guns, horses, dogs, cabs, and fishing-tackle), to hunt up young men for balls, to dance with us, if partners be scarce, and to come to our house, or keep away, like tame animals, as they are wanted or otherwise; in all this the good-humoured boys, perfectly acquiesce, and we like them better on the whole, than the girls; besides, they have some conscience, which the latter have not.

The Chatterlys are great *time-stealers*; talk to them about music, drawing, reading, working, languages, &c.; and the moral necessity of daily steady occupation, they will assure you, that "they don't know how it is, but they cannot find leisure *now*, to keep up, and progress in those studies, the elements only of which, they learnt in the school-room."

One day, that Georgiana used these very words to my mother, she answered:—

"If you don't know how this happens, my dear, permit me to tell you: instead of properly laying out your *time*,—God's most invaluable gift to the human race,—you squander it away;—others learn, or teach; almost all persons, if they cannot accomplish great things, do something; but *you*, day after day, and night after night, waste your precious hours in gossiping from house to house, running from shop to shop, and from party to party; and often by so doing, cause the loss of time to other individuals, and put them to great hindrance and inconvenience."

At this reproof, Georgiana looked silly and ashamed; wonderful to relate, we saw nothing of our "next door neighbours," for two days; they were *at their studies*!! but the reformation was too distasteful to last out the third, and matters have since returned to their old course.

Perhaps we feel the annoyance of convenient proximity to our "best-friend-in-the-world," most, at those awful periods when Mrs. Chatterly gives a party: her *soirées* were "few, and far between," when she first re-settled in town; but three years has both renewed her acquaintance, and made considerable additions to it; and it being particularly agreeable to entertain, at our expense, the lively widow is often "*at home*," and *our* furniture, lamps, candelabra, plate, glass, china, &c.; and domestics as frequently *out*.

Then, that is, upon her gala-days, "from morn till dewy eve," do the young Chatterlys keep up an incessant tapping at our windows (a drum-serjeant must have instructed them in his art),

then, do the hall doors of both houses stand open all day; and then do the servants of both families run to and fro; hers to beg and to borrow, and ours to move into the next house, the requested loans: on such days we can get no dinner, because the widow has *borrowed* our *cook*, to help her own in preparing refreshments and supper; and, on such days, when we particularly want the assistance of our French maid, the damsel is sure to have been wiled, by the civillest of messages, into the next house, "to do the young ladies' hair,—else, they'll never be ready to receive their visitors."

All this is very troublesome and impertinent, but we have borne it with patience and good-humour, endeavouring to aid our distressed neighbours on the right, in a truly philanthropic spirit: still patience may be too severely tested, and people may go too far; and Mrs. Chatterly, the other day, expecting no doubt to find us, in every thing, her *obedient* humble servants, had absolutely the effrontery to propose, "that we should open a *free* communication between our houses, for mutual benefit." "Dear madam," said my mother, "the communication between your residence and mine, seems to me, *free* enough in all reason already."

"Ay,—yes—by the balconies; but I was thinking, if you could open a door in that wall, which divides your drawing-room from mine, it would *so* save to us both, time, steps, and trouble."

"Very likely," answered my mother chillingly.

"And when you are about it, you know," resumed the undaunted widow, "you can as well put up a pair of folding-doors, as a single entrance, so as, upon occasion, to throw both rooms into one."

"And upon what occasion Mrs. Chatterly," returned my mother with some severity of look and manner, "will it ever be necessary to unite the houses?"

"Upon the occasion of any party given, my dear friend, by you or by me. My son, Edward, tells me, that it is common, when wine parties are given at college, for the gentleman to use his "next door neighbour's" rooms, upon the same floor, of the same stair-case, as well as his own; inviting, of course, their occupant to his table."

"Wait but a few months Mrs. Chatterly," said my mother coldly, "and, as you seem so much to desire it, you can have this whole house at your disposal."

"How?—why?" asked the lady in a tone of alarm.

"Because, my good friend, I've a serious thought of quitting it."

"Have you?—Why; and where do you mean to go?"

"That," replied my mother, "is quite uncertain; but my husband is at this moment employed in looking out for a *detached* house, in some place, where we shall have no *next door neighbours*."

I wonder she could come out with this piece of news so gravely; for my own part, after the exit of the discomfited Mrs. Chatterly, I sat and laughed for a quarter of an hour.

M. L. B.

### THE EASTERN MAIDEN'S SONG.

How fair and beautiful art thou,  
 My own sweet harem bower;  
 And I have culled to wreath my brow,  
 Thy sweetest, fairest flower:  
 The bul-bul's note is heard afar,  
 The antelope is bounding,—  
 And gentle lute and gay guitar  
 Upon the breeze are sounding;  
 And yet it is not dear to me—  
 I sigh for home and liberty

The orange-tree its blossoms now  
 Across the streamlet sending,  
 Which seems to rise and kiss the bough  
 So fondly o'er it bending.  
 The gems of earth are at my feet,  
 The marble fount is flowing;  
 And oh! how beautiful and sweet  
 Her perfume gul is throwing,  
 And yet it is not dear to me—  
 I sigh for home and liberty.

ALPHA.

## AN ESSAY ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY H. W. DEWHURST, ESQ.

THERE are very few subjects of greater importance to the rising generation, than the education of the Female sex, and when we consider the great scale they occupy in all civilized nations, and that they are ultimately the first instructors of mankind; we cannot but feel surprised at the present day, when the school-master is said to be abroad, and when such opportunities exist for their improvement, that such has not been the case. Considering, as I do, that the Omnipotent architect has created Woman not only to be the companion of Man, but also to partake of his pleasures and sorrows, and upon carefully observing the fair sex generally, we find that the intellectual abilities of women are equal to that of my own sex, requiring only in many cases that cultivation which a sound education can impart. But I imagine the fair reader will say, "What do you mean to assert, that in the respectable classes of society, females do not receive a good education?" In reply, I do not mean to make such an assertion. But, I do mean to state, that they are not properly instructed. True, they are taught a few of the principles in Lindley Murray's Grammar, to play a few popular airs on the pianoforte, and possibly, the harp or guitar; to make themselves agreeable at a quadrille party, and to stammer forth a little French or Italian—these with a little fancy needle-work, or drawing, constitute all the accomplishments of our modern belles. And to some minds possibly this may be deemed sufficient—to mine, however, there is a serious deficiency, for the instruction imparted to females at most of our fashionable boarding schools, is of very little practical utility in the married state. Too frequently are they found on leaving, entirely destitute of all the phenomena of nature, and it is only in after life that they are enabled to taste of the few pleasures which a casual or constant attendance on the public Lectures at our scientific institutions afford them. That females are willing to learn and be instructed, must I think be universally allowed, for I have generally found at their attendance, either on the Lectures of other Professors as well as at my own, on the sciences of Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, &c., that in numbers they frequently have exceeded my own sex, and that questions often put to me privately after Lecture, display not only an inquiring

disposition, but likewise exhibit a good development of their reasoning faculties. This, being the case, is it not to be lamented, that the elements of popular science, are not taught them in their schools, under able and judicious teachers. Most assuredly it is, and I do hope the time is not far distant, when the examples of our trans-atlantic and Scottish brethren, will be imitated and acted upon in this country. It has been objected by some narrow minded individuals, that women have no business with scientific pursuits. Of these sapient gentry, I will enquire, whether a woman makes the worse wife, mother, or friend, from being acquainted with the scientific phenomena, which take place in the cooking of the most simple as well as the most luxuriant repast. Certainly not, but on the contrary, by her possessing a knowledge of *domestic chemistry*, she will be able to direct the various processes to be performed with greater accuracy, and oftentimes by means of her chemical knowledge, may prevent the most serious accidents taking place, through the ignorance or carelessness of servants, &c.

This may be all very true, some may remark, but how would you impart all these valuable and practical accomplishments? Simply, by adding to the present common-place routine of boarding-school education; a course of elementary philosophical instruction, commencing about twelve or thirteen years of age. Two or three courses of lectures, illustrated with pleasing and striking experiments, so as to impress upon the mind, the subject demonstrated, with frequent examination, will be sufficient, of the following sciences; for I contend, that if young men can learn these, (often amid the toils of business,) why, cannot the fair sex also become acquainted with them. I can see no possible objection, and every respectable ladies' school ought in fact, to be a minor College, or University, where the sciences of Astronomy, Geography, Botany, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, Phrenology, &c., should be taught by competent Professors. Some of my fair readers, may smile at what I have stated—but with every feeling of gravity, I may remark, that not only in modern Athens, is there an academy of this description recently established, and whose Professors are the most eminent men, that adorn the Scottish metropolis—but in Albany, United States, one has been in existence for upwards of twenty-three years, and has been incorporated eighteen. It originated from the necessity felt by a small circle of parents, for a more efficient course of instruction for their daughters. The system embraced at the Albany Female academy is truly practical, and comprises a range from the very



elements of our own language through the English studies of the senior classes in our Colleges. The principle upon which the system of education is managed, is by developing the pupils, minds, and not merely that their memories should be stored, with text books. The Professors cause the pupil to think, to weigh, and examine things for herself, to make herself mistress of the subject of her study; and not merely the words of her author: then her course of reading and her study are made to depend one on the other.

By pursuing a system like this, the brilliant character of woman becomes expanded, her intellect is destined to become highly useful to society, and she enjoys the additional gratification of comprehending the causes and effects of those natural phenomena, that daily present themselves to her notice. I may still farther add, to this academy, there is an extensive library for study, and reference, (not composed of trashy works of fiction, which so much disgrace our modern literature,) and also a choice philosophical apparatus.

As a study eminently useful, Chemistry is carefully studied; French and Spanish are taught as extra studies by talented Professors of those languages; so also are drawing and music. Sacred music in its highest perfection, forms an integral part of female education. The regular daily course adopted at this academy cannot fail of interesting every visitor. The pupils are assembled in the chapel of the academy at the opening—a portion of the Holy Scriptures is read—then some selection of sacred music is sung, which is followed by prayer—when all retire, by departments, with the utmost order and regularity to their respective class rooms, and proceed to their studies.

In the six departments into which this academy is divided, and including the instruction in what are considered extra studies, there are at present sixteen teachers, four male Professors, viz., the principal, who is Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Rhetoric, a Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, &c. A Professor of French and Spanish, a Professor of Sacred Music, and eleven female teachers.

The reader will perceive that there is nothing *Utopian* in the system of female education, which I wish to see adopted in this country; for lovely and amiable as the female sex is universally allowed to be, it cannot be denied, that the more the beauties of the intellect are developed—the greater will be the happiness and prosperity of the nation they inhabit.

## A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

I saw her when the fair young Spring had shed  
 Its hues of beauty round her infant head :  
 She glided on the green and flower-gemm'd turf,  
 A thing of light, and life, and guileless mirth :  
 Those deep blue eyes, beneath their vein'd lids beaming,  
 Those glossy ringlets on the wild air streaming ;  
 The happy laugh, the step so light and gay ;  
 The song of mirth, the blithe young spirit's play,  
 The pure heart's flight on infancy's soft wing,  
 Seemed the reflection of each lovely thing  
 That smiled around,—the fair child loves to dwell  
 Where Nature wraps the earth in beauty's spell ;  
 Where flowers exhale their radiance and perfume,  
 And dew-drops wreath with pearls their fairy bloom :  
 Where the gay bee, its golden nectar sips,  
 From the pure chalice of the rose-bud's lips ;  
 Where, in the lily's bell, the butterfly  
 Lulled by a zephyr's hymning, loves to lie ;  
 Where the blithe lark peals forth his joyous strain,  
 And echo wafts its music back again ;  
 And *there* she dwelt, a loved and loving thing,  
 Fairest of flowers that graced the early spring

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years had fled—we met—the Summer's glow,  
 Had tinged with beauty all above,—below ;  
 The charms of girlhood with a hallowed grace,  
 Sat on her form and brightened o'er her face !  
 On that high brow, so sweet in early youth,  
 Beamed the pure halo of ingenuous truth ;  
 While on its fair expanse with mildness fraught,  
 Mantled the tracing of each gentle thought ;  
 And o'er the brilliant circle, where she shone,  
 She threw a magic influence, all her own.  
 Her hair was wreathed with flowers, and many a gem,  
 Rich as the stars in "evenings diadem,"  
 Lay pillowed on her fair and gentle breast,  
 Which ne'er had dreamed of sorrow or unrest.  
 And there was *one*, stood by that lady's side,  
 Whose lightest whispering called the crimson tide,  
 In floods of eloquence upon her cheek,  
 Revealing all her lips forbore to speak :

A spell was on her spirit, and her heart  
 Clasped close the bonds from which 'twere death to part ;  
 Nor thought the dream so lovely in its birth,  
 Might perish soon, like other things of earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Autumn came,—within a darkened room,  
 Curtained by grief, and shadowed o'er with gloom,  
 The maiden sate—her peace had passed away,  
 No more she hailed with joy, the waking day ;  
 The summer flowers were faded, all, and dead,  
 And like their transient charms, her hopes had fled.  
 A blight was there ; for *love* to her had been  
 But the bright mock'ry of some faëry scene,  
 Pictured in visions of the silent night,  
 Yet fading with the blush of morning light.  
 And there she sate, with sunken eye, and pale  
 As some fair lily crushed beneath the gale,  
 Faintly she smiled, to wile away the tear  
 From other's eyes, but wept when none were near.  
 She sighed not o'er the heart-blight of her youth,  
 But mourned the shoal that wrecked another's truth :  
 Anon, o'er her wan cheek the hectic-flush,  
 Stole like the smile of health's returning blush ;  
 While yet the canker fed upon the flower,  
 With all-consuming, unrelenting power :  
 She loved to think, life's weary pageant past,  
 Her hopes would find a changeless shrine at last ;  
 She knew death o'er her waved its shadowy wing,  
 But it had lost its chill, envenomed sting ;  
 It brought a balm the world could never give,  
 'Twas *bliss* to *die*—'twas *misery* to *live*.

\* \* \* \* \*

We met no more—within a lowly grave,  
 O'er which the Winter-winds all bleakly rave,  
 Safe from the crushings of the ruthless storm,  
 In deep repose, was laid that maiden-form.  
 From the Elysium of her peaceful sleep,  
 That riven one will wake no more to weep ;  
 And the warm tears, above her sadly shed,  
 Fall, all-unheeded on her cold, cold bed,  
 She may not feel the thorns that strew *our* way,  
 For her each earthly pang is hushed for aye,  
 And in a world where smiles undying bliss,  
 The guerdon's found, that was denied in *this*.

O'er the deep silence of her peaceful grave,  
The leafless cypresses now wildly wave,  
While through their boughs, the sighing breezes spread,  
On the chill air, a requiem for the dead.  
But when Spring smiles again o'er earthly bowers,  
And balm is breathing from the perfumed flowers,  
We'll twine a fairy wreath of choicest bloom,  
To grace that hapless maiden's simple tomb,  
While one sweet bud shall consecrate the spot,  
Gem of the heart—the blue "Forget-me-not."

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M. E.

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S MISSION.

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BY W. LAW GANE.

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*Author of a "Memoir of the Life of Don Pedro," "The Childs own History of France," &c.*

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AT the dawn of History, the inhabitants of our Island were uncivilized and barbarous, but not, there is reason to believe, to the extent generally supposed, for almost all the accounts which we have of the early Britons, emanate from those, who were at once their enemies and their conquerors: as the former, enmity would influence their narratives, and, as the latter, contempt. That they lived in ill-constructed huts, that their clothing and their weapons were rude, that their knowledge was very limited, and that they pursued the wandering life of hunters and fishers, all this we may believe, but when we are told that they permitted their priests (the Druids) to sacrifice whole multitudes of human victims, we at once doubt, that any set of men could have been so wicked as to perpetrate such enormities, or any other, so slavish and debased as to allow them to be effected. This, and other similar anecdotes, we derive from the Romans, who invaded Britain under Julius Cæsar about the year 55 before Christ, and after a long and severe struggle, succeeded in making themselves masters of the principal portions of our Island. These, they held for nearly five centuries. Their possession, during the greater part of this period, was disputed only by the Scots and Picts, who dwelt in the northern parts of the Island, since called Scotland, and to restrain these tribes, the stupendous wall of Severus (so called from its being erected principally in the reign of the Roman emperor of that

name) was built, extending from the river Tyne to the frith of Solway, some remains of which exist to the present day.

At the commencement of the fifth century, the power of Rome was assailed by various nations less civilized than the people of the great mistress of the world, and their immense numbers easily prevailed over the weakness of the Romans, whom long dominion and boundless power had corrupted and enervated. The provinces distant from the capital first fell a prey to the invading hordes, but the imperial city itself was soon threatened, and at this juncture the Roman troops were withdrawn from Britain to guard the soil of Italy, and the Britons were left to be their own masters.

The old enemies of the Britons, the Picts and Scots, deeming this a favourable opportunity for renewing their incursions, overran the northern parts of the country, committing the most terrible excesses. The Britons, living securely under the dominion of the Romans, while they had in some measure adopted the civilization and the arts of their conquerors, had become feeble and unwarlike, and were unable to resist the rude northern invaders: being reduced to a frightful state of distress, they applied to Rome for aid, writing thus:—"The groans of the Britons. Driven by our barbarous enemy to the sea, and thence back upon the barbarians, we have only left us the choice of a grave: either to be killed by the one, or to be drowned by the other." The Romans were, however, unable to protect even themselves, and the wretched Britons were compelled to look elsewhere for assistance.

At this juncture, a small band of Saxon pirates (the Saxons were a very warlike people, inhabiting the coast of Europe from the Rhine to the Baltic,) under the guidance of Hengist and Horsa, two brothers, chanced to be ranging along the shores of Britain in quest of adventures. Vortigern, the chief or king of the south-eastern parts of the Island, is said to have become enamoured of Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist, who accompanied her father in his expedition, and upon whom, as the price of his daughters hand, Vortigern bestowed the county of Kent. From this time the Saxons became the allies of the Britons, and their united forces defeated the Picts and Scots in several battles, and finally compelled them to retreat into their own country. The Saxons at home, elated by the success of their countrymen in Britain, came over in great numbers, and having no other enemy to fight with, they turned their arms against the Britons, and after a severe struggle, became the masters of those whom they had originally been invited to assist

and defend. In this struggle, the famous exploits of Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, were performed. They defeated the enemy in twelve pitched battles, and preserved the independence of a remnant of the British, who established themselves among the mountains of Wales and in Cornwall.

At the period of the irruption of the Saxons, Christianity had spread very extensively in Britain, and the mysterious worship of the Druids, a few ages before the only religion of the country, was almost banished from the land. The objects of the idolatry of the Druids, were trees, stones, the elements, and the heavenly bodies; they performed their mysteries in woods and groves, carefully concealing their knowledge and their rites from the uninitiated; they were regarded with the utmost veneration, and were at once the priests and the governors of the people.

By whom Christianity was first introduced into Britain, is uncertain, though there is good reason for supposing that it was effected by St. Paul. *The Islands which lie in the ocean beyond Spain*, being mentioned by historians of the period among the places when the Apostle of the Gentiles laboured. After the conquests of the Saxons, the decline of the christian religion was sudden and rapid, paganism prevailing wherever these conquerors penetrated, and christianity was only preserved from extinction in Britain by the small portion of the British who maintained their independence. This state of things continued for more than a century, when the attention of St. Gregory, a monk of Rome, and afterwards pope, was drawn to the condition of Britain, by observing some beautiful British children in the market-place of that city, exposed for sale as slaves.

Immediately after Gregory's succession to the popedom, it was determined to send a mission into Britain, and St. Augustine was selected to execute the task. This was in the year 597. Strange stories prevailed at this time in Italy, and the whole south of Europe, of the Britons and their country; so little intercourse existed between different nations, that the most improbable tales were believed, and Britain was regarded as a country of savages, where dragons and furies, and men as dangerous as either, were found in abundance. The saint and his companions, were alarmed at the prospect of the dangers they might have to encounter, and after commencing their journey, suddenly stopped, and implored of the pope to be excused from the contemplated mission. This was not granted; the prayers of the church were promised for their safety, and they proceeded to the execution of their task. Arrived on the

coast of Gaul, opposite to Britain, the missionaries embarked, accompanied by several interpreters of the Gaulish or French nation, and, to the number of forty persons, landed safely beneath the white cliffs of the Isle of Thanet.

On landing in Britain, St. Augustine discovered that he had been unnecessarily alarmed; for though the Saxons were fierce and cruel, they, like most nations that worship a plurality of gods, were not remarkable for bigotry, and received the saint, if not with kindness, at least with toleration. The first object of Augustine, was to secure the favour of Ethelbert, who ruled that part of the Island in which the missionaries had landed, and to acquire this, he despatched a communication to the monarch, signifying, that he was come from Rome, and had brought a most happy message, which undoubtedly assured to all who took advantage of it, everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God.

Ethelbert heard with surprise, that several men in a foreign garb, and practising many strange ceremonies, desired admittance to his presence. Berta, his wife, a French princess who had been educated in the Christian religion, supported the application of the missionaries, and with tears implored that their prayers might be granted: "Listen but to these holy men," said Berta, "and those vain idols, the stones and blocks which your own people have fashioned, will be no longer revered: you will cease to fear the storm, and will no more deem that the lightnings and the thunder proceed from invisible demons. Learn to put your trust in the God whose mysteries they teach, for in his His hands are the storms, the thunder is His voice, and the lightnings His breath, and Ethelbert then will soon learn to laugh at the threats of Odin's rage, for Odin has even less of power than his blind votaries, and how feeble are they in their utmost strength."

Ethelbert listened with attention to all that was advanced, and yielding to the persuasions of Berta, consented to grant St. Augustine and his companions an interview. This was appointed to take place in the Isle of Thanet. The king came, but would not enter into any house with the strangers, believing, according to a superstitious Druidical notion, that if they entertained magical arts, they would be able to practise them upon him within the walls of a building. They accordingly met in a field, but, in the words of an old historian, "The missionaries came, abounding, not with diabolical but divine virtue; carrying for their banner a silver cross, and the image of our Lord the Saviour, painted on a board; and singing litanies, made humble prayer

for their own and for the eternal salvation of them, for whom, and to whom, they were come." The king commanded Augustine to preach before him, which he did, and at the conclusion of the discourse, he answered, like a wise man, "Your words indeed, and your promises are very fair: but as they are new and uncertain, I cannot give my assent to them, and forsake what I, with the whole English nation, have followed for so long a time, without due consideration. But since you are come so long a journey, out of a desire, as I seem to perceive, to impart to us such things as you believe to be true, and most beneficial, we will not give you any molestation: on the contrary, we will entertain you favourably, and take care to furnish you with what shall be necessary for your sustenance: nor do we forbid you to gain over as many as you can by preaching to your religion."

After this interview, a residence was assigned to the missionaries in Canterbury, the capital of Ethelbert's kingdom. As they drew near the city, they carried in procession the holy cross, and the image of their great king, singing in concert this supplication: "We beseech thee, O Lord! in all thy mercy, to turn away thy wrath and indignation from this city, and from thy holy house, because we have sinned. Alleluia." They were followed by an immense concourse of people, attracted by this unusual ceremony, who, however, offered them no molestation, and were content with escorting them quietly to their dwelling.

Almost immediately on entering the city they commenced their labours, Ethelbert having confirmed to them his permission to preach, nor was it long ere they attracted many converts to the new faith. Augustine impressed on the minds of the people the inestimable blessings which would result from their adoption of the Christian religion, and depicted to them in forcible colours, not only the wickedness, but the absurdity of worshipping stones, and putting their faith in bits of wood and metal. These arguments must necessarily produce an impression on people at all capable of reflection; and moreover, accustomed to allow unbridled licence to their passions, the Saxons were struck with admiration at the quiet and austere lives of the saint and his companions, for they were eminent in the practice of abstinence and the apostolic virtues. The Saxons soon perceived the advantages of a change, and numbers speedily abandoned their inanimate gods and their former faith.

Others causes conspired to spread the christian religion: the missionaries joined to divine ardour in the prosecution of their



holy plan, a superiority in all the arts of civil life. When christianity was first preached in the Kingdom of Sussex, that country was reduced to the utmost distress by a drought, which had continued for three years. The inhabitants, destitute of any means of support, frequently united in bodies, and plunging off the cliffs, were either dashed to pieces on the rocks or drowned in the waves. They were quite ignorant of fishing, and this probably arose from a remnant of Druidical superstition which forbad the use of food so procured. In this extremity, St. Wilfred, a companion of Augustine and their first christian teacher, collecting nets, plunged into the sea at the head of his attendants, and having first procured sustenance for their famishing bodies, he soon disposed their minds to receive his spiritual instructions.

St. Augustine, aided by the persuasions of Berta, the spouse of Ethelbert, soon effected the conversion of that monarch, and thus opened the way for the general introduction of christianity. Berta was a most useful instrument in the spread of the new religion; her zeal and her virtue were both abundant; and it is a pleasing reflection, that in a great measure, we owe, what is regarded as the best gift of heaven, to woman, the fairest and most perfect of heaven's created beings; for, not only was christianity introduced into Kent by the influence of Berta, but it owed its success in the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy\* principally to the exertions and the examples of queens and princesses.

As a last effort in support of paganism, Ethelbert, after the manner of Pharoah, King of Egypt, desired to try the power of his vain gods against that of the lord of hosts, the king of kings. The monarch, accompanied by his earldomen and priests, and by the missionaries, repaired to the temple of Odin, the God of war, and the chief of Saxon divinities. This was a huge edifice of unhewn stone, standing alone upon a wide plain, and adorned with offerings befitting such a god,—the shields, and spears, and clubs of departed warriors, and all the horrid spoils of savage warfare, the scalps, and heads, and limbs of slaughtered enemies. At one end of the building, concealed by a curtain, stood the altar of the god, and upon it was placed the wooden statue of Odin, gigantic, and frightful in its form and decorations. Its grotesque face expressed the viler passions with demoniac energy; it breathed wild revenge and maddening fury; gaunt

\* The Saxon dominions in Britain were divided into seven Kingdoms, know by the general name of the Heptarchy. They were finally reduced and blended into one power by Egbert, the first king of England.

locks, bedaubed with human gore, hung below its shoulders; in one hand it grasped the fleshless skull of some celebrated enemy of the Saxons, slain in war, and in the other an uplifted club, with which it appeared to be threatening some indescribable monster prostrate at its feet: its body was painted a fiery red, and its countenance black striped with yellow. As the curtain was withdrawn, the monarch and the people prostrated themselves before this hideous object. The chief priest stood before the altar, and with furious gestures, frantic with passion, invoked the god to show himself, to assert his power, and to sustain his tottering dominion. A moment of awful silence succeeded, and a fearful voice issued from the idol, proclaiming—"Beware all people! for terrible is the rage of Odin: those to whom he deals out his wrath shall never behold Valhalla, or see the bright eyed maids who attend upon the valiant, or drain the rich mead from the skulls of slain warriors: dark Niffheim\* shall be their doomed abode, and the accursed shall feed upon their vitals. Far away those who would dispute my dominion! I am the lord of gods, and the victor in battle: all must bow to me." Concluding, the club descended on the prostrate figure, which it appeared was intended to represent the christian religion, and it sent forth cries denoting pain and distress. The people, who had remained prostrate, rose, and shouted at the manifestation of their god, deeming Odin's victory secure. The king turned to Augustine, his countenance expressive of mingled pity and satisfaction. The saint, horrorstruck as he was at the daring impiety of the proceeding, could scarce refrain from smiling at the gross delusion practised on the ignorant multitude; he stepped towards the monarch, and bowing reverently, begged permission to approach the altar of the god. This, after some hesitation, was conceded, and the saint and his companions surrounded the idol, and before any one was aware of their intention, hurled it from its pedestal down to the earth. Cries of rage and execration arose simultaneously from all parts of the building, and the bold missionaries would probably have atoned with their lives for the outrage on the god, had they not completed their work by pulling the figure to pieces, and exhibiting to the astonished multitude a priest concealed within it. The effect of this was electrical; instantaneous silence prevailed; rage passed away as the wind; and in an instant the people cast off those chains of superstition, which had bound them and their ancestors for a long series of ages.

\* Valhalla and Niffheim: the former the heaven and the latter the hell of northern mythology, of which the worship of Odin was a part.

St. Augustine knelt on the lately terrible, but now despised, idol, and gave heaven his fervent thanks for the victory gained, and with that impassioned fervour, which deep-rooted faith inspires, called on the true and only God to stretch out his arm to aid his servants, and to confirm the impression they had made. Suddenly, darkness overspread the sky; the lightnings flashed and the thunder rolled; the trembling building betokened the presence of Almighty Power, the God of all appearing in his ministers, the elements. Augustine and his companions bowed themselves to the earth. After a time, stillness again reigned around, but the impression produced on the humbled pagans was too powerful to be effaced, and following Augustine from the place of sin and delusion, they were baptized,—first the king and his chiefs, and then the whole of the people of the neighbourhood; forsaking their former ways and in future trusting only to that God, who alone is powerful to aid. Rapture filled the heart of the holy Berta, and a brighter day dawned upon Britain.

Having effected the conversion of Ethelbert, Augustine and his companions separated, and went to different divisions of the Island. The saint himself journeyed northward, but keeping within the dominions of Ethelbert, which extended as far as the river Humber, and the county of Yorkshire. They were all treated with great respect by the people, being under the immediate protection of the King, and multitudes were daily converted, the preaching of the good men and the miracles which they wrought, convincing the most obdurate of the truth of their religion.

It must not be deemed from this that they had no dangers or privations to undergo: these always await the introducers of a new faith. The interior of Britain, at the time of which we speak, was very thinly populated; the wayfarer had immense forests to traverse, and often wandered leagues without seeing a human habitation; nor was our country, as at present, free from dangerous animals, wolves and bears abounding in great numbers, and, moreover, various small bands of the native Britains, scorning subjection to the Saxon conquerors, led a wandering and predatory life, and from constant persecution and pursuit, they had become terribly cruel and vindictive. It was the fate of the saint, during his journey northward, to be benighted in an immense forest upon the borders of Essex and Suffolk; fires were lighted by his attendants, and after imploring the protection of Heaven, they laid themselves down beneath the shelter of the trees to repose for the night. They had not

slept long when their faithful watch-dogs aroused them, and starting up, they beheld several half-naked savages, armed with huge clubs, standing around the fires, which made them look yet more savage, attentively surveying the sleepers. This would have alarmed most men, but the saint, conscious of Almighty protection, viewed them without trepidation. As soon as they beheld the Saxon attendants, deadly looks glanced from their eyes, and with fearful menaces, they prepared to avenge on these unoffending individuals, the wrongs they had endured from their countrymen. Their clubs were raised, and they stood ready to spring upon their victims. The saint, dauntless as a true christian hero, stood forth, and with uplifted hands and holy fervour, implored Heaven to protect the lives of his companions, and to turn away the murderous intentions of their enemies. The Britons paused, and Augustine seized the opportunity to speak of the enormity of the crime they meditated, and to tell them of the glad-tidings of peace. These wild children of nature were awed by the impressive manner and the fervent zeal of the saint, and softening towards those whom a few minutes previously they could have sacrificed without remorse, they contented themselves with despoiling the party of all they possessed, and leading them away prisoners. They were conducted by the Britons to their place of concealment, which was deeper in the forest, and the way which led thither a maze, almost impossible for those unacquainted with it, to follow. Arrived at their destination, they perceived several huts, constructed, after the earliest fashion of the Britons, of wicker, or basket work, the interstices sometimes filled up with clay, but oftener left open to the effects of the weather, their roofs being strewed with rushes. Great art had been shown in the selection of this place, its situation prevented it from being seen on any side, and rendered surprise next to impossible. The captives were conducted to what appeared to be the principal hut, but differing from the others only in size. Here they were introduced to an aged man, whom, from the veneration shown him, they immediately recognised to be the chief of the tribe. The old man had a sort of prophet air; his snowy locks hung down to his shoulders, shading his furrowed countenance, which appeared dignified and calm, but less from the absence of passion than its decay, for traces yet lingered of a spirit, stern, stubborn, and haughty. The skin of some wild animal, depending from his shoulders, formed his only garb, and a staff supported the worn-out frame of one, who had been mighty in his younger day. The old man's eye sparkled as he beheld

the Saxon prisoners; the calmness of his countenance gave way to bitter rage, and fury adding strength to his feeble voice, he exclaimed—

“My sons, and why took ye this trouble? Saxon heads are all ye need bring to me: and yet, ’twas well done. Hated race! I shall once more be able to feast these aged eyes on your torments; it shall gloat my soul to do by you as you have done by thousands of the wretched Britons; like yours my breast is now steeled to pity; the fire shall have your bodies, and the shouts of the oppressed shall be the only echo to the groans of the oppressors.”

The old man stopped from exhaustion, and Augustine, ever ready in good works, approached him: “Alas!” cried he, “tottering age and fierce revenge are but ill consorted. Aged man, turn to mercy——”

“Mercy!” shouted the old man, “talk not to me of mercy; or, if mercy it must be, it shall be the same which the Saxons awarded to mine and me—the mercy of death, or of a fate far worse than death. He whom you now behold thus, was once wealthy and happy: the invader came, and despoiled me of my possessions. This I could have forgotten, but this satisfied him not; myself, my wife, my children, were doomed to perish in the flames of our dwelling: *they* did so perish, but I escaped—escaped to be hunted through life as a wild beast! and a wild beast I have been: I have lived but for vengeance, and the few days which yet remain to me shall be devoted to the same end.”

“Beware, old man!” rejoined the saint.—“Listen to the words of wisdom; the Lord of all suffered more than you, yet He forgave His enemies, and died His cruel death in peace even with His executioners.”

“Ha! what spoke you of?”—and the old man’s voice assumed a different tone, and in a moment his countenance lost its savage expression.

“I spoke of the Son of God; the Saviour of the world,” continued the saint.

“Powers of heaven! and do I hear aright? Listen to me, holy man, for now I recognize in you the Saint, the fame of whose miracles has reached even our wild home. In my happier days, I heard of your faith, and the teachings of a gentle mother had almost persuaded me to become a christian, when the Saxons came, and even that privilege was denied: but your words come to me as a sweet vision of by-gone bliss; again I view my childhood’s home—again I attend to the mild instructions of

my blessed parent; she taught me the lessons of mercy, and though years of bitterness and sorrow have intervened since they fell on my ear, they shall now be practised:—Saxons, you are free! Come, share our humble meal."

St. Augustine, lifted his streaming eyes to Heaven, ejaculating: "Wonderful are thy ways, O God! perfect the work which thou hast so auspiciously commenced."

The prisoners were immediately set at liberty, and food—the flesh of the wild boar, and forest herbs—was placed before them. The saint sojourned some days in the forest, and happily completed the work which war and trouble had interrupted. The old man was easily persuaded to renounce his heathen gods, and ere the saint departed, he was baptized with the whole of his tribe, every one lending a willing ear to the word of truth; and in the depths of the forest where the dark rites of paganism so lately held their gloomy reign, the torch of Christianity now shed light and glory around. Augustine, ever attentive to the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of the people, prevailed on Ethelbert to pardon the converted Britons and to assign them lands, where they hereafter dwelt in peace and happiness, exemplary in all that constitutes good subjects.

The saint pursued his course northwards, and preaching and converting numbers as he went along, arrived in Yorkshire. Here he reaped a more abundant harvest than had in any other place rewarded his labours, for it was not by tens or by hundreds, but by thousands that the people came to be baptized. Abiding for a short time in a populous neighbourhood on the banks of the Swale\*, the converts became so numerous that the sacred rite which introduced them into the Christian Church, could not be performed so fast as necessity required. The holy man knelt down in the river, and implored the blessing of heaven on the waters: a snow-white dove flew slowly by the saint, dipping its spotless wings into the stream: Augustine then directed the people to enter the water, and pronounced over them his benediction: in this manner ten thousand people were baptized in one day.

We have before stated, that some remains of Christianity lingered among the Britons who had preserved their independence: their bishops were now invited to a conference by Augustine, to assimilate their rites with those which he himself introduced, the course of time having caused them to differ on some minor points, principally ceremonial, from their brethren

\* A river of Yorkshire.

of Italy and the continent. They met on the borders of the county of Worcester, and a tree, which stands on the spot, has ever since borne the name of Augustine's oak. The heads of the British church were not very willing to acknowledge the authority of Augustine. To prove that his mission was divine, the saint desired them to place before him an afflicted person : they brought him a blind man, and once more he appealed to heaven, and power was given him from on high : the blind man opened his eyes, and the assembly reverently yielded to the authority of Augustine, and received his instructions for accomplishing the work which they had met to perform. The people, however, persuaded by the inferior clergy, refused to abide by the decision of their superiors, or even to aid in the spread of the Christian religion. For their pride and their obstinacy a fearful punishment was awarded them : the King of Northumberland led an army into Wales, and twelve hundred monks and priests were slaughtered in one day. After this, the holy bonds of peace united the churches, and heaven smiling upon their labours, the light of Christianity soon shone in every corner of Britain. The companions of Augustine laboured worthily in the vineyard of the Lord, and great was their hire and rich their reward. Britain, as we have before stated, was at this time divided into several kingdoms ; St. Wildred, as we have also seen, converted the inhabitants of Sussex : the kingdom of Northumberland was converted by Paulinus ; that of Wessex by Birinus ; Mercia, and the other states of the Heptarchy, by other companions of Augustine.

Force was in no case employed ; nor were the people violently severed from their old faith ; all the ceremonies which could be retained without sin were permitted to exist, and, to the blessings conferred by the change, was added the happy and peaceful manner in which it had been effected. Full of years, and full of glory, after having seen his labours blessed by the conversion of a whole people to the true and holy faith, and from savage to social life, St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and so justly styled THE APOSTLE OF ENGLAND, laid down his life in the land which he had taught to know the true God, whose servant he was, and who now bestowed on him His abundant reward in the house of many mansions.

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## THE THEOLOGIAN. No. I.

### THE EXCELLENCY OF TRUE RELIGION.

"Thou art the source and centre of all minds,  
 Their only point of rest, eternal world !  
 From thee departing they are lost, and rove  
 At random without honour, hope or peace.  
 From thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
 His high endeavour, and his glad success,  
 His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.  
 But oh, thou bounteous giver of all good,  
 Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !  
 Give me what thou canst, without thee we are poor ;  
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

COWPER.

ALL religion is at best ceremonial, and without any vital essence or effect, unless accompanied with a firm belief in the infinite goodness of God ; and so far from any one being able to accomplish the first and paramount duty he is enjoined by his Saviour to perform, viz, "to love his God with all his heart, with all his mind, with all his soul, and with all his strength," it is morally impossible he can love him at all, unless his heart be fully impressed with an absolute conviction of his love and goodness.

In every community of Christians, there are it is feared many who fall under the denomination of "the unfortunate;" and the rest are ignorant how soon they may be called to join them. The prosperity of no man on earth is stable and assured. Dark clouds may soon gather over the heads of those whose sky is now most bright. Hence, to a thoughtful mind, no study can appear more important, than how to be suitably prepared for the misfortunes of life ; so as to contemplate them in prospect without dismay, and, if they must befall, to bear them without dejection. RELIGION effects this, for it prepares the mind for encountering with fortitude, the most severe shocks of adversity. Worldly men enlarge their possessions and say in their hearts "my mountain stands strong, and I shall never be moved," but so fatal is their delusion, that instead of strengthening, they are weakening, that which can only support them when those trials come. How different is a truly good man's condition in those trying situations of life. RELIGION had gradually prepared his mind for all the events of this inconstant state. It had instructed him in the nature of true happiness. It had weaned him from the undue love of the world, by discovering to him its vanity, and by setting higher prospects in his view. Afflictions do not



attack him by surprise, and therefore do not overwhelm him. He was equipped for the storm, as well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of life.

RELIGION—taking it for that vital and practical principle which is alone worthy the name—is a devotedness of the heart to God. This is unquestionably the essence of religion, but in the present state of mankind it is a certain and awful fact, that the heart is not naturally devoted to God, and he hath himself told us that the heart “is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.

To devote the heart to God therefore, is the work of his spirit, or in other words, it is the effect of Divine Influence. The heart is the spring of moral action. A devotedness of heart implies, therefore, a course of obedience to God’s revealed will, and a cordial acquiescence in his method of salvation, so far as it is understood. This is the “one” or *only* true religion. Not that this is *the only doctrine* of importance in Christianity; for the atonement holds a station of no less prominence and importance in the system of revelation. Nor is the profession of this religion to be confined to one form or mode of religion; for the most perfect form of religion, without the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, is but the *form* of godliness without the power. True Religion may therefore be said to derive its pedigree from heaven, it comes from heaven and constantly moves towards heaven again: it is a beam from God, as “every good and perfect gift is from above, and comes down from the Father of light, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning.” God is the first truth and primitive goodness: true religion is a vigorous efflux and emanation of both upon the spirits of men, and therefore is called “a participation of the divine nature.” Indeed God hath copied out to himself in all created being, having no other pattern to frame any thing by but his own essence; so that all created being is *umbratilis similitudo eutis increati*, and is, by some stamp or other of God upon it, at least, remotely allied to him: but true religion is such a communication of the Divinity, as none but the highest of created beings are capable of, whilst sin and wickedness are of the basest and lowest original, as nothing else but a perfect degeneration from God and those eternal rules of goodness which are derived from him. Religion is a heaven-born thing, the seed of God in the spirits of men, whereby they are formed to a similitude and likeness of himself. A true Christian is every way of a most noble extraction, of a heavenly and divine pedigree, being as St. John expresses it “born from above.”

Titles of worldly honour in heaven's heraldry are but only *tituli nominales*; but titles of divine dignity signify some real thing, some real and divine communications to the spirits and minds of men. All perfections and excellencies in any kind are to be measured by their approach to that primitive perfection of all, God himself; and therefore participation of the divine nature cannot but entitle a Christian to the highest degree of dignity: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

By RELIGION, then, we understand a spiritual principle, influencing all the mind of man. The Divinity of the principle, as emanating incontrovertibly from the Deity, is demonstrated in its perpetuity and consistency. Considered therefore as a spiritual principle, in its legitimate and scriptural import, it possesses an influence as universal as irresistible.—It might be argued from its author—God: but it is most obviously established by its results. To trace these, will be our future and delightful occupation: but primarily to advert to the principle, is as much an act of caution as of gratitude: if the latter demands that we should not withhold the tribute due to the Benefactor, the former requires that we should not fall into error upon a subject so infinitely interesting. This life-giving and sanctifying principle, is that which our Lord means, when he says "Ye must be born again." It is the same, to which the apostle alludes, when he says "you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sin." Where then was conscience? and reason? and the moral sense? the one asleep, the other darkened, the last depraved. Ah! it required the omnipotent arm of the Creator to new model his own work, and repair what sin had ruined! "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one!"—"With man it is impossible; but not with God: for with God all things are possible." It belongs to man to decorate that which is external—with God to cleanse whatever is radically and internally impure. RELIGION must be considered the basis of morals; for as morals relate to God as well as to man: as they respect God, they are called religion: but our duties to our Maker, and our duties to our fellow men, are inseparable and indivisible. That man is not, therefore, a strictly moral man, whose actions will not bear the scrutiny of the omniscient and omnipresent God. To this test the moral law subjects the creature: and to this high standard of eternal right, did the most illustrious and pious characters of old, constantly advert. "Thou God seest me," gave Hagar her courage. "How shall I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

preserved the purity of Joseph. "Whither can I flee from thy spirit? and whither can I go from thy presence?" constituted the safeguard of David." I withheld thee from sinning against me," admonished Abimelech; and expounds the mystery of protection amidst a thousand snares, and of deliverance from ten thousand crimes. To be approved of God, is to be moral.

Finally, religion is life and spirit, which flowing out from God who hath life in himself, returns to him again as into its own original, carrying the souls of good men up with it. The spirit of religion is always ascending upwards and spreading itself through the whole essence of the soul, loosens it from a self-confinement and narrowness, and so renders it more capacious of divine enjoyment. God envies not his creatures any good, but being infinitely bountiful is pleased to impart himself to them in this life, so far as they are capable of his communications: they stay not for all their happiness till they come to heaven. Religion always carries its rewards along with it, and when it acts most vigorously upon the mind and spirit of man, it then most of all fills it with an inward sense of divine sweetness. To conclude, to walk with God, is in scripture made the character of a good man, and it is the highest perfection and privilege of created nature to converse with the Divinity. Whereas on the contrary, wicked men converse with nothing but their lusts and the vanities of this fading life, which here flatter them for a while with unhallowed delights, and a mere shadow of contentment; and when these are gone, they find substance and shadow to be lost eternally. But true goodness brings in a constant revenue of solid and substantial satisfaction to the spirit of a good man, delighting always to sit by those eternal springs that feed and maintain it: the spirit of a good man, is always drinking in fountain-goodness, and fills itself more and more, till it is filled with all the fulness of God.

A. B.

## L E N A .

## A TALE.

"But love shall live, and live for ever,  
 And chance and change shall reach it never;  
 Can hearts in which true love is plighted,  
 By want or woe be disunited?  
 Ah no! like buds on one stem born,  
 They share between them, e'en the thorn,  
 Which round them dwells, but parts them not,  
 A lorn, yet undivided lot."

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"AND is it indeed, true, dearest Lena, that I have returned from my long pilgrimage just in time to claim the distinguished honor of attending you to the altar; a privilege which in the first dawn of womanhood you so blushing promised me?" asked the amiable Lady Agnes Montravers, as for the twentieth time, she clasped her white arms around the neck of her fair companion, while with an affectionate smile she kissed her pure and blooming cheek. "Nay, my darling friend," she continued, in a tone of mingled playfulness and reproach, "is it kind thus to shrink from the enquiries of a wanderer, who long absent from the land of her birth, the home of her sweetest hopes, thirsts, like the drooping flower, for the dew of confidence, the gentle bond of all friendship?"

The fair face of Miss St. Julian—

"Carnationed like a sleeping infant's cheek,"

as reclining her head on the shoulder of her friend, she softly said, "Oh! deem me not regardless of your unchanging attachment, dear, dear Agnes, if in the emotions your unexpected arrival has occasioned, I have forgotten myself and everything, save the pleasure of once more contemplating those loved features, and listening to that voice, whose silver tones never breathed of aught but harmony and affection to the ear of Lena. When after mourning you as *dead* in real loneliness of spirit, for so many weary months, can you, oh! can you wonder that the joyful surprise has been almost too much for me to bear!" and to the sorrow of Lady Agnes, the gentle girl burst into an agony of tears, but which, however, like those which gem the cheek of childhood, quickly subsided, and she became sufficiently composed to speak of the past, the future and herself.

"Yes!" she said, while a tear still reposed on the long dark eyelashes which swept her cheek, "a few, a very few weeks will seal my destiny for life; my weal or woe. I have loved,

my Agnes, through sunshine and storm; for when the heavy cloud of misfortune burst in 'bolts of suffering,' over the devoted head of Conrade, I felt that even *my* deep love, could glow with a stronger, holier radiance. Oh! it was sweet to soothe the wild throbbing of his soul to peace, and lead him in spirit to that blissful haven, where alone the weary may find consolation. When the world, the heartless, sinful world, looked coldly on his broken fortunes, (broken alas! by the follies of a misguided parent,) and haughtily repelled the very being to whom it had before bowed in servile humility, oh! my friend, all the *woman* kindled in my breast, and it was my proudest aim to fly the presence of the sycophants who hovered round me, to cheer the solitude of him I loved so much better than all their boasted splendour. Pride might sneer; envy might condemn; malice might smile; but in spite of all these, *woman's love* survived the storm, becoming only the more pure from the ordeal it suffered, as by fire gold is freed from all grosser particles, which else might lessen its value; and *now*, that the sun of happiness has burst forth with renewed refulgence, dissipating by its genial warmth, the chilling mist which has so long obscured our felicity; shall I not rather rejoice that an opportunity has been given me of proving that Conrade was as dear to my heart, when overwhelmed with poverty and affliction, as the Earl of Waldegrave in all the radiance of his revived fortunes?" and the eyes of the beautiful girl shone with a dazzling lustre, almost superhuman, as she raised her head and gazed on Lady Agnes, who affected by the energetic enthusiasm of her friend, was dissolved in tears.

"Exalted, amiable girl!" she exclaimed, after a few moments pause. "May your guerdon be proportioned to your merits; I ask no greater blessing for my Lena. The sweet promise of your childhood, has indeed been amply realized: the purity of the bud is beautifully attested by the loveliness of the expanded blossom, and oh! my gentle Lena, may the canker-worm never steal into the bosom of the flower, to rob it for a moment of its brightness; but may every hour of its transitory existence be an emblem of the holy calm, which even now, creeps so stealthily over the earth. See how beautifully the pale wanderer of the night, climbs above those dark blue eastern hills, throwing a sheet of silver sheen over each shadowy thing, while the rose-tinted rays of the departed sun, still play in the golden west. Listen, dearest, to the song of yon nightingale, breathing its love to the rose, whose fragrant bosom is scarcely ruffled by the evening breeze as it flutters by. Oh! with what ecstasy do, I

once more taste the blessings of my 'father-land;' how powerfully does my every feeling harmonize with all that has been said or sung in praise of it; and how warmly does the tide of gratitude rush to my lips, in spontaneous thanksgiving to that Omnipotent Being, who alone had power to preserve me amid the many and varied dangers, it has been my fate to encounter."

\* \* \* \* \*

"She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were her own;  
The love to which she trusts herself is yet a thing unknown:  
Though at one name her cheek turns red, though sweet it be to hear,  
Yet for that name she must resign so much that has been dear.  
She passeth from her father's house, unto another's care;  
And who may say what troubled hours, what sorrows wait her there."

Bright and beautiful was the dawn which ushered into life the bridal morning of Lena St. Julian; the dew-drops hung glittering on the jessamine which shaded her casement, pure as the pearly tears that trembled in her dark blue eyes; the sun shone radiantly from on high, gay and genial as the smile which at moments played over her lips; while the forest minstrels warbled forth their sweetest melody, an echo of the gladness which expanded the heart of that fair girl!

Words were faint to describe the intensity of happiness which thrilled the soul of the Earl of Waldegrave, as he hailed the arrival of the rapturous hour which would unite him, (beyond the power of mortal to sever) to the gentle, affectionate being who had clung to him all-changelessly, alike in the time of sorrow and happiness.

She was the cynosure to which his ardent spirit turned with all that utter concentration of affection, which might be expected from a noble, enthusiastic nature, having no other to love, for Conrade Waldegrave was the last of his princely line, save one distant relative in a far-off land, and he had too fatally experienced the falsehood and heartlessness of the "world," to associate himself intimately with its votaries; need it then excite astonishment if he did bow, almost in idolatry, at the shrine of so much loveliness and purity, as that which distinguished the guileless Lena St. Julian. The world could not produce a brighter being, than *her* who knelt that morning, at the altar of the ivy-covered church; even now, imagination gives back in all its early freshness, the seraphic beauty of that mild countenance, as the pure spirit wafted its incense to Heaven; what pencil could paint, what pen describe its subdued emotions, its holy calmness, and then the momentary blush of bright carnation which passed over the lofty brow, as the last blessing proclaimed her the bride of Waldegrave.

Bright, gorgeously bright were the pageants which graced that bridal day—a day long remembered in the annals of Castle St. Julian; not more for the magnificent hospitality extended to all comers, than that it sealed the destiny of the fairest flower that adorned those peaceful vales; the rich gem enshrined in the hearts of all! Many a laughing eye became dim, many a light step less buoyant, as fancy called forth the fast approaching moment which must inevitably separate her from them, to waft her to the distant home of her Lord; but when the placid smile of those sweet lips beamed kindness on each murmurer; when the plaintive tones of that low, soft voice uttered consolation and the promise of a speedy return; then, did even the most selfish forego their regrets, in delight at the future of happiness which was apparently dawning on the gentle bride. The tear of affection and sensibility, nevertheless, stole from its secret fount, as Lena reflected a few short days would remove her from the peaceful home of her childhood, and send her forth to become a denizen of that “great world” of which as yet, she knew so little, and her heart throbbed wildly, and her spirit inly shrank, as remembrance imaged the tales she had been told of its coldness, its sin, its perfidy; in *one* instance she had proved the truth of those assertions.

“Why, why am I compelled to leave these quiet shades, endeared by so many sweet associations, to mingle with the heartless world; perhaps ere long to become a participator in its corruption,” she softly sighed, but at that precise moment her glance rested on the animated features of *one*, who, to her, could transform a desert into paradise, and her regrets sank to eternal repose in the pure tabernacle of her guileless bosom. Entrancing visions of future years of happiness with that adored being, floated across her mind in a stream of delicious anticipations that for a time absorbed every other feeling: like Pygmalion she was enchanted with the bright offspring of her own creative fancy; alas! little did she deem how soon she might need a spark of Promethean fire, to reanimate those very hopes on which she dwelt so fondly.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Come weep with me—past hope—past cure—  
Past help—”

The gloomy twilight which heralded in a stormy November evening, threw its darkening shadows over the princely halls of Waldegrave, and huge masses of thick clouds gathered portentously over its ancient turrets, as if menacing destruction to all below, the wind howled dismally, in fitful gusts, through the

deep solitude of its groves; or at times lulled to a plaintive moan, like the parting gasp of some dying creature: the wide lake, no longer placid, heaved with the violence of the storm, while its waves broke against the shore with a murmuring sound which the ear of fancy, might have almost imagined to be a lament for the devastation the winds of Heaven were committing all around.

But the war of elements was unheeded by the inhabitants of Waldegrave; or if for a transient moment they listened, it was only when the low croak of the raven, or the hollow screech of the night-bird, fell on the shrinking ear, as they mingled with the blast, which rushing wildly by, disturbed their ivy-sheltered repose with unwonted fury: these sounds alone awakened the momentary attention of the dwellers in that ancient castle. A stately tree of their forest, was bending beneath a deadlier crush than that of the tempest and which threatened by its fall, to overwhelm the fair and fragile flower that bloomed so gracefully by its side!

Yes!—the icy hand of DEATH was upon Conrade Waldegrave, and the low moan of suppressed agony, and the stifled sob of tearless anguish, alone were heard to proceed from the darkened apartment where the agonized Lena kept her fearful vigil over each change that stole across those beloved features, which the insatiate grave ere long would hide for ever from her aching vision.

But a few brief months of unalloyed happiness had been theirs and the fell destroyer with unerring aim, levelled his shaft at the bosom of the destined victim, and even then it rankled there festering the immedicable wound it had inflicted.

How changed was Lena, from the bright sunny being, who had so lately at the altar pledged her vows of immutable fidelity; vows alas! too soon, apparently, to be returned to her in all their native purity. Terror at the idea of losing him who was her all of happiness, had attenuated that sylph-like form with incredible celerity, it had stolen the roses from her cheek, the lustre from her eye, and the lightness from her step: who then might recognize in the pale and lonely watcher by the bed of death, the beautiful being who so short a time before, had shone a star almost too bright for earth: a flower whose fragrance seemed too pure for human inhalation! But so it was! and consciousness seemed almost passing from her own spirit, as she wiped from the forehead of Conrade, those drops of agony which too truly told a tale of desolation to her heart. Cold, icy cold, was the motionless hand she clasped in her's and all faintly



fluttered the pulses so lately beating with the warmth and animation of health; the filmy eye was fixed on the gentle being it so loved to gaze on, as if it should be the last object which met the failing sight and at periods a smile that "was not of the earth," passed over those altered features, as if to re-assure the drooping Lena and breathe of hope and resignation.

No parents shared the sorrows of the unhappy girl, for *they* were miles away, unconscious of the pangs that goaded their child almost to madness: no sympathizing friend supported and soothed her in that hour of bitter trial, for Agnes Montravers was mingling in scenes of brightness afar, unthinking that aught save happiness surrounded the cherished friend of her early years. Thus was Lena, the high-born, gentle Lena, doomed to watch the fast receding powers of her adored Conrade, in that remote situation her romantic fancy had chosen as a temporary home, without one friend or relative to soften the horrors of that painful scene, or to soothe her agony when the silver cord of life should burst asunder, and the beatings of that heart which throbbed with such devoted love for *her*, be stilled for ever. She thought not of herself, but *him* and tears which before had been denied her, fell warmly on his face, as she leaned over to wipe the dew of death from his pale forehead. She kissed his whitening lips, and he felt both the tears and the kiss. Affection struggled for utterance, and after many efforts burst the icy chain which bound it, and in a whisper, which breathed of the tomb, he faintly said:—

"Weep not Lena, my own love, my heart's idol, for we shall meet again. Yes! meet again in a world of immortality, purified from all those sins which defile us in this imperfect state of being. You will not be lonely, Lena, after I am gone, when you think of *this*, and know that I am happy: oh! happy far beyond human conception, and awaiting you to join me in those peaceful realms, where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' "

Exhausted by exertion, the departing sufferer sank back on the pillow from which he had half arose, and the sobbing Lena administered a cordial, which, after a few minutes, revived him, and again he spoke:—

"We had hoped for many sunny years on earth, my Lena, but heaven has seen fit to divide us ere those dreams of bliss were realized. Oh! bow, my gentle love, in spirit, to His chastening hand, and exclaim with me—"Thy will be done."

"Even now, when the icy current of death is chilling around my heart, the palmy wreath of immortality is preparing for me

in a world of never-fading bliss: I feel it in my inmost soul; I hear it in every sound,—even the wild rushing of the tempest without brings conviction on its wings; and all that remains on earth for me to do, my Lena, is to request that you will pray with me—for me. Oh! still, still clasp my hand in yours, dearest, that when my failing eyes close in darkness, I may know you are near.”

The heart-riven Lena, and her attendants, knelt around the couch, and as her faltering voice breathed forth that pure prayer, she saw the film of death gathering thickly over those eyes, which had never gazed on her save in kindness, and her frame shook with intensity of agony. But the awful moment was not yet arrived; the paroxysms of pain were past for ever, and mortification had commenced its silent work of destruction.

Calm as a sleeping infant lay the dying Waldegrave, and the faint respiration alone told of his existence. The medical attendant threw a glance of commiseration on the pale, despairing countenance of Lena, as with one hand she clasped that of her husband, and with the other pressed her throbbing temples, while the expression of unearthly wildness in her eyes told how fearful was the havoc committing by repressed sorrow within that guileless bosom. But no persuasion could induce her to retire, and she sat like one entranced, gazing fixedly on the marble features of Conrade, until day once more returned, and the fatal crisis arrived. The glassy eyes, so long motionless; lighted up for a transient moment with all their wonted expression, and the pale lips moved as if uttering the farewell—the last farewell: a faint pressure of the hand—a few fluttering, deep-drawn breaths, and the disembodied spirit winged its flight to a home “not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” The parting glance revealed the fatal truth to Lena; he was *gone*, and she was *desolate*. She gazed for a few minutes in alarming vacancy on the inanimate form, and then uttering a wild, a never-to-be-forgotten shriek, in which was embodied all that can be imagined of anguish and despair, she threw herself on the still warm remains.

The excitement of suppressed agony had done its deadly work of fell destruction; the fragile cords of life were drawn all too-tightly; and when raised from her prostrate attitude, the young, the beautiful—the loving and the loved, was beyond the reach of human misery, or human consolation;—the silver threads of existence had snapped in twain, and Lena Waldegrave was—*gone for ever*.

MARIE.

## THE SNOWDROP.

Flow'ret of purity ! its spotless hue,  
 So pure and chaste, of timid modesty  
 And innocence such semblance bears, to me  
 It seems a gem might fitly wreath the brow  
 Of e'en the fair Alethe ;—symbol true  
 Of her own vestal mind. Ere nature deck  
 Her fair in sunny smiles, 'mid kindred snow  
 This flow'ret blooms, as though to mourn the wreck  
 Of its gay garden sisters. And when Sol  
 Would lure it with his golden smile it shrinks  
 Back to its lowly hiding place. Methinks  
 I've heard *why* 'tis thus sad and pale.  
 'Tis told—if I remember right the tale—  
 How once a fair and gentle girl was won  
 To the embraces of Latona's son :  
 But soon the truant God abused his power ;  
 The Maiden died ; her spirit sought this flower.

ETA.

## ESSAY ON THE DRAMA.—No. 1.

" The Stage is the abstract and brief chronicle of the Times."

THE drama was instituted originally, to adroitly insinuate into the human mind, the pure principles of morality, under the appearance of pleasure, and to create a reformation in the manners of vicious people. For virtue, it should be borne in mind, if faithfully represented, interests the whole family of mankind. If persecuted, she is like the lofty and majestic oak, great in herself, firm, and immovable, amidst the pitiless storm—whilst to the benevolent mind, her distresses always excite pity, love, and admiration. Happily, she is neither vain, nor ostentatious ; and her power becomes ultimately the instrument of her beneficence. Virtue, when fairly represented, becomes a fit subject for emulation, and is in fact a pattern for mankind to imitate. It is by exhibiting virtuous characters in all their forms, that the spectators become acquainted with the advantages arising from benevolence, sound morality, and purity of

conduct. On the contrary, vice may be still more easily imitated, for unfortunately in the present condition of society, crime stares the most virtuous and pious characters in the face, at every step its baneful effects are visible, from childhood to the age of decrepitude—ambition, love of money, and jealousy are the proximate causes of crime—and as the poet truly observes, that

“Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
That needs but to be hated to be seen.”

Thus do Theatres, “hold the picture up to nature,” and become an important adjunct to every civilized nation, and the legislative councils should be for ever anxious to extend their fostering influence, and protect them by wise laws, unfettered by prejudice or fanatical motives,—for the reader, I feel assured, will agree with me, that talent must exist on the part of the dramatist as well as in the actor, in order that the passions and phenomena of the human mind, should be faithfully depicted: so as to cause imitation to seem reality, to affect the feelings of the spectators, so that they may actually profit by the examples represented before them—for the stage only causes the peculiarities of our fellow creatures to be presented to our senses, and thus while we have the motes in our own eyes, we can see the vices and follies of others, which ought to be avoided in ourselves, and the beauties of virtue and morality that ought to be imitated.—Thus, the stage becomes an auxiliary to the pulpit.—The pious preacher earnestly entreats his hearers to avoid crime and practice virtue, but the stage represents and practically illustrates what has been enjoined in the sanctuary. It is part of human nature to follow what they consider pleasure in any form voluntarily, rather than as commands, and that argument is the surest to prevail which awakens our pleasure, whilst it, at the same time, conciliates our interest.

As I have slightly observed, it is true that in those nations where dramatic performances are best cultivated, so will the people be the most refined and enlightened. The Romans, so celebrated at one time for the majesty of their empire, and the severity of their manners, were not a little indebted to the stage for that brilliant and polished taste, which enlarged their understandings, and extended the glory of their own.

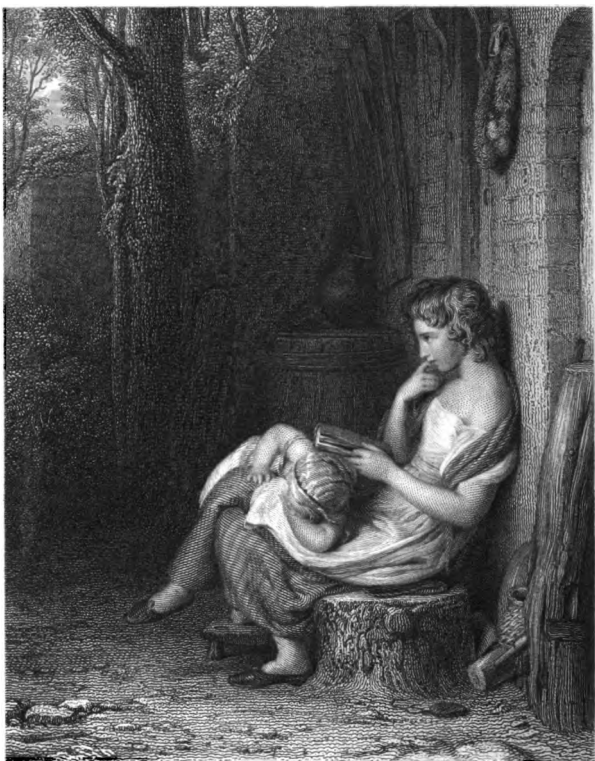
Greece has transmitted to posterity a more just and splendid, though a prior title to fame; which after all was only an improvement on the monstrous, though singularly ingenious, and astonishingly magnificent spectacles of ancient Asia.

Nothing I think can illustrate better my argument, than to offer to the reader, a comparative view of the ancient and modern Theatres, which will serve to demonstrate, whether in its progress to the present period, the stage has improved or degenerated, and prove I conceive the correctness of my opinion.

This line of argument, I shall adopt in my series of papers on this subject: and if it be found, that the English Theatre *has improved*, in exact proportion to the difference between a present enlightened and former barbarous age; let the reader give it its full credit, as a great and material national benefit. The theatre should be the honest mart for the productions of real genius, and not the arena of spectacles, lion, bull, horse, and canine exhibitions—Look at the trash produced by the caterers of our minor theatres—the Somersets, Planches, Coopers, Dances, *et hoc genus omnes*. The nonsense thus palmed off on a British Public, is really a disgrace to the age we live in, when we are told in the Senate house, by Lord Brougham that “the Schoolmaster is abroad,” and that the present era, may be deemed the golden age of Great Britain. When the trash of “*Jim Crow*,” is given as a substitute for the beauties of Shakespeare, of Byron, Knowles and Talfourd. Let the Theatre of Great Britain be in this reforming epoch, cleansed of its impurities. Let the advantages of poetry, painting and sublime music be restored to their legitimate employment, as powerful auxiliaries to the Drama. Then will the arts be improved, the manners of the people be more refined, and then the exhibitions on our stage will combine all the fancy of ASIA, the regularity of GREECE, and the strength of ROME: added to the delicacy of the French, and the humour of the Spaniards; and as the British Constitution is considered in its principles to be founded on the firmest principles of justice, our councils the seat of wisdom, and our Fleets the objects of terror throughout the world, so then will our Theatres become the fountain of taste. If on the contrary, our *Theatres* should continue to represent mere trash, become a seminary of sloth, dullness, and vice: a reproach to taste, a disgrace to genius, and a scandal to the government under which it is permitted to nurture dunces, and starve real merit, let it have honestly its share of reprobation, and let men of superior abilities to those at present employed, be demanded by the public. I shall consider “THE ASIATIC THEATRE,” in my next Essay.

H. W. D.





Painted by W. Mulready R.A.

Engraved by C. Rollé.

# THE FORGOTTEN WORLD.

## THE FORGOTTEN WORD.

Young rose-bud of the vale, whose placid brow  
 Hath ne'er been darken'd by the frowns of care ;  
 Thou heedest not the sunset's golden glow,  
 Nor seek'st thy playmates giddy mirth to share ;—  
 Say, have their festive sports no charm for *thee*,  
 That thus thou sit'st apart all-pensively ?

The woods are ringing with their joyous song,  
 And each light foot is tripping merrily,  
 Whilst thou alone, of all that fairy throng,  
 Art left ; 'tis strange—and yet there seems to be  
 A lurking laugh within that deep blue eye,  
 Bright as the star which gems the western sky.

Perchance thou read'st some tale of fairy,  
 Of dance and revelling in moonlit scene,  
 While the young pet, reposing on thy knee,  
 Seems like a handmaid of the elfin-queen ;  
 Yet on thy face there is a shadow, seeming  
 Like a light cloud before the sunshine streaming.

Ah ! 'tis the morrow's task—sweet one ; and now,  
 With finger prest on thy red lip, it seems  
 To pass away, even as the transient glow  
 Of those bright joys which haunt thy childish dreams,—  
 Giving such thoughtful beauty to thy face,  
 The sweetest smile would *steal* not *add* a grace !

Thou fairy girl ! a few revolving years  
 Will send thee forth, 'mid stranger-hearts to dwell,—  
 Perhaps to feel the throb of hopes and fears,  
 Which ne'er assail'd thee in thine own sweet dell !  
 Yet may each threatening storm-cloud pass away  
 Like morning mists before the Fire-God's ray.



## HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.—No. II.

## COSTUME.—PART I.

" Her women insolent and self-caress'd,  
 By vanity's unwearied finger dress'd;  
 Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart  
 To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art;  
 Where just such trifles, without worth or use,  
 As silly pride and idleness produce;  
 Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd, and flounc'd around,  
 With feet too delicate to touch the ground,  
 They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,  
 And sighed for every fool that fluttered by,"

COWPER.

SUCH were the ladies of Jerusalem, as described by the sublime poet: but can their laxity of mind be applied to our more beautiful and luxurious *belles*? In many respects the similarity is apparent; though indeed we might as well attempt to describe the various convolutions and grotesque developments of a cloud driven before the wind, as to give an accurate description of all the various forms assumed by fashion.

The influence of the metropolis on the rest of the British Empire is perhaps exhibited in nothing more strongly, than in its regulating the costume in which all his Majesty's liege subjects appear, and this it does more effectually than the most rigorous sumptuary law. This influence is of considerable advantage to London, which not only supplies wardrobes for ladies in distant parts of the country, but it attracts a host of tailors, dress-makers, and milliners, who visit the metropolis in order "to study the fashions," which, Proteus-like, are perpetually assuming a new shape and appearance.

Costume, taking the term in its most comprehensive import, forms a very interesting department in historical studies, and until we are acquainted with the various changes which have taken place with respect to these things, we cannot possess a distinct portraiture of a nation and its history; and it is their precise condition that gives its distinguishing physiognomy to an age or people. As, observes a modern writer, "the biography of an individual seems incomplete without the likeness of his features, so does history lose much of its dramatic charm, if it fails to delineate the outward and corporeal guise of our fellows at the period treated of, enabling us to image them forth to ourselves as they actually lived and had their being." It is but

right, however, that in historical composition the actions which result from the mind should claim our first regard, rather than external aspect, or the every-day circumstances of existence. The great historian may be compared to a Lekain or a Garrick, who enchants his auditors, as Orosmanes or Hamlet, in despite of a fashionable peruke and a court-dress; yet it is nevertheless true, that the student will often derive more speedy information, as to the actual condition of a nation, from the evidence furnished by *costume* than from any written testimony.

Upon attentive examination, we shall frequently discover that changes of fashion, and other external circumstances, are more intimately connected with moral and political phases in the history of a people, than would at first sight appear to be the case. Of course, we must not be supposed to speak of mere ephemeral variations of fashion, but in regard to those positive revolutions in costume that, from century to century, or even from reign to reign, completely change the exterior of a people, metamorphosing a nation of monks, or merchants into a population of courtiers and warriors. Considered from this point of view, the history of costume becomes a mirror, in which is reflected the popular spirit and business of the times; and which exhibits to us, although not always so clearly as could be wished, the effect of changes in the government, of political alliances with other nations, the results of religious as well as of civil affairs, and the influence of sovereigns and courts, according as war or peace, economy or extravagance, pleasure or bigotry, were the ascendant passions.

But, passing from general remarks, we proceed to the particular objects of the present paper, which is to give a brief sketch of the costumes which have prevailed at different periods.

We are told by the ancients, that the skins of beasts were used as a means to concentrate the vital heat of their bodies; and when we recollect the ingenuity and contrivance of the inhabitants of countries lately discovered in matting together the fibres of vegetable substances, and colouring them into close resemblances of our printed cottons, there can be no reason to doubt, that the ancient inhabitants of our country received conceptions of equal extent from the Creator, and that they executed them with proportionate ability.

It has ever been the wish of mankind, even previously to the maturity of reason, to protect the body from exposure to cold by envelopes of skins or cloth; and the shoulders and back, by a square mantle, fastened by a thorn, or some other equally

simple and effective method. Thus guarded, their limbs had the most perfect freedom for action; and, when necessity required it, the mantle was dropped in an instant, or, when at rest, conveniently wrapped around them. In the days of Cæsar these mantles were made by securing the extremities of hair in some kind of cloth. These were of course clumsy and only fit for winter; others for the milder season must have been contrived less oppressive; and this circumstance inevitably led to improvement; indeed, the very knowledge of securing hairs in the manner mentioned suggested other modes of arranging them; but those cannot now be explained, or perhaps accurately conjectured.

The natives of this island wore, at one time, a close dress, fitted to the limbs from the waist to the ankles; and a vest with sleeves, sandals, or pieces of skin, tied or laced to the foot, were equally necessary and common. This period, however, should be considered the second æra in dress, as it exhibits the improvement of the arts as well as the ideas. The dress of the female could not at first differ materially from that of the male, except in quantity. When Queen Boadicea led the Britons to the field, she is said to have worn a coloured tunic, flowing in loose long folds, and over it a mantle and her hair floated in the wind over her back and shoulders, from which we may infer that the females, even at this early period, did not neglect the bounty of nature in this respect. Such are the brief particulars afforded us by the Romans of the habits of our ancestors.

The varieties and extravagancies of dress have served as a topic for animadversion and censure, ever since it has been customary to address homilies and sermons to an assembly of the people. The clergy of every denomination have left us their serious protest and denunciation against the vanity, folly, and wickedness, of decorating the person; and as there is not the least reason to suspect the preachers of 1216, and preceding and following years, of exaggeration, we must be contented to view the æra as remarkable for the display of cloth of gold, robes of silk, jewels, embroidery, and every description of luxurious indulgence. That which we consider as a necessary consequence of social intercourse—the frequent change of dress—was thought extremely improper and extravagant in some of the affluent; from which we may suppose, that others of the same class appeared in soiled silks and embroidery: an object of no importance in the eyes of the censors, whose monkish religious habits might perhaps be very congenial in that respect.

Emulation in dress, at a very early period, superseded all legislative enactments. In the reign of Edward the Second, we are told, that "the squire endeavoured to outshine the knight in the richness of his apparel; the knight the baron, the baron the earl, and the earl the king himself." This was still more the case in the reign of Edward III., who not only despoiled France of her laurels, but also of a good portion of her wardrobe, of which "every woman of rank obtained a share," so that, says Thomas of Walsingham, "the ladies became vain and haughty in their attire." Knighton tells us, that the ladies about this time "dressed in party coloured tunics, one half being of one colour, and the other half of another; their lirripipes, or tippets, are very short; their caps remarkably little, and wrapped about their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches are ornamented with gold and silver; and they wear short swords, called daggers, before them; thus equipped, they ride from place to place in quest of tournaments, by which they dissipate their fortunes, and sometimes ruin their reputations."

The parliament, at length interfered, and a law was passed "against the general usage of wearing apparel not suited either to the degree or income of the people." By this law it was ordered, "that merchants, citizens, burgesses, artificers, and tradesmen, as well in the City of London, or elsewhere who are in the possession of the full value of £500, in goods and chattels, may, with their wives and children, use the same clothing as the squires and gentlemen, who have a yearly income of £1000., and so in proportion, the qualification of the citizen being five times that required of esquires." It does not appear, however, that this law was very rigidly enforced, and at the death of Edward the citizens indulged in greater excesses of apparel than ever; military men had proceeded to stud their armour with silver, and to have their arms, badges, and ornaments, enamelled; besides, they, in common with others of different professions, began to wear their shoes of great length, terminating in sharp points, which, in 1388, were extended to that ridiculous degree, that they actually had recourse to the expedient of securing those points to the knee by chains of gold and silver, or silken cords. Parliament again interfered and passed new laws, which prohibited the making of shoes with toes exceeding two inches in length, beyond the necessary convenience for walking.

In 1377, we find that ladies had adopted a whimsical head-dress, sitting close to the head behind, with a border across the

forehead, retiring on each side of the temples, advancing over the cheeks in a semicircle, and again retiring, enclosing the ears to the back of the neck; the crown of this cap was composed of crosses, with lozenges of silk, gold, or silver cord, and as a drapery of silk or fine linen fell down the back.

The contemptible appearance of the males in 1386, was, in a slight degree countenanced by the stiffness, formality, and inelegance of the female *caput*, which had a cap fitted to the crown with a broad border across the forehead, arched and scalloped above, whence lappets fell quite to the waist. The bosom of the gown lay in a semicircle from the shoulders over the breast, a riband, or band of silk, formed a triangle from the front to the waist, and a short vest, with tight long sleeves, was added to a loose under-garment, and the shoes sharp toed. Ladies are likewise shown with veils laid flat on the head, and descending to the shoulders, with collars to their gowns, and a band leading from them to the waist, and five others uniting them perpendicularly. It was about this time, that sleeves, set with buttons from the wrist to the elbow outside the arm, were first worn.

About the commencement of the reign of Henry V., females' heads were decorated with something resembling the pediment of a portico, the materials of which were probably fine linen, or silk, bound together by bands of riband, or perhaps gold or silver cord. From the lower extremities of these, drapery, edged with embroidery, descended to the shoulders; the disagreeable effect thus produced, was a direct contrast to the elegance of the remainder of the drapery, composed of vestments, reaching from the neck to the feet, with close sleeves, large cuffs, and tied by bows of ribands down the front. The ornaments accompanying this graceful dress, consisted of necklaces of four rows, and a cross on the breast; a band, from two jewels or golden brooches, connected and secured a mantle over the shoulders; two other bands, attached to the vest, met on the waist, and descending, terminated in tassels.

In the latter part of the reign of Henry VI., a broad embroidered bandeau was worn across the forehead, which, with an elegantly disposed veil, entirely concealed the hair; a string of pearls fell in a festoon on the right cheek, and gave a very pleasing air to the countenance. A round, loose, long vest, plaited in front, with rich embroidered collar, and close sleeves to the wrists, and set thick with buttons on the outside of the arms, formed the habit.

Early in the reign of Edward IV. another strange head-dress

for females was made, in the shape of a heart, and of an enormous size, these had a semicircular opening, cut out of the lower part to admit the head, whilst a border surrounded the face, and passed the ears.

During the reign of Henry VII. a strong sense of the necessity of propriety in dress appears to have prevailed. Writers of that, and later periods, severally protested against the practice of confounding the degrees of society by the prevalence of general fashions.

Soon after Henry VIII. came to the throne doublets were worn, with slashes and cuts, by the males; and some idea may be formed of the dresses of the females from the ensuing extract of the description and cost of the wedding-dress of a Miss Eliz. Draper, in 1550, being a present from her husband, John Bowyer, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn:—"Wedyn apparrell bought for my wyffe, Elizabeth Draper, the younger, of Camberwell, against 17<sup>o</sup> die Junii, Anno Domini 1550 with dispensalls.—*First*, 4 ells of tawney taffeta, at 11s. 6d. the ell, for the venyce gown, 46s.—*Item*, 4 yardes of silk chamlett crymson, at 7s. 6d. the yard, for a kytyle, 52s. 6d.—*Item*, one yarde and a half of tawney velvet, to gard the venyce gowne, at 15s. the yarde, 22s. 6d.—*Item*, half a yarde of crymson satin, for the fore-slyves, 6s. 8d.—*Item*, eight yardes of russel's black, at 4s. 6d. the yarde, for a Dutch gowne, 35s.—*Item*, half a yarde of tawney sattyn, 5s.—*Item*, a yarde and a quarter of velvet black to gard the Dutch gowne, 17s. 8d.—*Item*, six yardes of tawney damaske, at 11s. the yarde, 66s.—*Item*, one yarde and half a quarter of skarlett, for a pety cote with plites, 20s. Amounting in the whole to 271s. 4d.

Latimer who preached a sermon before Edward VI. in 1550, in speaking of the ladies, says "they must wear French hoods, and I cannot tell you, what to call it. And when they make them ready, and come to the covering of their head, they will call and say, 'give me my French hood, and give me my bonnet, or my cap,' and so forth," and declared his wish, that the females would cover their heads from the Scriptures rather than with a *French hood and bonnet*, "Butt," he continues, "now here is a vengeance devil: we must have our *power*, (a name he selected, instead of a bonnet,) from Turkey, of velvet. Far fette, dear bought; and when it cometh, it is a false sign. I had rather have a true English sign, than a sign from Turkey. It is a false sign when it covereth not their heads as it should do. For if they would keep it under the power as they ought to do, there should not be any such tussocks nor tufts seen as there

be, nor such laying out of the hair, nor braiding to have it open." From this censure of the Bishop, it would appear that the fashions of the time were displeasing to some husbands who had prevailed upon the prelate to endeavour to make their wives and daughters less attentive to the exhibition of their persons in extravagant modes of dress. It appears however that the Bishop's exhortation was little heeded, for he afterwards frankly acknowledges that he "could do little in that matter."

When Mary Queen of Scots was led to the scaffold, she was habited in a head-dress composed of lawn, edged with bone lace; a veil of the same material, and edged in the same manner, flowed from the caul, bowed out with wire; her gown was of printed black satin, with a train and long sleeves, and had acorn-shaped jet buttons, with trimming of pearls, part of the sleeves were open, and beneath appeared others of purple velvet; her kirtle whole, of figured black satin; her petticoat and upper bodice of crimson satin, unlaced in the back, and the skirts of crimson velvet; her shoes Spanish leather, the inside outward; watchet silk stockings, clocked and edged on the top with silver, and under them a pair of white Jersey hose. She wore a chain of pomander, and an *Agnus Dei* round her neck, and beads at her girdle, with a golden cross at the extremity of them.

Luxury in dress, appears to have increased with the advance of time and notwithstanding the various legislative enactments to check, if not entirely to prevent it, had attained to such a height of folly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that the municipal government interposed its authority to prevent any further excess; they issued repeated sumptuary proclamations; and even commanded, that persons should be stationed at the most frequented places in London, to examine the dresses of the passengers, and to ascertain whether the limits she prescribed, were exceeded. It does not appear, however, that this excess was confined to the citizens, their wives and daughters, for, amongst other prohibitions by the Court of Common Council in 1582, was one for regulating the dress of apprentices. They decreed "that no apprentice whatsoever should presume to wear any apparel but what he received from his master;" that he should "wear no hat, nor any thing but a woollen cap, without any silk in or about the same, neither ruffles, cuffs, loose collars, nor any other thing than a ruff at the collar, and that, only of a yard and half long. To wear no doublets but what were made of canvas, fustian, sack-cloth, English leather or woollen, without any gold, silver, or silk trimming. To wear no other coloured cloth or kersey, in

hose or stockings, than white, blue, or russet. To wear no other breeches but what shall be of the same stuff as the doublets, and neither stitched, laced, or bordered. To wear no other than a plain upper coat of cloth or leather, without pinching, stitching, edging, or silk about it. To wear no other surtout than a cloth gown or cloak, lined or faced with cloth, cotton or baize, with a fixed round collar, without stitching, guarding lace or silk." A passion for foreign articles of dress, appears also to have prevailed at this time, and the city, anxious to protect our own manufactures, restrained the apprentices from wearing slippers or shoes, made of any thing but English leather: nor were they permitted to wear any sword, dagger, or other weapon, except a knife, nor any ring or jewel of gold. Every apprentice offending against these regulations, was "to be punished at the discretion of the master for the first offence,—to be publicly whipped at the hall of his company, for a second offence, and to serve six months longer than specified in his indentures, for a third offence." If however the London apprentices really suffered themselves to be restrained from adorning their master's cast off clothes, with a piece of silk trimming, they must have possessed less spirit than they have generally had credit for. While the citizens were so anxious to prevent their apprentices from imitating them in their dress, they were themselves aping that of knights and courtiers, from whom they were only distinguished by their magisterial habiliments.

Queen Elizabeth—than whom none of her subjects could be more vain and fantastic in her garments and ornaments—felt the necessity of preventing them from injuring their families by the richness and expensiveness of their apparel, and is herself represented as wearing a head-dress set with jewels, very nearly resembling that called a cushion, worn a few years ago; a ruff richly laced, and laid in plaits, diverging as if from a centre at the back of her neck, extending on each side of her face, from which two wings, probably of lawn, edged with a border of jewels, and stiffened with wire, rise in semicircular sweeps, as high as the top of the cushion, and turning down to the ears, form the general shape of a heart, with the face and ruff set in the midst; a short, clumsy, and ill-contrived, cloak, covered with embroidery and jewels, hides all the body of her gown, but shows small ruffs on her wrists, and a very pretty ornament of lace above the former; the strait and formal stomacher, leaves a great part of her bosom exposed, and in recompence for want of length, in that direction, makes an enormous long waist on the opposite; it is covered with jewels and embossed gold, and she wears a beauti-



ful necklace, but an extremely uncouth lower garment, not to be called in this instance a *petticoat*.

Masks and visors made of velvet, with glasses for the eyes, were used at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and held on the face by a bead attached to the inner part, and put into the mouth of the wearer.

Stays worn by the ladies at this time were long waisted. Lady Hudson the principal lady represented in an engraving of a procession to Hudson House appears with a much longer waist than those that follow her, from which it has been inferred that she was the leader of the fashion, as well as of the procession.

As Elizabeth left at her death, no less than three thousand different habits in her wardrobes, and was possessed of the dresses of all countries, it is somewhat strange that there is such a uniformity of dress in her portraits, and that she should take a pleasure in being loaded with such a profusion of ornaments.

James I, contrary to the custom of many Monarchs, never gave his subjects one fashion in dress; when the princess Elizabeth his daughter was married to the Electoral Prince Palatine in 1612, she was habited in white vestments: her hair descended at full length down her back, and she wore a diadem of pure gold, set with rich jewels; and Wilson informs us that the Countess of Essex after her divorce, appeared at court "in the habit of a virgin, with her hair pendant almost to her feet." The head of the Countess is shewn oppressed with ornaments; and she appears to have exposed more of the bosom than was seen in any former period.

During this reign the ladies indulged a strong passion for foreign articles of dress, but particularly for laces, which rather increased than abated in succeeding generations. Indeed, so anxious were the citizens to protect their own manufacture, that about this time, they prohibited the wearing of slippers or shoes made of anything but English leather. Ruffs and farthingales were generally worn, and yellow starch for the stiffening of the ruffs, (first invented by the French, and well adapted to the sallow complexions of that nation) was introduced by one Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, who was concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. This vain and infamous woman, was executed in a ruff of that colour.

Bishop Hall, in a sermon preached before James the First, said much against the luxurious dresses then in fashion. He called upon his hearers to "imagine one of our forefathers alive again, to see one of those, his gay daughters, walk in Cheapside before, what do you think he would think it were? Here is

nothing to be seen, but a verdingale, a yellow ruff, and a perriwig, with perhaps some feathers waving on the top; three things for which he could not tell how to find a name. Sure he could not but stand amazed to think what new creature the times had yielded since he lived; and then if he should run before her, to see if by the foresight he might guess what it were, when his eyes should meet with a powdered frizzle, a painted hide, shadowed with a fan not more painted, breasts displayed, and a loose lock swinging wontonly over her shoulders betwixt a painted cloth and skin, how would he more bless himself to think what mixture in nature could be guilty of such a monster."

Christopher, in his "*Anthropometamorphosis, or Man transformed*," published in 1650, gives us many interesting particulars on dress, from the year 1630 to that period, and mentions jessamine butter as a favorite ointment for the hair. The following quotation, from the same author, will be sufficient to prove their attachment to hair-powder, at this early period;—"Here's glorious cosmetics," he says, "for tender gallants," whose "witty noddles are put into such a pure witty trim, the dislocation of every hair so exactly set, the whole bust so curiously candied, and the natural jet of some of them so exalted into a perfect azure, that their familiar friends have much to do to own their faces; for by their powdered heads you would take them to be mealmen."

The allurements of the youthful female are as severely handled by Burton, who enquires, "why do they decorate themselves with artificial flowers, the various colours of herbs, needle-work of exquisite skill, quaint devices, and perfume their persons, wear inestimable riches in precious stones, crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets, and tires of several fashions; deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, girders, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versicolor ribands? Why do they make such glorious shows with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, rufis, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold, silver tissue? Such setting up with corks, straitening with whalebone; why, it is but as a day net catching larks, to make young ones stoop unto them. And when they are disappointed, they dissolve into tears, which they wipe away: weep with one eye, laugh with the other; or as children, weep and cry they can both together: and as much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping as of a goose going barefoot."

Christopher also finds much to censure in the toilets of the ladies in his days, he says, "our English ladies, who seem to

have borrowed some of their cosmetical conceits from barbarous nations, are seldom known to be contented with a face of God's making ; for they are either adding, detracting, or altering continually, having many fucusses in readiness for the same purpose. Sometimes they think they have too much colour, then they use art to make them look pale and fair ; now they have too little colour, then Spanish paper, red leather, or other cosmetical rubricks, must be had. Yet, for all this, it may be, the skins of their faces do not please them, off they go with mercury water, and so they remain, like peeled ewes, until their faces have recovered a new epidermis." " Our ladies," he continues, " have also lately entertained a vain custom of spotting their faces, out of an affectation of a mole to set off their beauty, such as Venus had, and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable ; for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes and figures."

Although it may be admitted that females have always enjoyed the privilege of adorning their persons in any manner fashion may direct, yet the strictures of Christopher may be considered as rather severe than necessary. The information contained in the following paragraphs, however, lead us to reflect with pleasure, that though painting the faces of ladies is not quite discontinued, we have but few *male* imitators in our days. " Painting," he justly observes, " is bad in a fair woman, but worse in a man ; for if it be the received opinion of some physicians, that the using of complexion, and such like slobber slabbers, is a weakness and infirmity in itself, who can say whether such ones as use them be sound or not ? It being a great dishonesty, and unseemly sight, to see one painted, who perchance had a reasonable good natural complexion of his own, that when he hath by nature those colours proper to him, he should besoot his face with the same paintings, or make such slight reckoning of those fair pledges of Nature's goodness, and embrace such counterfeit stuff, to the ill example of others ; so that his face, which, he thinks, doth so commend him, should be made up of ointments, greasy ingredients, and sauces, or done by certain powders, ox-galls, lees, latherings, and other such disagreeable confections." " But as for paintings, it is no marvel if the ladies do paint themselves, since of a long time, and in many places, that trade hath had beginning. This generation of daubers having ever sought quarrels with nature, and forced art, her false servant, into balance with her, setting more by their false face than they do by their true ; so that

these face-makers seem to be out of love with themselves, and to hate their natural face."

Of the costume of the citizens at this period much has been written. Their ordinary dress was a broad velvet or felt hat, a slashed doublet and short cloak, a ruff, and sometimes a plain collar: the magisterial robes of the citizens have continued unchanged for some time, "nor is it any reproach," observes a modern historian, "that they feel proud of them, as they are generally the reward of honest industry."

Bishop Earl, in his "*Microcosmographia*," satirically insinuates that the citizens were very economical of their robes. "The meer alderman," he says, "is venerable in his gown, more in his beard, wherewith he sets not forth so much his own, as the face of a city. He makes very much of his authority, but more of his satin doublet, which though of good years, bears its age very well, and looks fresh every Sunday; but his scarlet gown is a monument, and lasts from generation to generation."

W. S.

### ELIZABETH HILL.

*From the German.*

LADY Elizabeth Hill, a young and wealthy widow, who formerly resided at R——, in Suabia, was a perpetual source of perplexity to all the citizens, of whatever rank or age. Her character was an inexplicable enigma, and the more they endeavoured to solve it, the more they were involved in mystery, or entirely cast adrift by some new fantasy, which the lady exhibited. In short she was never what she appeared to be, but was incessantly changing both her manners and pursuits.\*

So long as there remained in the city, a certain member of the aulic council, who was a man of taste and literature, she did nothing from morning till night, but read romances. When he died, a medical gentleman, who delighted in balls, plays and festivals of all sorts, became a conspicuous character, Lady Hill, throwing aside her books, was entirely occupied in dancing, dressing and visiting. Soon afterwards, the reigning prince appointed a very pious bishop over the city, which had never before been honoured by the superintendence of a dignitary of

\* This character is described by our Congreve in few words; "Constant in nothing but inconstancy."

the church. The young widow forthwith discarded all gay dresses, and assumed a sober suit of ash-grey, nearly approaching to mourning.

These sudden and extraordinary alterations in Lady Hill became the universal topic of conversation, and gave rise to a variety of conflicting opinions. The literati and the professional gentlemen in the city took the lead in discussion, but were by no means unanimous in the reasons, which they assigned for her conduct. In the first place, the rector of the school, who was a genius, and the principal correspondent of a periodical publication, adopting the most favorable construction, maintained that Lady Hill had positively no character, and consequently was no subject to exercise the talents of the poet, the novelist or the dramatist.

The prelate and his spiritual brethren made it a matter for their most serious consideration, but poetry, romances and the theatre formed no part of their speculations. "Lady Hill," said they, "had no doubt been a worldly-minded woman, who had first waded in sin by privately reading ungodly books, and then plunged into the sea of perdition by devoting herself to the vanities of feasts and dances in situations, where she could not fail to be a public spectacle." But now, they congratulated themselves, she felt the influence of the spirit and was become a babe of grace.

The doctor gave himself no trouble about the metaphysical part of the question; but abandoning her mind to the critics, and her soul to the Theologians, he confined his deliberations to the state of her body. "The lady," said he, "has done herself no good in the first place by poring all day over frivolous books and in the next by spending her nights at routs and assemblies, by which her blood has been coagulated and the circulation retarded. A little bleeding, and a few glasses of Seltzer water will soon bring her to herself again."

It is evident that these gentlemen attached themselves each to a particular system; that is they each wore a pair of colored glasses, through which all looked in one kind of way, and saw nothing truly. The rest of the citizens, conscious of the weakness of their own organs of vision, reposed implicit confidence in the glasses of the professional gentlemen, and each embraced one or other of the preceding systems, accordingly, as he was more or less swayed by interested motives, or was otherwise supplied with an opinion of his own.

The bookseller, who derived a considerable profit from the shoals of godly folios and quartos, which he was continually

turning into Lady Hill's library, very readily adopted the interested hypothesis of the divines, and was heartily glad of her conversion, from which he sincerely hoped she would never relapse.

The milliner, who had been amassing a little fortune by the multitude and variety of superb dresses, with which he supplied Lady Hill, finding this source of wealth suddenly stopped, adhered to the harsh construction of the doctor, and elaborated a case of confirmed lunacy out of a slight attack of religious melancholy.

The shoemaker, on whose business Lady Hill's devotion had operated so as to diminish his profits, only to a moiety of their former amount, embraced the more favorable explication of the rector, and contented himself with the simple lamentation that so good a woman as Lady Hill should be so fickle and variable as never to know rightly her own mind.

There was only one man in the whole city, of the lower class, a dealer in linen, who did not spoil the natural good quality of his eyes by the use of glasses, and who, having no dealings with Lady Hill, for she wore no other linen than hollands, displayed more sagacity than the whole tribe of city philosophers, and ascribed the lady's inconsistencies to their proper cause.

He seized the opportunity of declaring his sentiments one Sunday evening when he fell in company with the tradesmen, who were enjoying themselves at a tavern, and the bookseller with a pious sigh, had just declared that the grace of God had effected a wonderful improvement in Lady Hill. The linen draper flatly denied to his face that grace had any concern in the matter. In like manner he contradicted the milliner who had asserted that she was stark-mad; and the shoemaker, who had concluded a jeremiad with the usual remark that she did not so much as know her own mind.

"The lady," said he, "knows well enough what she is about, and if you good people had not a cataract in your eyes, you would perceive her object as well as I do. Give me leave to ask a question. When the late aulic counsellor resided here, whom did we consider to be the chief man in the city? The counsellor certainly. And when he died, and the doctor came hither, to whom did we take off our hats with the greatest reverence? Why certainly the doctor. And when the prince graciously condescended to appoint a bishop to reside in the city, who took precedence of the doctor, and reduced to insignificance the importance of all our former great men? Who else but the bishop? Now, good people, if you will only reflect

a little upon these circumstances, take my word for it, you will not be long in the dark."

The citizens laughed, and all agreed that the little linen dealer had more shrewdness than they had suspected. Their approbation highly delighted him, for nothing gave him so much satisfaction as the praise to which he believed himself entitled, "Yes, yes!" said he giving the table a smart blow with his fist; "If it should please God to take the bishop to himself, I will wager my head and shoulders, that Lady Hill and the doctor will no longer be strangers to each other."

This event did not take place; it fell out somewhat differently. The prince, being a very pious man, recalled the bishop to his court to direct the affairs of his conscience, and sent into the city a regiment of horse, under the command of the major, a fine, bold, military looking fellow. Ere a month had passed the major was dining at Lady Hill's, and Lady Hill with the major. Now the major's lady was greatly admired by the whole city for her fine person, beautiful features, and the elegant figure which she exhibited on horseback. Lady Hill, who was by no means unconscious of her own personal attractions, ordered out her horse, and shone forth *en amazon* in a riding habit of green and gold by the side of the major's lady.

"That lady has no character!" triumphantly exclaimed the rector as she rode past his school. "The woman hath fallen away from grace!" groaned a divine, who met her on his return from visiting a sick bed. "Lady Hill, I rejoice to see, has dieted herself and takes exercise;" said the doctor, who was standing at his door smoking his morning-pipe; "No doubt she will be all the better for it."

Thus all these three gentlemen found in each of their systems a loop hole through which they drew themselves out of the affair, and were confirmed in their notions by the very circumstances which militated against them. But the linen draper once more formed better conclusions, for when Lady Hill was riding past the gate of his bleaching ground, he shook his head, and said to himself, "Ah, see there! what will not vanity do?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Laugh at my story as much as you please. It has this merit, however, that it is true; and if you pay attentive observation, you will often find occasions to apply it.

H.

## THE CONFESSION OF AN INVALID.

BY M. L. B.

*Author of "Quite Good Enough."*

"Poor, lost, mistaken thing !  
 I've flutter'd on the wing  
 Of reckless youth—through *vanity* :—to bow  
 At ev'ry idol shrine  
 Of Pleasure hath been mine,—  
 But never on my SOUL to dream, till *now* !"

*From a Poem by the Author.*

BRING me pen and paper ; to write the sorrows I have long experienced, when the expression of them by speech is forbidden me, may relieve my surcharged bosom : yet do not suppose that I have lost the use of my tongue ;—thanks to my Creator, no ; but it little avails to describe those griefs which, principally originating in my own private feelings, scarcely admit of a *viva voce* delineation, or would be listened to with impatience or derision. Bring me pen and paper ; I am weary of lying here, —I am weary, soul and body, of my mortal life, and the causes of this weariness they shall read with pity, who would only hear them with ridicule from my own pale lips.

I am weary of lying here—and no wonder ; on this sofa, and in this apartment have I laid during those *nine years* of my life which ought to have been, which *are*, with youth of my own sex, the brightest and the best !

*Nine years*,—from beautiful eighteen to twenty-seven ;—what an eternity of deprivation, sorrow, and weariness !

*Nine years*, in the very spring-tide of existence ! Think of *this*, ye young, gay females, who flit like birds, from place to place, upon untiring wing, and number your happiest hours by the changes only that they have brought of scene and of amusement.

*Nine years*, I repeat, of youth have been passed by me on this sofa and in this room, my sole variation of place being my bed-chamber, from which I emerge at about ten o'clock every morning, and to which I retire at the same hour each night : for me there is but one removal—one change more ; since, though they would in kindness conceal the fact from me, I know I am suffering from a spine complaint, which will only terminate with my existence.

I had just been introduced, was reckoned very beautiful, and, as an only daughter, the heiress presumptive of some property—



excited, I have reason to think, considerable sensation in the *beau-monde*, when it pleased the Almighty to lay his hand upon me in the fearful manner which (oh! let Him forgive me!) I shall ever, ever deplore! Alas! I would be—I *try* to be, resigned under my terrible destiny, and I might possibly school my mind into an apathy for the enjoyments of life, did they not present themselves to me, like forbidden fruit, under various tempting hues and aspects. To one, in my sad situation, conversation, reading, and music, are the principal sources of interest and amusement; and all the medical men who have seen me, being of the same opinion as to the necessity of keeping my spirits cheerful and my mind amused, my devoted mother stays much at home, and encourages the visits to our house of as many of her friends as have the charity to endure the sight of *me*: by these means I constantly and accurately hear of the proceedings of that gay world, from which I am totally excluded; and by these mistaken means of making me happy I am rendered miserable! My mother's friends, I sadly perceive, are not *mine*; and whether I, the poor dying invalid, venture to open my lips or not before them, *they* treat me with the most insolent inattention: I have seen mere infants in arms command greater and kinder notice from these unfeeling people than myself; and, in spite of my best efforts to be esteemed and loved, it is but too clear that everybody, except my dear mamma and papa, accounts me but a kind of animated log, which has laid, by some inexplicable accident, on the same sofa, and in the same room, for years!

This complaint I make equally of the studious and religious as of the mere worldly-minded; with them methinks I could descant upon topics literary and pious, however incapable I am supposed to be of joining the latter description in their idle tattle respecting the mundane affairs which exclusively occupy *their* attention; but the learned and the good approach my *canapé*, turn eyes of pity upon my shapeless form, coldly stretch forth for my eager, ardent grasp, two fingers, perhaps but one, mutter a "How are you to day?" or "I hope I see you better?" and turn away well pleased that the *ceremony* of acknowledging acquaintance with *me* is over: if I put a question even to those, it is seldom answered; if I speak at all, my voice is seldom heeded. In short, the great subject of my complaint is, that whilst I am a living sentient being, possessing, for aught I know to the contrary, my *mental* faculties in full perfection, I am reckoned, (by the very visitors brought to the house with a particular view to my entertainment,) altogether dead and buried, by reason of my bodily infirmities.

Surely conduct like this to a dying sufferer is not *religion*, because it is not *charity*? I have been told, that the *feelings* of these individuals cannot support the shock of my miserable appearance, for I am become broad and flat, like a skait, a sole, or a flounder. It may be so; but how false is that sensibility—how exceedingly *selfish*, which carries its possessors (I had almost said its *victims*,) from, instead of to, the couch of distress and sickness! Young people, of both sexes, I am also in the habit of seeing: the attractions of the homeliest are greater *now* than mine; and the lapse of a few months generally makes them, what with bitterness I reflect *I* might have been, *married*,—masters or mistresses of their own houses, time, and money; pleased and pleasing in society, and happy with a happiness *I* must never know, when enjoying domestic felicity in their several homes. Sometimes I behold the young and blessed dance—as once *I* danced, and as again methinks *I could* dance, until endeavouring to raise myself on my sofa-couch, I find my back as powerless as my will is strong, and my limbs, alas! helpless, useless, quite.

Music, whose sweet voice talks to me of happy days long past, and never, never to return;—music, which solemnly breathes of those to come, when I shall no longer be a denizen of this world—*music* generally throws me into an agony of tears; I love it passionately, distractedly love it, but my thoughtful, anxious mother, perceiving its agitating effect upon me, seldom permits me to hear it: she grieves to see me weep, solely, as she thinks, for the worldly joys I have for ever, ever lost, and from the contemplation of which she tells me, and truly tells me, I ought to detach my mind; but she knows not, and I dare not tell her, that in the innocent voice of music *I* hear a call to a perfect state of existence, in a sphere happier far than earth, which call, my spirit dreads, whilst it struggles to obey! Alas! alas! well may *my* tears flow for the loss of one felicity which had scarcely offered itself to my grasp ere it eluded it,—and for the enjoyment of another, of which I have the most ineffable pre-perception, but unto which I cannot *ever* attain; *I have not prepared myself for it!*

Books, by identifying me with the scenes and actors they describe, afford me a new and active species of life: but books also are too agitating for nerves which sickness, care, and sorrow have rendered distressingly sensitive. A little reading makes my head-ache, and the brain within it wildly throb; so that books are now almost forbidden me.

But, away! away! Can the golden sunshine ever gladden

earth, and not send my longing spirit, wandering as it were, far from the dull sphere of its detention? Can I listen to the sad, solemn sigh of the mighty wind, which rushes through the pines, firs, and whistling trees,\* that like a forest, surround my father's habitation; or can I hearken to its shrilly shrieks behind the distant hills, and not crave to be as free and locomotive as itself? Can the soft, flower-perfumed air bathe my heated brow,—can I listen through the open window to the charming mingled melody of a thousand gay and happy birds, and can I hear the sudden rush of their active wings almost beside me, or watch their arrowy flight, and not desire the liberty I have lost?

*Mais apropos des bottes*, once I had a little bird, a canary, and a pretty pet it was. "Let it loose," said I one day to my father, after I had lain on this sofa for twelve melancholy months, "let it loose, I now know what *captivity* is, and nothing near me shall, if I can prevent it, taste so bitter a cup. Let it loose papa: why don't you do as I tell you?"

"Because, Anna," said he, "it would die if I did; it is used to its cage now—it is accustomed to be tended and fed; it would, therefore, if I complied with your request, be turned out of its *home*, and unable to provide food and shelter for itself, this poor stranger in the wide tempestuous world, must miserably perish."

"And," I answered mournfully, "it had better perish, than live, a prisoner for life; tied down to one spot, unable to use the pinions Providence has given it; and fed, waited upon, and carried about from place to place, like a baby. Poor bird!"

I burst into tears; my father perceived that I had depicted my own sad situation; and kindly observed:

"Make some distinction, my dear girl, I beseech you, between the case of a creature deprived of its liberty, and natural powers, and rights, by the cruel caprice of man,—and of one, laid under a similar temporary restraint by the *unerring* wisdom, and mercy, of her Almighty Maker; you must, my Anna, learn to bear an affliction, which will not I trust, be of very long standing, with Christian meekness, fortitude and submission;

\* Those beautiful natives of North America, *tulip-trees*, which often attain in our country a considerable size, are popularly styled "*whistling-trees*," from an idea that the wind whistles through them more than through others; we have often stood beneath one and the other of two noble trees of this sort, when the wind was high and strong, and we can state, that their stout, shining leaves *rustle* like those of poplars, but they never caused the gale to entertain us with a *whistle*.

remembering how we are taught, 'to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God,' and 'to let patience have her perfect work'."

My dear parents did their best at that time to console, and comfort me; and I was consoled and comforted, for I could not then have believed, neither would they, that I was destined to lie here so many *years*; from that hour to this! Next day I missed my canary.

"It is *gone*," equivocally said my father, "I could not let it remain here Anna, to distress you."

Further, I did not enquire,—I dare say, had I at any subsequent period, desired poor Tufty's re-appearance, he would have been forthcoming; and for aught I know to the contrary, he may still, if living, occupy some secluded chamber in our house, a prisoner less melancholy, though far more solitary than myself.

But the most excruciatingly painful part of my story is yet to come; who, I will ask, was ever young, and never *loved*? And who can be so woefully ignorant of human nature as to suppose, that, from my invalid, and unhappy state, LOVE must necessarily be excluded? This over-mastering passion, I believe to be the appointed, and *peculiar* trial of youth; that it should be mine then, is not marvellous.

With my cousin, Charles Lester, I had from my childhood, been upon the most intimate terms; we were loving play-mates, pursued many studies together even until he was sent to Winchester, and at every dance, abroad and at home, he was not only my constant, almost my sole partner, but seemed by tacit consent of everybody present, to be consigned to me, *per prerogative*. In fact, Charles and I, according to a custom which may be considered wise, or foolish, as the events of after life decide, were classed amongst those juvenile *fiancées*, who are with little scruple, termed husband and wife to their faces, who thus believe themselves from childhood, under a permanent engagement to each other, and who often care not to seek another connection. Whether our respective parents would have allowed the union of Charles and myself, had I continued a desirable partner for any individual, I cannot say; but be this as it may, Charles, who was my senior but by four years, grew up so handsome, and charming a youth, that as a man I should certainly have idolized him, had I never been habituated to love him as a boy, as my cousin, and as I firmly believed, my future husband. Alas! why do I delight to speak of him, who is for ever lost to me? Why could I, in the excess of fond folly,

kiss his very name, as my pen traces it upon the unconscious paper? This is a weakness which I *must* learn to overcome. Charles Lester, certainly *did* love me; he told me so some hundreds of times, both as boy, and man; and at the very period when those symptoms were gaining ground in my constitution, which have issued in my long, and melancholy illness, I was accustomed to hear with proud delight, his reiterated professions of affection. No, I do not say, that in one moment, I lost my health and strength, and was stretched, never again to rise, and be as I had been, on the couch of sickness; but gradually, I knew not how, or why, these were prostrated; a debility, which all the tonics of the pharmacopœia could not remove, seized me; causing a dull, heavy, settled pain in my back, a constant drowsiness, and an unabated sense of fatigue, which rest and slumber, were ineffectual to banish. I became worse, in spite of the best medical advice, and the celebrated physician who had been called in to see me, turned me over to as celebrated a surgeon, who instantly pronounced, that I must lie upon my back, and never rise from a recumbent posture, until it had regained its strength; he said, he was apprehensive that without great care, a spine complaint would come on. Alas! I knew by my own feelings, that it had already commenced; and Sir \*\*\*\*, knew it as well; but he dreaded to disclose in this first interview such afflicting intelligence to parents who so idolized their only child, as did mine; and perhaps he honestly flattered himself, that by taking my disorder at its out-set, he might be enabled to check its progress. But the Lord of life and death, who has "given us medicine to heal our sickness," ordained otherwise: ah! would that I could ever have remained in the beautiful state of composure, and resigned acquiescence to His will, which peculiarly blessed my mind for the first three months after my disorder had assumed a decided character; but *then* I was permitted to hope, and *then*, I was permitted still to *love*; but now, that hope, and that love, are for ever departed.

Charles Lester at the commencement of my illness was as affectionately kind, and attentive as ever: but he could not always be with me: College claimed him after school, and during his vacations, which, *en-passant* I must observe, seemed sufficiently numerous and lengthy, (like the holy days, and unlucky days, of old Catholic times, which gave up to legal idleness, nearly three-fourths of the year) my cousin's society was anxiously sought by many relations and friends besides ourselves; and, they, I soon began to think, too exclusively en-

grossed it, at those only periods, when, if he loved me, he should have made a point of favoring my parents with his company — *IF, he loved me.* This first doubt of his affection, gave me unmingled anguish, and I indignantly repelled the idea, as a suspicion unworthy of so noble a being; afterwards, I was reluctantly obliged to admit, that the heart of the most extraordinary man in existence, is not like the heart of a very ordinary woman. \* \* \* \* \*

No, Charles Lester, certainly loved me not so well as he did; and of this most afflicting fact, I became after awhile more, and more convinced, by the brevity of his visits, by his indescribable *manner* of forced regard, but real indifference, when he spoke to me, by his shyness in accepting my parents' pressing invitations, and latterly, by his total desertion of my family and self; for, I dared not conjecture *what or why!* But, I have had many an opportunity of testing the truth of a conviction, which, in my own melancholy experience, forced itself upon me; viz: that *college*, how much soever it improves the *head* of a young man, too frequently ruins his *heart*; his intellects expand, but his affections contract; and the loving lad who left home for the University, sometimes returns rejoicing in his freedom from the *shackles of early prejudice*, to fill the bosom of parent, sister, and affianced wife, with undying anguish, at his insolent heartlessness. And yet, let me do Charles Lester justice: perhaps, whilst inexperienced in the world, because he preferred me, to the *few* of my sex, with whom he happened to be acquainted, he fancied, he liked me above *all*, but discovered his mistake, which some men unhappily do not, before it was *too late*; or perhaps when he beheld me, his once beautiful, and active Anna, stretched on a sick couch waning, decrepid, helpless, and hopeless of ever being able to rise from it again; he at once saw the impossibility of our union; and would not further encourage *my* attachment, when his own had subsided into mere sympathy, and esteem. Yes! *this* it must have been; still, that this it should have been, sometimes, when agonized I allow myself to reflect upon the circumstance, makes my feelings revolt against *him*, whom I once so fondly loved; whom now, I *ought* to love, *no longer*; and gives me a thorough contempt for the *mauviette*, whose principles were not strong enough to carry him through the sacred *duty* of taking "for better or for worse;" to "cherish in sickness, or in health:" the wife, on whom his election had so long previously fallen. Suppose I had married him at seventeen? What then? Could his conduct as a husband, have been what it has been? Ha! Ha!

when I think thus, *I hate him!* He often proposed to me an early, and private marriage, because, he said, it must be binding on his side,—since, when I reached those years, he would be of age: thank Heaven for my *escape!* and I now know, that if I possibly could become the wife of Charles Lester, to-morrow, standing at the altar in renovated health, and beauty, *I would not*, though he wept tears of blood to obtain me; no, nor, all wretched as I am, would I accept the Heavenly boon of restored bodily strength, upon the terms of a marriage with him, the stony-hearted, atrocious wretch!

I shall not agonize myself, or weary those, into whose hands this M. S. may possibly fall, by minutely detailing all the circumstances of the *break* between Charles Lester and myself; Suffice, he contrived that it should be irremediable, for, when I first and last, saw my then fondly loved cousin, after ages of absence, it was, as a *married man*: in this world, where my sojourn now cannot be very long, I trust from my soul, I shall see him no more: in the next, his cruelty and injustice to the broken-hearted writer of this memoir, will perhaps be made apparent to himself; and he will then know, that in torturing a heart already painfully tried, by the withdrawal of an affection too dearly prized,—and by the uniting himself to another,—instead of his betrothed wife,—*though* that one *had* become a languishing invalid; he has heaped up coals of fire upon his own head; for, (and should *he* peruse this paper, let him tremble,) by casting me from him when the divine hand was laid upon me, he has presumptuously withstood that hand, which undoubtedly intended his trial as well as mine, by my heavy affliction.

Much more might I say, and conclude this brief sketch of misfortune and misery by an exhortation to patience; resignation, humility, and the stedfast hope, of a better world: but, with shame, and terror, I confess, that my state of mind, and conduct, throughout a protracted affliction, have been such, as utterly to preclude *me* from preaching up the excellency of virtues, I have never chosen to practise; yet, ere the feeble hand that writes, and the busy mind that dictates, what I now pen, are detached from this world for ever, I would make my manuscript subservient to the best interests of the young; and to the youthful of my own sex, most especially do I now point out, the instruction it contains:

Young women, pride not yourselves upon beauty, birth, or fortune; in my deplorable case, behold how vain they were! When in buoyant health, thank God incessantly, and from your

heart of hearts, for this *invaluable* blessing ; but often reflect upon the future day of sickness and tribulation, that you may lay up for it, mental comforts, which bodily anguish cannot take away. Beware of early love entanglements, and secret engagements ; trust not to the *affection* of any man, how strong soever, and repeated, may be his vows of fidelity : does anything long continue in this mutable world ? Or, can a man foresee the changes that may overtaken his feelings ? What says Scripture of the *heart* ? it is "*deceitful* above all things ; desperately wicked ; *who shall know it ?*" Yes ! young women ! start not ; such is the character of the heart of the most amiable man in existence ; he cannot know it himself—how then can you ? *He* cannot trust it—where then is your reliance ? Marriage, being ordained by our Creator, the disposal of his rational creatures therein, is as much in His hands, as their life, and death : and, an infinity of anguish, folly, and wickedness, would be saved you, fair girls, did you but constantly remember, and act upon, this *consoling* fact ; would that *I* had done so ! and I should not now have had to write myself, *heart-broken, and forsaken*, with the terrible conviction, forced upon me, as dissolution approaches, that having made unto myself an earthly idol, I was *angry* when our Heavenly Father took it away : *was* ? ah ! woe is me,—I *am* wrathful still—against Charles,—against Heaven, and murmuring, and repining !

You will have observed that my illness is not of such a nature as utterly to preclude ameliorating employments : I have certainly shown that conversation, books, and music, are materially denied me, but I have not stated that other and *solid* enjoyments were available, had I *chosen* to accept them. *Selfishness* has been my bane ; could I (for even this exertion was within my power to make) have divested my dissatisfied mind of the constant contemplation of *my own* piques and wrongs, sorrows and sufferings, and turned a compassionate eye upon others, what might I not have done, during *nine* long *years*, to instruct the minds, to feed, clothe, and shelter the bodies of my fellow-creatures, and to have alleviated, in various ways, the wants, sorrows, and sicknesses of those whose condition was worse than my own, because they had ignorance and poverty to contend with. I am wealthy ; I might have opened my hand and bestowed ; for public and private charities offer to the *liberal* tempting opportunities of doing good ; and I am also, at least, sufficiently instructed to instruct the poor ; so that this shall hereafter be my condemnation : I had opportunity and strength sufficient to dispense saving knowledge to those who most



needed it, and I neglected to use "the gift that was in me." Dear young countrywomen, again I lift up my mournful voice, and with a bitter cry—a cry that I hope will touch your innermost hearts, *implore* you to be warned by my miserable experience. In health and in sickness never live for *yourselves only*; be active to secure the temporal and eternal good of your fellow-creatures,—consider their sorrows and your own will vanish,—diligently seek their welfare, and your eternal reward will be sure and incalculable. Above all, never indulge in that morbid state of feeling which the poet has well described, and which may be exceedingly romantic, but which *must* be excessively displeasing to Him who, if He wills to take from us a *few* delights, grants us *many*—far more indeed than we deserve: the lines to which I allude are these, by Rogers, and I should not here quote them, but that they have been too many times upon my own lips, and I have heard them too often from young girls, who considered the sentiment *fine*, and perceived not that it was *mischievous*, to let them pass:—

"Go— you may call it madness, folly,—  
 You shall not chase my grief away;  
 There's such a charm in melancholy,  
 I would not, if I could, be *gay*.  
 O! if you knew the pensive pleasure  
 That fills my bosom when I sigh,  
 You would not rob me of a treasure  
 Monarchs were too poor to buy."<sup>\*</sup>

Finally, young women, contemplate with grief and horror the melancholy picture I have placed before you of a worldly-minded, discontented, useless, hopeless, dying invalid;—of a sinner, who has done worse than wasted time, talents, and money; and of one who acknowledges herself quite unfit to live, but who, as often as she repeats that mournful burthen of one of the finest modern songs in our language:—†

"She only said the day was dreary;  
 —He cometh not, she said:  
 She said, *I am weary, weary,—*  
*O! would that I were dead!*"

equally confesses *she is utterly unfit to DIE!*

<sup>\*</sup> The author craves pardon for apparent severity, but she has heard these lines much abused by young ladies, who thought it *interesting* to be *lack-a-daisical*, and were constantly quoting them by way of precedent.

† Alfred Tennyson's most lovely and original ballad, all rich in imagery, quaint in expression, and unique in feeling—"Mariana."

## A MORNING SONG.

BY S. T. HUNT.

O lady dear! why tarry here?  
 Joy's golden gleam should light thy brow  
 O'er sunny hills—by gushing rills,  
 Is where we should be roaming now.

The sky above seems lit with love,  
 And glowing rosy-bright, like thee;  
 Earth smiles so gay, as if to day  
 Was Nature's own glad jubilee.

Sweet music's voice doth now rejoice,  
 And echo from its night-dream wakes;—  
 Which like some sprite, wing'd with delight,  
 Its course through wood and valley takes.

Fair-blushing flowers adorn the bowers,  
 Love-haunted dale, and woodland hall;  
 With garlands grac'd, the Dryads haste  
 To honour Flora's festival.

Now every scene assumes the mien  
 Of sylvan beauty, bright and bland;  
 You well might deem 'twas fancy's dream  
 That pictured some enchanted land.

Then lady dear, why tarry here?  
 Joy's golden gleam should light thy brow;  
 O'er sunny hills, by gushing rills,  
 Away, let us be roaming now.

## L I N E S.

The fragile lily droops beneath the gale,  
 And ruthlessly, upon the dreary plain  
 Are scattered, far and wide, its blossoms pale,  
 In peerless beauty ne'er to smile again.

And thus my heart; each worldly hope has fled  
 Long ere youth's bark hath wandered from the shore  
 And oh! 'twere sweet to rest my weary head  
 On that lone couch, where pain is felt no more.

Then welcome grave,—a calm and holy grave,  
 Without a stone my sorrows to disclose;  
 I only ask affection's tear to bathe,  
 At times, the lowly spot where I repose.

EDITH.

## T W I L I G H T,

## A FRAGMENT.

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“Twilight, still season of deep communings,  
And holiest thoughts, and tears of tenderness, which  
Soothe the soul in falling.”

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“THROBS there a heart endowed with sensibility, to which a scene like *this*, could fail imparting a portion of its calm peacefulness, charming to rest for awhile, all worldly cares, and exalting the spirit, for a transient space, above earth and earthly things, suffer it to revel in the delicious spell, the halo of enchantment which is breathing around !” was my mental exclamation, as at the holy and beautiful close of a summer’s day, I found myself meditating on the glories which surrounded me, almost forgetting I was but a weary pilgrim in a world of sorrow ; a mere denizen in a land of mortals.

The last rays of the sun-light had ceased to gild the spire of the church, which rose so romantically among the embowering trees, in the distance ; a faint streak of the palest gold colour, in the western horizon, alone remained to tell how radiant its glory had been. and at length, gradually blending with the cerulean hue on which it reposed, they became incorporated, and the evening star, throned, like a gem, in the deepening sky, replaced the glare of sun-set. Oh ! that beautiful star ! how lonely it looked, wandering companionless amid those “far-off bowers of blue,” I could almost fancy the spirit of some dear departed friend, shrined in that radiant orb, freed from its “mortal coil,” and looking with a pitying eye on the toil and turmoil below ; nay, even, perhaps, watching over and guarding me from evil, as I contemplated it in silent, but entranced admiration. How tremblingly its pensive rays fell upon the ruined chapel, which raised its shadowy form in the dim twilight, a vestige of by-gone years, the voiceless historian of “other days.” The notes of distant music swept past me, soft as the summer wind, sighing amid the strings of a fairy harp ; indistinctly they fell upon my ear in “dying dying falls,” and Time seemed to have lost his tyrant sway. In a moment imagination transported me to ages long gone by ; the pealing notes of the organ in that mouldering fane, appeared rising to heaven, and then sinking into a low sweet accompaniment, the plaintive voices of the vestals to whom it was consecrated, chaunting their vesper-hymn, sank soothingly on my spell-bound senses ; my soul seemed winging its flight to

join theirs in adoration, when a sudden scream from some wild denizen of the lake below, dispelled the illusion and recalled me from the Utopian visions of fancy.

The bright and the beautiful were still about me, the dream had ceased, but reality was there in all its varied forms of loveliness ! a deep repose had stolen over the scene : the lowing of cattle in the meadows had ceased ; the whistle of the labourer as he wended his homeward way, was heard no longer, and the light childish laugh of heart-felt glee ; the loud shout of boisterous mirth ; the infant's wail, and the mother's lullaby, were all hushed ; even the tinkling sheep-bell, and the watchdog's distant bark, so synonymous with the sounds of evening, were heard no more, and the song of the nightingale with its long-drawn and indescribably beautiful "sweet, sweet," and the slight ripple of the lake, alone broke the stillness which reigned around.

There are sounds in the air on a summer's day, even in the deepest solitudes, far removed from the haunts of man, which can be ascribed to no definite cause. Imagination might almost deem those sounds, the war of contending spirits, which in the daylight are waking on our bright and beautiful earth, (since *then* alone are they heard,) echoing faintly from afar, and dispersed by the winds of heaven until they become almost imperceptible save to an accustomed ear ; or it might dream a choir of angels were sweeping the chords of their harps and mingling their voices in hymns of praise, in a brighter, holier sphere, the spirit-tones of which are permitted to reach the children of earth, only to make them long for that "better country where hope has no existence, because *all* is certainty ;" or descending from the visions of romance to earth-like conclusions, we may suppose (with a recent author,) that those indistinct sounds are caused by "myriads of insects," floating and sporting in the warm sunbeams, far, far, removed from the reach of human vision, but with the first shade of twilight the fairy humming ceases ; and all becomes hushed in the spell of that holy hour ; even thus it was on that lovely evening.

The lake flowed by my feet like a vein of silver, while on its untroubled surface, a snowy swan glided noiselessly, like a spirit ; there was a balm and odour breathing around, palpable to the senses, but unwafted by a single zephyr, since every flower, shrub, and tree, were lulled in the deep, the beautiful repose of nature. There was not even the droning hum of the beetle, or the dull flutter of the bat's wings, heavily wending its lowly flight, to disturb the profound quietude of the hour and a spell was upon my spirit : I might

have deemed myself alone on earth ; there was nothing about me to dispel the illusion.

Oh Twilight ! thou art the shrine on which the memory of the *past* loves to repose ; thine are visions of happy days, gone, never to return ; of hopes, whose influence may never more be felt : of greeting smiles and farewell tears ; of absent friends and buried loves ; of the bright, the beautiful, the pure, the happy, and the holy, mingling in one gentle stream,—one magic spell !

\* \* \* \* \*

M. E.

### S T A N Z A S.

I am not lonely, even when most alone  
 If Nature smiles around me, for there is  
 A spirit breathing in the lowest tone  
 Of summer-sounds,—a spell replete with bliss ;  
 And I am happier, far, in " woodland hall,"  
 Than princes 'mid their regal festival !

For there's a music in the murmuring stream,  
 Which steals all-soothingly upon the ear,  
 Like the soft strains that haunt us in a dream,  
 Awakening all that *is*, or *has been* dear ;  
 While memory, bursting from its magic chain,  
 Recalls the hallowed *past* to life again.

Oh ! there is language in the deep blue sky :  
 And eloquence among the glowing flowers :  
 A holy hymning, in the plaintive sigh  
 Of light-winds' sweeping over sun-lit bowers ;  
 A breathing beauty, redolent with life,  
 Unmix'd with aught to tell of worldly strife !

There's speaking radiance in each gem-like star,  
 And in the pale, sweet wanderer of night,  
 When, from her azure throne, she throws afar  
 O'er the dim earth, her robe of pensive light ;  
 While playful fancy, borne on fairy wings,  
 Spreads her rich store of bright imaginings !

I am not lonely, even when most alone,  
 If *thus* it is,—for oh ! the simplest flower,  
 O'er which the sunbeam's bland caress is thrown,  
 Proclaims the presence of Omniscient Power,  
 And all fair things, the beautiful, the grand,  
 Echo the praise of *His* creative hand !

MARIE.

## THE REPENTANT.

*From the French.*


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“The acknowledgment of a fault is the greatest proof of courage.”

MIRABEAU.

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I was observing a party of inexpert swimmers exercising on the banks of the “Isle of Swans,” when one of them having got beyond his depth was swept away by a rapidly ebbing tide. An alarm being raised, a young man immediately jumped in, and swam towards the spot where the bather struggling with the current alternately rose and disappeared; but, upon seeing the countenance of the latter, he made a motion, as if to return. At this instant the drowning man cried out, “Help, Lambert, for mercy’s sake!” This exclamation recalled the power of humanity, he struck forward, and, with some difficulty conveyed the almost lifeless body to the strand, where I, with a number of other officious persons, who were eager to offer their assistance, when not accompanied with personal danger, received him.

While the crowd was engaged in endeavouring to restore the drowned man, his preserver watched the progress of his recovery with an emotion, the source of which—whether love or hatred—it would have been difficult to conjecture. Wishing to ascertain his thoughts, I proceeded to address him, but he interrupted my preliminary compliment to his courage, by saying,—“Knowing how to swim, sir, I can claim no more praise for applying my acquirement to his preservation, than you are entitled to in exerting *your* knowledge for his recovery;” and added, “You will oblige me sir by having him carried to a neighbouring house: here is a ten franc piece, which will I think, be sufficient to purchase cordials, and a conveyance.” Astonished by his eccentricity, I mechanically stretched out my hand. He placed the silver in it, and before I had time to reply, disappeared.

I, however, followed his directions, and, two hours after, the man who had so narrowly escaped death, and whom I shall call Bertrand, found himself in perfect health, surrounded by his wife and family.

“To recompense me for my trouble,” I answered to his expressions of gratitude, “will you explain to me the nature of your connection with the singular personage who was the principal instrument of your preservation? He appeared, notwith-

standing the danger he encountered for your sake, to have some secret cause for displeasure with you."

"Yes," cried he, heaving a sigh; "his dislike is not without cause. I am in the employment of M. Grizel, the Commissary of Police. He sent me one day to convey before him an individual arrested for a riot. On arriving at the station-house, I found a young man covered with blood, and whose clothes were torn to pieces in the scuffle, whom I recognized as Lambert, a clerk to Mr. Helvin, a merchant residing in the parish, the same that you have just seen save my life. My first intention was to conduct him privately: but he showed himself so violent, that I was compelled to manacle him, and had four policemen to accompany me. When he appeared outside, thus treated as a criminal, two ladies interceded in his favour: but I refused to listen to them, telling them that I was no magistrate: and, in order to avenge myself for some sharp language that he had used to me, I left the direct road, in order to make him go through the street where he lived. Although he had lowered his hat, he was immediately recognized, and was able to hear the various constructions, (none of them of course, very favourable,) put by his neighbours upon the circumstance of his being thus dragged through the streets, a guarded and manacled prisoner."

"'It is you,' cried he to me, 'who are the cause of my suffering this cruel humiliation: prepare, then, for a terrible revenge.'"

"'Insolent!' replied I, 'while you were heaping insults upon me, you should have considered that others, as well as yourself, can have feelings of resentment,' and, as we were passing the house of Mr. Helvin, I lifted his hat, saying, 'Know now, by yourself, the pain which shame can excite.' Lambert raised his eyes, saw the family of Mrs. Helvin, at the windows, and almost fainted with confusion. Every one exclaimed against this act of barbarity, and I was not sorry when we arrived at the residence of M. Grizel."

"The evidence was favourable to Lambert. It appeared that he had protected from insult the wife and daughter of Mr. Prudhomme, a notary: and his excessive zeal in the affair was the reason of his being singled out by the police, while the real delinquents had prudently edged off upon their arrival. Mr. Helvin complained of my conduct, and demanded punishment. M. Grizel, after hearing me, replied, that everything unpleasant that had occurred to Lambert, as far as I was concerned, had been entirely the result of his own hastiness; that persons charged with maintaining order could only judge from appear-

ances, and that these had been decidedly against Lambert, whom, moreover, this affair would teach to respect lawful authority, even when the delegate of that authority was but a simple agent of the police. Mr. Helvin, pressed the matter no farther, but Lambert never afterwards encountered me without showing his resentment."

After this recital, Bertrand told me that the event of the morning had furnished him with an opportunity, of which he wished to profit, to assure Lambert of his repentance and gratitude. I encouraged him in this laudable intention, recommending him, at the same time, to defer it until the morrow, my intention being to prepare Lambert to receive him with affability.

I presented myself early the following morning, at the house of Mr. Helvin, and requested him to use his influence with Lambert, to induce him to receive graciously the apologies of Bertrand.

"You will find him," replied Mr. Helvin, "in the best disposition; his resentment has entirely vanished, and Bertrand will be certainly well received. When he came home yesterday evening, his appearance betrayed peculiar excitement; and, upon my inquiring its cause, he answered: 'I am a monster: an execrable thirst for vengeance has made me hesitate to succour a fellow-man in the hour of danger. I was cruel enough to leave Bertrand to drown, when the extending of my hand would have saved him: however,' continued he, seeing that I regarded him with horror, 'a superior power, happily overcame the dictates of a detestable malice and I saved him: but he was hardly out of danger, when my hatred resumed its empire, and caused me to shun a reconciliation, of which my culpable hesitation had rendered me undeserving; and it is only now when I have pondered on my fault, that my animosity is extinguished, and that I experience all the torments of remorse.' It was thus, accusing himself of inhumanity, that he related to me his adventure, which exhibits so strikingly the struggle between anger and a naturally good disposition,—between an error of the head and kindness of heart. My family, who regard him as a brother, joined me in soothing his self-reproach, and he goes out with us this evening to dine at the house of Mr. Prudhomme, who, having heard of his conduct in the affair of yesterday, has determined to offer him the hand of his daughter."

Upon this, Mr. Helvin sent for Lambert, and related to him the subject of my visit. This young man said to me, in a tone of candour which charmed me.



"Sir, not to have anticipated your object is to me a new source of reproach. Upon my return to the principle of forgiveness, and (with it) to the influence of true religion, the first mark of my repentance should have been to seek an interview with Bertrand; but this fault can yet be rectified, and I shall instantly proceed to his residence."

As he was preparing to depart, the wife and the three children of Bertrand were introduced, and threw themselves on their knees near the threshold, while the latter, without assuming this posture, cried with emotion. "I acknowledge, M. Lambert, that I have acted ill towards you; but believe me I never entertained a feeling of lasting malice, and I should long ago have entreated your pardon, had not shame prevented me."

Lambert here interrupted him, and embracing him cordially, said:—"My good friend, I have been at least as much in fault as you; and have an equal right to render my apologies for the misunderstanding of that day. Since then, I alone have been culpable; for when you repented of a motion of anger which I had provoked, the desire of vengeance pushed me to the point of refusing you succour in your utmost need: and you will now serve me, by aiding me in inflicting a slight self-punishment. Accept this watch; the loss of it will remind me, I hope, that a man should be cautious how he offends another: that if anger causes him to commit a fault, he should at the return of reason, summon courage to acknowledge his regret: and finally, that, if he be sufficiently weak to dread the shame which vulgar souls attach to sentiments of true dignity, his conscience should at least guard him from all hatred of the person whom he has offended."

"Your watch," said Bertrand, regarding the trinket, "is of too expensive a description for my station in life; but it matters not. I accept it in the hope of recollecting when looking at the hour, that, being paid by the public, I should perform my duties with moderation, and not give way to any feelings of private pique."

A short time after this event, Lambert espoused the daughter of Mr. Prudhomme, and is now the partner of Mr. Helvin. Always disposed from his constitution to a certain irritability, he is restrained by the remembrance of the transaction with Bertrand. I was lately in his company, when, descending from a hackney-coach, he had a dispute with the coachman, and, although the latter was in the right, he had proceeded so far as to menace. I said to him, "Lambert, what hour is it?" He regarded me fixedly, pressed my hand in silence, satisfied the

coachman, and gave him a five-franc piece in addition to his fare.

The above narrative will, I hope, go far to remove the impression which exists so extensively in the mind of the inconsiderate, that the acknowledgment of a fault lowers a man in the estimation of others. On the contrary, true and self-confiding nobleness of soul, trusting to its intrinsic worthiness for the approbation of all wise men, arrogates not to itself—that spotlessness which but one man has attained, but endeavours to show, by contrition and reparation that its error is the result—not of habitual or deliberate bad intentions, but of fleeting and momentary excitement.

Q.

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OH ! LET ME LAUGH SWEET MOTHER !

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*By the Author of " Little lays," &c.*

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Oh ! let me laugh, sweet mother !

My cheeks are pale with care ;

And long 'tis since the sunshine

Of one faint smile play'd there !

Do'st see a light unearthly,

Dance in my sunken eye ;

Like the waning lamp emitting

More brilliance but to die ?

Oh ! let me laugh, sweet mother !

It tells that pain is o'er,

And my free'd spirit journeys

To a better, brighter shore !

Tell him who won and left me,

When I am cold in death,

That I forgave, and bless'd him

With my expiring breath !

## A M A L I A.\*

A T A L E O F P O L A N D.

BY W. LAW GANE.

THOSE of the Polish army who survived the sad day of Warsaw retreated on Modlin, but there were several stragglers left in different parts of the city who found it extremely difficult to escape, and some, unable to accomplish it, fell into the hands of the infuriated Russians, and were either despatched on the spot, or were reserved for a more dreadful destiny.

Among those left, was a young English officer, who had served in the Polish army with honour to himself and to his father-land: he had been present at most of the battles which were fought in that glorious, but alas! unsuccessful struggle for liberty. He happened to be staying at Warsaw at the outbreak of the righteous revolt, and, at the first signal, had joined the army of the gallant and oppressed Poles: he had aided in driving Constantine and his hordes back to their frozen hills, and he saw the melancholy termination of the fatal tragedy on the same spot. Oft had friends and comrades fallen thick around him; often had he beheld the Cossack and the Tartar fly before the victorious heroes of Poland: he had escaped unnumbered dangers; but he had cause to regret that his bones were not resting with those of the martyrs, who repose on Ostrolenka's gory field, or beneath the often blood-stained walls of the capital; for they knew not of the miserable fate which awaited their unhappy land: he had lived to see her high and glorious hopes blasted! her honour trampled in the dust! her blooming daughters a prey to worse than Indian savages! her babes and her aged nobles torn from her bosom, and driven as cattle to the wilds of Siberia! in short, nothing left but the imperishable glory of her deathless name.

During the darkness of the night that succeeded this frightful day, he effected his escape by swimming over to the opposite side of the Vistula: he hastened from the neighbourhood of Warsaw, and shaped his course along the bank of the river, and as near as he could with safety keep; journeying principally during the night, and lying all day hidden in the impenetrable woods and morasses with which the country abounds.

\* The sad scenes described in this paper, are not so unreal as some could suppose. See newspapers of January 1836.

During the whole of the third day after he left Warsaw, he had lain concealed in one of the forests, and towards evening he endeavoured to find his way out on the side opposite to that by which he entered : he had not proceeded far, when his attention was arrested by a low moan, which appeared to come from some object near him. He stopped, and listening attentively, heard it repeated. He had met with many distressed objects on his journey ; poor wretches, wounded, friendless, and houseless, driven into the woods by the savage barbarians who had overrun their country : he had afforded them all the assistance in his power, which was, alas ! but little. The hour—the dreary solitude by which he was surrounded, did not daunt him ; he immediately set to work to discover the sufferer. Sheltered beneath a bush, he saw a female form leaning over a motionless child, and two other children sitting by her side. The darkness of the night hindered him from distinctly seeing the objects before him, and the female was so absorbed in her reflections, that she did not hear his approach, and he stood before her, while she imagined herself and her infants, the only inhabitants of the dreary wild. She was weeping, and he heard her exclaim—“ Heaven be praised, his sufferings, his sorrows, now are past ! ” and at the same moment lifting up her eyes, she observed the officer standing before her. She was alarmed, and gave a faint shriek ; but he immediately addressed her in the language of kindness and pity, and she, assured by his sincerity of manner, was soon composed. “ Madam,” he said, “ I need not enquire the cause of your lamentable situation ; I doubt not but you have fled from the barbarians who triumph over your ill-fated country ; your friends, your domestics murdered ; and you, I fear, are unaided, unprotected.

Her tears and sorrows appeared now almost to deprive her of animation, and she lay for some minutes in a stupor of despair : on her partially recovering, he continued :—“ The unfortunate ever share my pity ; I cannot withhold my aid, little as it is in my power to give, being a joint sufferer in the same holy cause. Rise, madam, follow me, and we will endeavour to find food and shelter for the night, and in the mean time we may think of some expedient, by which we may escape from the neighbourhood of our enemies.” On hearing this, the lady, with frantic affection, pressed the lifeless infant to her bosom—the officer now first perceived it was dead—and cried : “ No, no, can I leave my dear infant here, a prey to the wolf and the bear ? rather let me remain and die, that in these solitudes our bones may mingle together,—that we, whom cruel

destiny drove friendless from our home, may not be parted in death."

The two other children now awoke, and began to weep: their voices roused the mother again to life, and the officer seized this as a favourable opportunity for inducing her to comply with his wishes: he implored her for their sakes, to preserve her own life and theirs: he told her, happier days might smile upon them, and that they might live to avenge their country's and their parent's wrongs.

She listened attentively to this, and it appeared to produce a powerful impression on her mind; clasping the dead infant to her bosom, she rose. He took one of the children in each hand, the eldest of whom, was not more than seven years of age, and led the way; and the sorrowful group proceeded towards the outskirts of the forest. Long and tedious was the road, for the underwood obstructed their steps, and they had nothing to direct them into any path. Frequently had the lady to stop, to rest her wearied limbs; and the officer was obliged, alternately, to carry each of the children. At length they reached the extremity of the wood, and discovered a small road, which passed through land, that had once been under cultivation, but was now barren and desolate, entirely overgrown with weeds and briars, and most likely its tillers, had fallen, defending their beloved country; this, path they followed for about a mile, and had almost despaired of finding a house; when, to their delight, they saw a light burning, a short distance on the right: they went towards it, and found it proceeded from a peasant's cottage. The officer, knocked long and loudly at the door, but receiving no answer, opened it, and observed, sitting by the embers of an expiring fire, a poor, decrepit old man, who appeared through deafness not to have heard the noise: but no sooner did he perceive the stranger than he fell lifeless to the ground. After great exertions he was restored to life, and his joy was extreme, in finding a friend, where he expected a ruthless enemy. His violent emotion was occasioned by observing the uniform of the officer; which, he could not but suppose belonged to the enemies of his country.

"Pardon, sir," he cried, "my weakness; my sufferings have reduced me to imbecility. I am alone, the root, and yet the last remaining branch of my family: my sons, have long since shed their blood in defence of their country, their home; and, but this morning a foraging party of Russians visited my wretched hut: enraged at not finding anything worth their notice, they beat me unmercifully; my ninety years forbad

resistance, but the partner of my life, though few years younger than myself, and almost as feeble, ventured to remonstrate with them ; the fiendly monsters instantly drove her to the back of the house, and there murdered her in the most revolting and barbarous manner ; it was alone for her that I could wish to live ; she was my only aid, my sole support ; the only staff on which I could rest, has been taken from me, and would to God, you had allowed me to die ; it would have been more merciful, than to have recalled me to this miserable existence."

This mournful tale, affected the officer beyond the power of description : sad, and in silence, he led his unfortunate companions into the house, and went out and sought fuel, with which to replenish the almost dying fire ; and having induced the lady to lay her dead child in a corner of the room, they gathered around the hearth, when he had an opportunity of observing his companions.

The lady appeared to be about thirty years of age, and though pale and care-worn, her countenance plainly indicated her to possess a great and amiable soul : her manners, bespoke her polished and refined ; and told that she moved in a sphere, and belonged to a class, elevated in the world ; but her motherly tenderness, and the kindness and purity of her soul, gave her claims to respect far greater than these. Of her children, the youngest, an infant, was dead ; the next was a girl of about four years of age, and the other a boy about seven. After they had warmed themselves, and had partaken of some wretched potatoes, which the officer had found in an outhouse, and which the Cossacks had not thought worth carrying away, he spread some straw, and laid the children to repose, and endeavoured to prevail on their mother to rest with them : she declined the offer, and expressed her intention to sit during the night by the fire. They sat for a considerable time in silence : at length the officer ventured to address her. "Madam, your misfortunes, afflict me beyond degree more than my own ; not to increase your sorrows, I will forget those that afflict me, but may a stranger, deeply interested in your afflictions, ask for a relation of those mournful circumstances, which have reduced you to your present unhappy condition : should you not object, it will tend to shorten the long tedious hours of night, and, I believe, afflictions fall lighter on the heart while they are conversed on, than when brooded over in silence and alone." The lady denied not his request, and drying her tears she began :—

"I need scarcely inform you, that the horrors of war, and the barbarity of the enemy, have reduced me to my present condition."

My husband, was a gentleman of considerable property, resident on the opposite side of the Vistula, about thirty miles below Warsaw. Our house stood on a delightful bank near the river, which, covered with flowers and shrubs, sloped gently down to the water's edge; and was surrounded on every other side, with verdant groves, of every description of trees which flourish on our soil: there, with the most affectionate and tender of husbands, and these poor helpless babes, I thought in peace to end my days. My father, an aged man, was our pastor, and resided but a short distance from us. You may easily imagine, how blissful a life must have been, hid in the bosom of nature, surrounded by my dearest friends, and my time spent in the performance of the most pleasing and tender duties; but, alas! alas! all is past. I am no longer a wife, no more a daughter; and of mother's feelings, I have only the most sorrowful remaining!"

Tears, which told of bitter anguish, chased each other down her cheeks, and for a time interrupted her melancholy narrative. She continued.—

"You most probably are aware that the Russians, after having effectually surrounded the capitol, and dispersed the armies of our brave defenders; endeavoured to compel the people wherever they came, to swear allegiance to the emperor. They were promised, and threatened; indeed, no pains were spared to induce them to comply."

"A few patriotic gentlemen, and among them my husband, endeavoured to convince the Russian authorities, that the people never would take the oath; and that compulsory measures would only tend to increase their rage and hatred towards their invaders, "and, for my own part," he added, "I am fully determined never to swear it; my double capacity, of Citizen and Magistrate, effectually prevents me, so long as our legislature has not loosed the bands that bind me to my country; and I will forfeit my allegiance only with my life. If you will not credit my invincible resolution, which is a proof how faithfully I would adhere to your oath, should I be under the dreadful necessity of taking it, you may make me your prisoner,—you may do with me as you please,—deprive me of all I possess,—my property,—my children,—my wife,—even my life is in your hands; but my honour is in my own keeping,—it shall be preserved unstained."

"These representations were entirely unavailing, and a final day was named, when the people were to choose between death and the oath. This dreadful day soon arrived. My father was

the first called on to comply : he had hitherto steadfastly refused to do it, and did so even now. " You can take my life," he said : " at eighty years we have not much to wish to live for, and to procure a few days more existence, I will not sully at its close, a life, spent in the pursuit of honour and virtue."

The Russian commander, threatened him with Siberia, and two Cossacks laid hold on him to lead him out : alas ! his eighty years triumphed : " barbarians," he cried, " murder me here, at the foot of this altar, whose servant I so long have been, that my bones may rest with those of my dearest friends, or—read me your oath," and he took it.

" The people did not, as had been expected, follow the example of their venerable pastor, and the Commander, was obliged to give way to their unconquerable spirit : he then addressed himself to my husband,—“ I have caused a copy of your protest to be drawn up and transmitted to the Commander-in-chief ; in the mean time, you await your doom.”

" With feelings, wavering between joy and fear, I saw him return : when I heard his determination, I tried in vain all the tender endearments of love ; all that an affectionate wife could do, to induce him, should he have the dreadful privilege of chusing between death and compliance, to adopt the latter. I would rather have borne with him the worst rigours of banishment—all the misery our barbarous foes could inflict, than he should have taken the oath ; but, gracious Heaven, the thought of parting with him for ever was worse, worse to me than death, in any shape."

" In vain, I endeavoured to convince him, in a manner, that appeared to me unanswerable, that a compulsory oath could not be binding. He answered—" if it is not binding, why should I take it ? there is no medium between fulfilling our duty, and entirely neglecting it : should we even think we have found one, let us beware of it, for in the end it will deceive, and eventually hasten that destruction, which we thought by such means to avert. What can assure you that this oath, which now appears to you so innocent a means of preserving our happiness, would not tend, at no distant period, to destroy it ? What would then uphold our courage and support us under our afflictions ? not the pleasing retrospect of duties fulfilled, of sufferings undeserved : even our love, which is now our only comfort, might then be to us a cause of sorrow, could we, for a moment attribute our misfortunes to it : how would you feel, under such circumstances in your conscience ? or, if your husband, in a moment of weakness, reproached you with having induced him



to swerve from duty and honour; rather let us meet the danger while we possess those dignified comforts. We must not always, regardless of future consequences, regulate our conduct with an eye to present good, or, what could assure you, that under other circumstances, I might not as easily break the solemn oath I swore to you at the altar, as I should, were I to comply with your wishes, those sworn to my country: if I acted otherwise, I should be unworthy your love, for she had my oaths before you; I was a citizen and a magistrate, ere I became a husband and a father; and judge, of what I would do for you, by what I do for her, were the demands of my country satisfied, or had I more than one life to sacrifice."

"Circumstances sometimes occur, in which death alone can preserve unstained our honour, above comparison, the greatest treasure we have to preserve. It is necessary, that I in time prepare myself for whatever it may be my fate to undergo: instead then, of combatting on the side of affection, go over to that of reason and virtue: imitate the Roman matron! twist the dagger in your bosom, and tell your husband it pains you not: yes, tell him, oh! tell him, that to part from you, and the dear offspring of our affection, shall not be difficult"—and we fell, weeping, into each others arms."

"I never, from this time, sought to alter his determination."

"Man, belongs to the state;" I had often heard him say, without understanding its meaning: the dreadful truth, in all its horrors, now forced itself on my mind; well then, I thought, woman, poor woman must be sacrificed.

"Shame, at not possessing the same greatness of soul as my husband, induced me to affect an imaginary tranquillity, which alas! but little resembled reality. I sometimes managed to converse on our affairs without weeping, which appeared to give him the greatest possible delight; but a feeling, which I cannot describe, pressed me to the dust: he had never until now appeared so dear to me; I looked on him as a superior being, and endeavoured, by all the means in my power, to persuade myself of the truth of this idea: for I believed I should find consolation from it, as the hour of our separation approached.

"Under our present circumstances we found but little comfort, in what before had been a source of unalloyed happiness, our children's innocent diversions and caresses; we could not look on them without sorrow, and deploring the miserable destiny that appeared to await them; but we found more than usual in deeds of charity. Every poor neighbour had always

been certain to find with us work and bread ; it had always been the chief pleasure of my heart to do good, but never, had I found the feeling so powerful, so exquisite as now. Alas ! you can scarcely imagine of what little value property appears, when the heart is threatened with superior losses ; from the moment that I saw my husband's life in danger, nothing that I possessed could afford me the smallest degree of pleasure. I often said to myself, does it require such circumstances as mine, to enable us to place its proper value on gold ? or to learn us how much we are indebted to our unfortunate fellow beings, for those delightful feelings which fall to our portion, after relieving the needy, or comforting the distressed.

" My husband, at the first news of the enemies approach, caused all our corn to be ground and made into bread, and all our cattle, except a few cows, to be slaughtered, and presented the whole to the army.

" The rich," he often said, " more particularly experience the effects of good government, and it is therefore more our duty to support it, and to shew our fellow citizens that we consider no sacrifice too great, by which we can aid the defence of our common country. Who is it, that has most to fear from a victorious enemy ? not the poor tradesman, or those who labour for their daily bread ; they are sure to find support ; the enemy, has as much occasion for their services as their countrymen : it is the rich ; it is their treasures that arouse the cupidity of the invader ; and it is with their own gold that their chains are rivetted.

" From this moment, give up every luxury ; every dear-bought pleasure is a crime when our country is in danger, and when on every side, distressed fellow creatures implore our aid. Each farthing, laid on the altars of our father-land, is a loan that returns an invaluable interest.

" How miserable should we be, were we deprived of our estate without being pitied by a single individual whose tears we had dried, or whose hunger we had appeased." This made on me a deep and lasting impression.

" We were every day employed in dealing out flour to the poor ; and when our stores were exhausted, which soon happened as the number of the poor increased daily, we purchased corn and replenished them anew ; in this way, all our disposable property was soon exhausted : no sooner was this the case, than I sent, without my husband's knowledge, my jewels to the nearest town for sale, and obtained for them sufficient money to purchase another large supply of corn. I had never thought

those trifles could have imparted to me the celestial power they now produced, and the more than affectionate embrace which I received from my husband when it came to his knowledge, richly repaid me for the paltry sacrifice I had made : I could not consider myself worthy of the praise he lavished on me, for an act so comparatively trifling ; for to the discreet and virtuous, jewels are almost valueless ; though it is to be regretted that too often, the poor man scruples not to commit a dishonest act, to enable him to hang a chain around his wife's neck ; nor the rich, to leave misfortune unaided, that he may present his lady with brilliants, of the most exquisite lustre.

(*To be Continued*).

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### I'LL COME TO THEE.

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*By the Author of the "Maniac Lover" &c.*

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When the sun's last ray is streaming,  
 In a flood of golden light,  
 And the evening star is beaming,  
 'Mid the silence of the night.  
 I'll come to thee.

When the butterfly is hieing,  
 To its home within the rose,  
 And the zephyrs gently sighing,  
 Woo the flowrets to repose.  
 I'll come to thee.

When the winds are calmly sleeping,  
 Like a wild wolf in his lair,  
 And the bright eyed stars seem weeping,  
 As the dew falls through the air.  
 I'll come to thee.

When the moon's pale ray is gleaming,  
 O'er lake, and tree, and tower ;  
 And the fay's bright eyes are beaming,  
 Like gems from every flower.  
 I'll come to thee.

When the gentlest hearts are beating,  
 As the blissful moments fly ;  
 And the brightest eyes are weeping,  
 As the parting hour draws nigh.  
 I'll come to thee.

## A FEW WORDS ON POETRY.

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POETRY is a noun rendered from a Greek word, and signifies the art of making verses. So few, however, have arrived at any distinguishing excellence in this science, and such is the noble and overwhelming power, which its effects have produced in the human mind, and by which its greatest champions have been immortalized; that its study, or at least its attainment, has hitherto been deemed difficult — almost insuperable. Alas! men of the greatest, of unfathomable genius have in the exercise of this exalted attainment drawn the veil of deception over the natural beauty of philosophy, and truth! Do they not talk of the muses, of inspiration, and of other favours requisite to the acquirement of merely being able to arrange words and sounds? And in what I ask, save in these two latter alone, does poetry differ from prosaic composition?

I shall not here enter into a detail of its elements, nor is it perhaps requisite to do so, in order to give you the most comprehensive view of it. Such a course would in fact be out of keeping with the limit prescribed to my present inquiry, and with the analogies of a popular paper, especially where topics are merely introduced not for an isolated but a general canvass.

All know that a certain arrangement of sounds in exact order will enable them on being vibrated, to produce chords, which if tastefully combined and happily modulated, give rise to the most delightful music. So it is with words, and we shall find that poetry, so far as relates to its composition, obeys precisely analogous laws. Words are partly accented, and partly not so; i. e. the stress of sound in discoursing falls on some especial portion of each, or uniformly upon the whole of a syllable, hence if the different parts of a sentence be so fixed as that sounds of a similar magnitude recur, after equal lapses of time, *vocal harmony* is the result, and herein consists the entire of the secrets with which the wildest woods and flower-gardens of Parnassus, and Castalia's heavenliest springs abound, so far as regards the metre of versification. The distances which interpose between the vocals, or sounds which harmonize, are called feet in this metrical sense and may have great disparity in length in different languages, and it is owing to the latter consideration that poetry is generally the best in those of the most elegant and refined description, as the Greek, Latin, and English.

But although sound in its loudest part comes out of some particular portion of a word, constituting stress or emphasis, and which should be kept in *statu quo* according as custom and analogy may have fixed it, and although whenever two or more of these vibrate in the way above described, harmony as certainly results as two and two produce four, something more is wanting to make up what we call rhyme, and the nature of this is so self-evident that it hardly need be adverted to. I mean the recurrence of two sounds after equal lapses of time, not such as harmonize by chords, but such as are precisely of like tone, and give a grace to melody, merely on the principle of aggregation, just in the same way as two or more similar notes in music, as D. D. D. harmonize, and deepen and lengthen the vibration of each, without deviating from the sound of any of the others. Rhyme then is simply a melody produced by words of alike accentuation, and of similar sounds recurring after measured or metrical intervals, and is nothing more than blank verse with these distinctions. But it will be said that if such are the principles on which the art of poetry rests, any schoolboy might become master of them, so that we ought to meet poets in all who have some pretensions to learning? No. Although music is the harmony of sounds, and versification the metrical adjustment of words, *wonder and delight* are to be created in the mind, only by a happy order of the ideas which are capable of exciting them. Besides the grace derived from metrical arrangement, and the harmony of sounds, poetry cannot be good unless it be made the vehicle of natural, striking, and pleasurable ideas, although the latter may be either real or fictitious. Whether in the reading, therefore, of verse or of music, we should bear in view a just distinction between that which merely produces harmony, and that which appeals to the understanding—the one being no more interesting than the continued tuning of a musical instrument, while the other, divested of the laws of versification, would be nothing more than prose run mad. Yet the science of poetry is one of the most exalted with which the human mind can grapple, and stands perhaps second only to that of eloquence. Who's fame has proved so imperishable as the Epic Bard's? Who conveys such noble sentiments or whom have we upon record rising with such chaste, unimpassioned vigour to plead the cause of virtue? What has tended to break in pieces the chains of slavery, and to expose every species of tyranny and oppression, so much as poetry? Where has beauty found so many patrons? Is not poetry the great vehicle in which the fame of the lover, the warrior, the

statesman, or the philanthropist, rides to be silvered o'er and become more beautiful as it passes through time.

In music, harmonious melody is all that can be achieved or expected, and contains all its perfection, while in versifying it must not be forgotten that this is merely the organ of ideas and cannot produce real delight, unless the latter be in themselves interesting, and hence it is that men possessing the most magnanimous minds, the most vigorous imaginations, and the most persuasive systems of narration have been our immortal poets. But a story may be well narrated—a battle well described—or a love affair aptly depicted in prose, and the only difference between prose and verse consists in the harmony I have endeavoured to show you. What then you will ask becomes of the muses? of the mystery with which poets have been accustomed to veil themselves? of the self-complaisance of Horace, of Dryden, and of Burns? In answer to these questions I will put another, viz. do not our preachers address themselves, by way of introduction in their sermons, to God, or to the latter in His three different Godheads, and yet nobody believes that a jot of the science, or of the strength or value of their arguments depends upon anything but their previous knowledge, and their capability of producing logical discourses. The pathos, however, of verse, does not depend chiefly on the harmony of its numbers, but upon a happy assemblage and relation of events; together with a natural and striking anticipation of those incidents which by a species of induction turn up according to the common course of human affairs. And yet without the assistance of metre the most important historical records, the most elaborate and patriotic relation of military triumphs, of the just punishment of vice, and laudable reward of virtue, would come infinitely short of that perfection, which, while it excites our interest, should at the same time throw the faculties of the mind into a state of delightful sympathy. Is not such the truth of *Gulliver's travels*? of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and of *Hervy's Meditations*? Look how Virgil has blended history with fiction, and who would not rather read the *Æneid* than some of precisely the same incidents as occur in the latter, in that great historian Sallust; or even in the pages of that immortal orator Cicero? What I ask, but verse and the noble power of the Roman Epic Poet, could have infused such an air of interesting felicity, into the story of Camilla, who was in fact although a brave woman, nothing more than a female soldier?

I conclude with an example composed in a leisure hour; the merits of which, of course, will be wholly left to the decision of the reader; but bearing in view the nature of this essay, it may not be out of place here.

## TO LOVE.

The garlands that kind friendships wreath,  
 The smiles of beauty and the spells,  
 That dwell in melody but breathe,  
 A fascinating charm, which tells,  
 They are bright meteors fled to earth ;  
 From paradise where rests thy home ;  
 Like other lights of Heav'nly birth,  
 So thine unearthly here do roam.

All other feelings we possess,  
 Would make a desert of the heart,  
 And fill the mind with dire distress,  
 For who would be a slave to art,  
 Unless reward were due to toil ?  
 Affection's dearest tie—the shred  
 Around which joy itself doth coil,  
 Would break if *love* were not its thread.

Does grief's cold hand oppress the soul ?  
 As when a star illumines the sky ;  
 Though storms obscure and thunders roll,  
 Still by her light relieves the eye ;  
 Or in a tempest when a calm,  
 Upon the ear its stillness throws,  
 So thou dost drop thy blessed balm,  
 Into the stream where sorrow flows.

The toy and plaything of the child,  
 The sweet remembered lullaby,  
 The mother's accents when she smiled,  
 The pride that lit the father's eye ;  
 Were all once dear, but soon the star,  
 Of infancy had set. And *time*,  
 Preceding held those joys afar,  
 While Heav'n in pity gave me thine.

Thou canst not die—then why in vain,  
 Should tyranny invade thy path ?  
 Or slavery dare on thee her chain ?  
 Or envy sate on thee his wrath ?  
 Thou art the soul's sweet sympathy,  
 A conscious hope of kindred fire,  
 A lamp to guide mortality,  
 Though every other joy expire.

H.

## THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE.

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" 'Twas but a moment, and yet in that time  
 She crowd'd the impressions of many an hour :  
 Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime  
 Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower !"—MOORE.

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FLORENCE ! Beautiful Florence ! While my pen traces thy magic name, my fancy wanders back to thee as thou wert when I was last a dweller within thy walls ; in imagination I gaze upon thy fairy-like scenery, or float upon thy calm sunny waters.

It was at a festival given in this city, that I first beheld the heroine of the following sketch.

Gabriella Vienzi was then very young, but girls ripen into womanhood much earlier there, than in our colder climate. Her eyes were the most beautiful I ever beheld, large, black, and very brilliant ; her complexion was dark, but clear, and richly coloured ; the pearly whiteness of her teeth became visible every time she smiled, which was not seldom, for she appeared very careless and happy. She wore on that night a dress of snowy crape, confined round the waist by a zone of pearls ; rows of the same were braided with and hung down, glistening amidst her raven tresses. What struck me as something strange, was, that all the girls about her own age seemed to be fond of her : this is seldom the case where the individual is young, and beautiful ; feelings of envy and jealousy are too apt to intrude. But it was not so now, all loved and pitied her, although few who looked on that bright young face would have deemed her to be an object of pity.

A little apart from the group that surrounded Gabriella stood an old man ; his shrunken and feeble frame, bent eagerly forward, and the piercing glance of his keen grey eyes fixed on her with an expression of exultation and triumph. His features were pale and withered, and there was something repelling in their cold and passionless rigidity. This was the Senor Zarmondi ! In his youth he had been a spendthrift ; in his manhood a hard, extortioning, griping miser, coining as it were, the very hearts' blood of his fellow creatures into gold ; and now, in his second childhood, had again become somewhat prodigal, as the costly jewels which glittered on the neck and arms of Gabriella, bore ample testimony. Those who would



know the connecting link which united the destinies of the young and beautiful, with the aged and decrepid, have only to peruse the following sketch.

Franco Vienzi was one of those characters, which are almost peculiarly foreign; we have nothing assimilating to them in England. He was extensively connected with a gang of proscribed and desperate men, and held secret communication with all the pirate vessels which occasionally cruised near the coast. He lived, as the saying is, on his wits, and yet took his place in society among the nobles of the land. This could not last for ever; the crisis of his fate was fast approaching—difficulties and dangers surrounded him on every side, from which a large sum of money, to be expended in bribes, could alone extricate him. But how was the money to be raised? He had recourse to Zarmondi, who was known to be immensely rich, and the miser refused to accept the frail security he offered. Vienzi was at that time a widower with two daughters; the eldest Bianca, might have been reckoned by some extremely beautiful; her eyes were large and of melting softness, her complexion a pure dazzling white, and, except on occasions when anger, or some other emotion, sent the rich blood mantling to her pale cheeks, she more resembled the perfect finish of a statuary, than a living and breathing creature.

The young Gabriella, although then a mere child, gave promise of what she afterwards became,—the loveliest female of her time.

Zarmondi, it appears, had been struck by the pensive graces of the elder sister, although the great disparity of their ages rendered him silent. But an opportunity had now presented itself, which promised to gratify both his avarice and his love. He agreed to accept Vienzi's bond, with heavy interest, on condition that if the money was not forthcoming, on a certain day, Bianca should be his bride. Rendered desperate by circumstances, Vienzi signed the agreement, but without at that time entertaining the slightest idea of sacrificing his child; and Bianca, in happy ignorance of the fate which awaited her, yielded up her youthful and ardent affections to the companion of her childhood, the lover of her girlhood, Lindor Geiubeli, unconscious that she was wrong in so doing. They had been brought up together, and the separation which they endured, when Lindor quitted Vienzi's roof to begin life on his own account, did not alter the love of either. They continued to meet, and correspond almost daily. Time meanwhile stole on with its rapid and noiseless flight, and Vienzi scarcely endea-

voured to raise the enormous sum ; perhaps his daughter's peace of mind was of little value to him, for he had never been a kind parent. The date of the bond expired, Vienzi could not redeem it, and the miser came that same evening to claim his bride. The blow fell suddenly and fearfully on Bianca, when she heard that her father had sold her to Zarmondi, but she dared not complain. Her father told her that his life was in her hands, that by one word of refusal, one murmur, she would destroy him for ever ; and he alternately threatened and entreated, terrified and soothed her, until the bewildered girl became a passive instrument in his hands. She had no one in whom she could confide, no one to advise and console her, for her sister she considered as too much of a child to be of any service in the present emergency. But Gabriella, with her usual keenness and quickness of apprehension, understood perfectly how matters were going on. She was necessarily the companion of the timid Bianca, in her stolen interviews with her lover, and an unnoticed spectator of their affliction ; she heard all Geiubeli's passionate and earnest entreaties to her sister, to quit her cruel parent, and forsaking country and kindred, trust all her future happiness to his love and honour. But the unhappy girl knew too well the fatal consequences of such a step ; she feared that the undying curse of the father she should sacrifice, would cling to her, and haunt her, even though the deep waters of the ocean should divide them.

On such occasions as these, Gabriella would sit apart and weep ; it was all she could then do.

She was enthusiastically fond of her sister, regarding her almost in the light of a superior being. She remembered with gratitude, how often that slight form had stood between her and her father's wrath, even his blows, which her high and reckless spirit often provoked. And Bianca's slightest word met with more attention, than the sternest command of the tyrannical Vienzi, for Bianca alone fathomed the depths of that wild and uncurbed spirit which may be led by kindness, but by harshness, never. The two months which were to elapse ere the marriage ceremony took place were nearly over, and Zarmondi had, from time to time, forwarded the most costly presents to his betrothed ; all of which were by her scarcely looked upon, and flung aside ; but her young sister would clasp the gems upon her neck, or twine them amongst her dark tresses, regarding herself all the while in a mirror, with evident delight and satisfaction. She now enjoyed some respite from her father's ill humour, for his attention was wholly engrossed in preparing for

the approaching nuptials; and she dreaded to look forward to the time when this excitement should have passed away, and she should be left alone with him; with no gentle sister to love her, and to shield her from his fierce passions.

The evening previous to that fixed on for the solemnization of the marriage, Zarmondi spent at the house of his intended bride; and, perhaps, a more gloomy trio were never assembled on any occasion. Bianca, conscious that the basilisk eyes of her parent, followed every look and motion of her's, was silent and embarrassed: Vienzi's assumed gaiety, soon wore itself away, and his laugh became hollow and mirthless: while the stony glance of the miser, marked with keen and silent vigilance all that took place around him. Just before his departure, he produced, from an envelope of the softest cotton, a coronet of fine gold, in the centre of which was set a large and splendid opal, which burned and glittered, as if it really possessed the fabled power and influence ascribed to that precious stone. It was his bridal gift! and the trembling Bianca shrunk involuntarily back as he extended it towards her; and as her father impatiently snatched it and placed it on her head, she screamed with sudden and undefined fear. It seemed as if that narrow circlet of gold was scorching her brow, even to the very brain; and flinging it on the ground, she sank at the feet of Zarmondi, and held up her clasped hands imploringly towards him.

"Take it!" she said, "oh, take away all your splendid gifts, and restore to me my freedom!"

"You are free!" said the miser, raising her from the ground, and supporting her to a seat. "Vienzi, receive back thy child, but take heed of thine own life, for it is in my hands, and forfeited to my justice."

He turned to depart, but Bianca sprang after him, and clinging to the skirts of his robe implored him to hear her.

"Is there no way?" she frantically enquired; "No way to save my father, but by this dreadful self-immolation."

"None," replied the miser calmly.

Bianca gazed with frenzied eagerness, alternately at his iron countenance, and the passionate demoniacal look of Vienzi, who stood behind her pale with rage and fear. There was no hope in either, and she averted her head, and wept in an agony that mocked controul.

"This is trifling," said the miser, after a long silence broken only by the sobs of his victim. "Senor, I have bought and paid for thy daughter, with pure gold, and if my bride is not

forthcoming, I will have deep and deadly vengeance—blood alone shall cancel that bond.”

Vienzi shuddered, but the pale and statue-like girl, who knelt at his feet, had yet power to save him, and he resolved that she should. He bent over her and whispered in her ear, but the words he pronounced were inaudible to all else, they were like the hissing of a snake. Whatever might have been their import, they seemed to have produced the desired effect. Bianca arose like one under the influence of a charm, and dragged her feeble limbs towards the spot where Zarmondi sat in haughty and unmoved silence. The crisis of her fate was come. But at that moment the silken curtains, which divided the apartment from the anti-room beyond it, were flung suddenly back, and the countenance of Gabriella, bright in youthful beauty smiled in upon them. She came forward with a proud, firm step, her slight form set off to the utmost advantage by the rich dress in which she had attired herself, and her dark shining curls waving around her like a cloud.

“ Senor Zarmondi,” she said, pausing before him, “ suffer me to be your bride, instead of my sister.”

Her low musical voice, and exceeding loveliness, softened the heart even of that obdurate old man.

“ What silent Senor ?” said the maiden, a little haughtily, “ surely my proposal requires no deliberation ? You will have to wait another twelvemonth before I shall be old enough to marry you. But meanwhile I shall have learned to love you, which Bianca never will. Besides am I not much handsomer than my sister ?”

The miser glanced from the glowing countenance of the speaker, to the colourless, rigid face of Bianca, and his resolution was taken.

“ Be it so,” he replied, “ if the Senor Vienzi has no objection. I will wait for my bride yet another year.”

The almost despairing father joyfully embraced the preserver of his fame, perhaps even of his life ; and eagerly set to work to draw up this second agreement. But when all the signatures but Gabriella’s were affixed to it, she hesitated, and holding the pen in her hand said—

“ Father, before I trace one single letter, I must have your solemn promise, of which the Senor shall be a witness, that you will suffer the union of Bianca and Geiubeli to take place to-morrow, instead of the one intended to have been accomplished. And that you will be present to give your countenance and blessing to them. For if I know Lindor Geiubeli, he will

not ask anything but your blessing, as my sister's portion, and that must not be refused."

The present was not a moment to refuse any request of the triumphant girl's; Vienzi having unwillingly assented, she affixed her name to the agreement and delivered it with a smile to Zarmondi, who took his leave fascinated by her wit and beauty, and not in the least regretting the exchange he had made.

I will not attempt to describe the emotions of Bianca, when a sense of her sister's generous self-sacrifice, broke upon her shattered mind; what rapturous tears, what tender caresses followed. But Gabriella declared that there was no time even for gratitude, and she busied herself in preparing for the wedding. Who shall say how soothingly the blessings of the youthful pair sank upon her soul, and with what intensity of joy she gazed for the first time upon happiness of her own creating.

From that time, the destiny of the young Florentine underwent an entire change. She was no longer the slave of her father's passions, but the mistress of her own; no longer the tyrannized over, but the tyrant. She issued joyously from the dull seclusion, and the iron rule of home, and revelled with wild and reckless gaiety in all the pleasures of the world. She laughed when they pitied her; and indeed such a sentiment seemed misplaced, when the eye gazed on the pride and glory of her beauty, bedecked with gold, and diamonds, which a princess might have envied; and enjoying the adulation and flattery, which everywhere followed her steps. The more experienced knew that this could not last long; and that the very enthusiasm and ardour of her nature, laid her open to passions, the most dangerous and intoxicating.

Zarmondi idolized his betrothed. He was both proud and jealous of her attractions. His eyes followed her every movement, and action, but could detect nothing to raise a doubt in his mind.

Meanwhile the year was drawing rapidly to a close, and yet no alteration was visible in the mirthful and happy bride elect. Her watchful sister alone could see a change. Perhaps, sad and bitter experience, had rendered her keen-sighted in such matters. She had noticed that the light of Gabriella's brilliant eyes had become more softened, and subdued; that her laugh, though not less frequent, became forced, and unnatural; and that the colour came and went on her cheeks at the mention of one particular name. But all these evidences of a hopeless love she carefully hoarded in her own bosom, and Gabriella was

unconscious that her secret had passed from her. The pity of her young companions, now began to be absorbed in envy, as they saw the splendid equipage, and costly presents, which Zarmondi bestowed on his young bride; and many thought that after all, the rich, and indulgent old miser, with one foot in his grave, was no such despicable match for a portionless girl.

The day at length arrived; a day long remembered in Florence; and the smiling bride yielded up her willing hand, and returned in state to the splendid pallazzo of her husband. Throughout the whole ceremony, the watchful eyes of Senora Geubeli never wandered from the countenance of her sister. Once as they stood before the altar, she shuddered at the fearful expression which passed over it, as the wandering eyes of the bride encountered the glance of some one in the surrounding multitude, and she feared that she would faint, so pale did she become—but whatever was the cause of her emotion, Gabriella quickly recovered herself, and went through the ceremony with extraordinary self-possession for one so young.

The excitement, and festivity of the day, proved too much for the enfeebled frame of Zarmondi. Towards noon he complained of lassitude and fatigue, and retired for a few hours to repose.

In the fascinating society of Gabriella, his absence was scarcely noticed; until waiting to be led to the banquet, she sent a messenger in quest of her absent lord. The man returned pale with horror and affright; he murmured a few words to Vienzi, and then the hoarse whisper went round until it reached the ears of the widowed bride, who uttering a thrilling scream sank lifeless on the ground.

It seems that the messenger had found Zarmondi, lying on a couch, in his dressing room quite dead: the costly robes of the bridegroom contrasting fearfully with the rigid limbs, and withered livid features which they surrounded.

When Gabriella recovered from the long illness which this sudden shock threw her into, she found herself mistress of one of the largest estates in Florence; and after a year devoted to mourning, she did, what no one was surprized at, gave her hand to the Duc de Louvers, a handsome and insinuating nobleman.

It would have been unnatural to have supposed that she could sincerely regret the death of her first admirer, when it had so enriched herself; besides, the great difference of their ages prevented her thinking of that match with any other feelings than those of ambition. And when therefore, the first violence of her grief, at a catastrophe so horrible, had passed away,

every one expected that she would marry again. But Bianca alone sorrowed over the object of her second choice; for the Duc, although he had succeeded in concealing it from Gabriella, bore but a very indifferent character. He had sought and obtained her young heart, not to return the rich gift with his own, but because he thirsted for the gold which she would bring with her as a dowry; and the young wife, too keen-sighted for her own peace of mind, soon fathomed the character of her ambitious and reckless husband.

It has been said, that woman's love is beautiful, and all enduring; but her vengeance, sudden, and fearful: and the one sentiment is engendered by the other. In those whose affections are the strongest, we often find their resentments proportionately deep and fearful. And thus it was with Gabriella! She bore all for awhile; longer than any one who knew her proud spirit would have deemed it possible: but she did endure his coldness—his taunts—and even his cruelty: for she had been brought up in a rough school and inured to unkindness from her childhood. But there was one thing she could not bear,—his infidelity.

Her brain reeled, and her heart sank, under that trial; for she had loved, and until now had fancied herself beloved in return. With all the fervour of a passionate and deceived woman, she upbraided de Louvers with his crime. And her answer was his careless and mocking laugh. She threatened, and all the evil passions of a Vienzi, flashed from her glittering eyes while she spoke. But the contemptuous, and ill-timed mirth of the Duc quailed not beneath her fierce menaces; and he dared her to do her worst. He relied too fatally on the affections which he thus wantonly trifled with.

"Be it so!" muttered the young Duchess between her ground teeth; "I had hoped de Louvers, in the hours of youthful pride, and trust, that we might live always together. It is enough now if we perish thus."

The following day the Duc was brought before the tribunal, charged by his wife with the wilful murder of the Senor Zarmondi, by administering poison to him on his wedding day; and the facts being proved beyond doubt he paid the forfeiture of crime and ambition on the scaffold.

Gabriella was reprieved; but it would have been more merciful in the judges to have doomed them both. But although she escaped the arm of the law, death was not to be deprived of his victim; for as the mournful bell ceased to toll on the morning on which her husband was executed, she writhed sud-

denly as if in pain, and expired on the bosom of her affectionate and pitying Bianca.

The remembrance of the beautiful Florentine, is passing gradually from the minds of all, save that gentle and sorrowing sister for whom she sacrificed herself.

E. Y.

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## LINES

ADDRESSED TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA,  
ON ATTAINING HER LEGAL MAJORITY.

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Flower of a nation's hope ! the purest gem,  
Which decks our island's radiant diadem !  
Shrine of unnumbered hearts ! whose pulses glow,  
With all the warmth devoted love can know ;  
Pain would my lyre its feeble tones essay,  
To celebrate in song, thy natal day ;  
And humbly emulate the proud acclaim,  
Which thrills the kingdom with VICTORIA'S name.

Queen of a future year ! not mine the pow'r,  
To scatter incense for a fleeting hour :  
No regal halls, my footsteps e'er have prest ;  
No courtly visions ever brought unrest ;  
Not *mine* the art to sing unmeaning praise,  
I covet not the poet's hard-earn'd bays ;  
I breathe no pæans—and seek but to impart  
One simple lay,—a tribute from the *heart* !  
Beloved of all ! may sorrow ne'er invade,  
That gentle breast, where virtue's home is made.  
No cloud e'er shadow o'er the placid brow,  
Where smiles of peace, are softly beaming, now ;  
But every coronal which fate may twine,  
Bright as the moon's ethereal lustre shine,  
When, in the spell of her own pearly light,  
She walks the cloudless skies, through silent night ;  
And every year, which wafts thee on thy way,  
Reflect the joy of this auspicious day.

M. E.

*May 24th, 1837.*



## L I N E S.

Chide not the lingering hours,  
 Wreathe not my flowing hair ;  
 Mock not with summer flowers  
 The winter of despair.

Smile not upon my sorrow,  
 Blame not my fond regret ;  
 That sun will know no morrow.  
 Which on mine heart hath set.

I feel that I am fading,  
 Like a vision from the earth ;  
 Oh, cease then your upbraiding,  
 Forbear this ill timed mirth.

All earthly joys forsaking,  
 My hopes are fixed on high ;  
 Then soothe a heart that's breaking,  
 And teach me how to die.

ROSA FORBES.

## SONG OF AN EXILE.\*

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I sigh for the land of my birth,  
 Its pleasures I left with regret,  
 For dearer than each spot of earth  
 Is home, to my memory yet ;  
 Tho' strangers my hand may have press'd,  
 Tho' I mingle awhile in their mirth,  
 And I smile at the song and the jest,—  
 I sigh for the land of my birth.

The warm skies above me are bright—  
 The flowrets are fair to behold,  
 But nought can the senses delight,  
 When the hearts that surround us are cold ;  
 They greet me awhile as a guest,  
 And I mingle again in their mirth,  
 Yet I smile at the song and the jest,—  
 But I sigh for the land of my birth.

\* This Ballad has been set to a beautiful melody, by Mr. Charles Purday.

## NORTHERN LIGHTS—AURORA BOREALIS.

As it is a source of intellectual gratification to myself to devote a portion of my leisure time to literary pursuits; an attention to which has never been wholly interrupted even when, for twenty years of my life, I had under my sole pastoral charge one of the most populous metropolitan parishes, I presume it will not be considered as intrusive, if, through the medium of *THE YOUNG LADY'S MAGAZINE*, I communicate a few observations on the electrical phenomenon—the Northern Lights—the appearance of which lately excited such uncommon interest and surprise.

Some years have elapsed since I had first an opportunity of seeing this phenomenon; and under very advantageous circumstances. I happened to be in Yell, one of the Shetland Islands, in the month of October, and though the day had been stormy, the evening was clear, and its appearance was most magnificent; the lights seemed almost, if not quite, as strong as that emitted from the full moon, on a fine cloudless evening, and through the long winter nights of 19 hours duration, they afford a clear and cheering light.\* For several evenings previous to the one on which I saw them, I understood that they had been equally luminous: and such are the fantastic shapes which they generally assume, as was the case the evening on which I beheld them, that they are called by the Islanders by the singular appellation of the *merry-dancers*. The variety of their colours, the velocity of their evolutions, and the vividness of their lights, were indeed most extraordinary; and such are the characteristics by which they are always distinguished in Northern, as well as in Southern latitudes, near the two Poles, if we may credit the accounts which have been given us by those who have sailed in both latitudes. With respect to the Northern Lights, which we had lately an opportunity of seeing in this part of the kingdom, the following is I think a short but pretty accurate representation—the result of my own observation. Though the coruscations were less vivid, and the lights less brilliant than those in a more northern latitude, and indeed their extremities are alone seen in England, still the spectacle was magnificent; they formed occasionally a luminous arch or column, and the streams of light that passed through the heavens were equally characterized for their rapidity and vividness; and were at times so clear and *transparent* as would have enabled an Astronomer to have dis-

\* I do not recollect to what extent this advantage was enjoyed by our Arctic navigators. The long twilights and the meteors continually blazing in the sky must prevent total darkness in those regions.

tinguished with the naked eye even the minutest star in the firmament. The colours of these lights were various; but the predominating ones were red and yellow: and from eight till after ten in the evening, they continued to afford to the eye the same appearance and to enkindle the admiration of the beholder, in particular, by the extraordinary velocity with which they coursed their way through the celestial hemisphere, apparently at no great distance from the earth, but in reality at the astonishing altitude of 469 miles, though some Astronomers, among others Euler, have given them a much higher elevation. The former, however, appears, from a mean of thirty computations, to be the average and more accurate height. The fact of their being seen at the same time from places far distant from each other, is a proof that they may have this elevation, and are in the highest regions of the atmosphere.

Since the above was written I have met with Mr. De Capell Brookes's Travels in Lapland, in which the writer gives an account of his winter's residence in Finmark, near North Cape, and I was led to anticipate that, from the circumstance of his being so long in so high a latitude as that of  $70^{\circ}$ , I should have found some interesting observations on the Northern Lights, and that from the spot in which he viewed them, the aspect would have been striking and magnificent. His notices, however, are brief, but not unimportant. "On the 21st of September," he remarks, "I succeeded in getting a view of the Northern Lights, which then first showed themselves. The night was clear and frosty, with little or no wind; and on going out about 12 o'clock, the heavens, to my astonishment, were *perfectly illuminated* with this wonderful light, which flitted along with inconceivable velocity in large patches of a pale hue, without assuming any defined form. These proceeded from the N. E. \* disappearing in the opposite quarter, and continuing to rise at intervals behind the Soröe mountains. Their altitude was apparently considerable, and they were unattended with any sound audible to me. After watching them for about an hour during which time they experienced no particular change, I retired to rest, and was given to understand that, in the course of next month these Lights would be increased in brilliancy." In the following month he had an opportunity of seeing them, and he thus describes their appearance:—"The Northern Lights were visible this evening (Oct. 19th) about nine o'clock, for the first time since my return from Alten, moving *slowly* in curves

\* The direction in which they stretch themselves is generally from east to west—never from north to south.

of straw-coloured light *towards the Northern horizon*. When they take this direction the inhabitants expect a *land-wind*, which is the term by which they express a southerly or south-easterly wind, and they are seldom mistaken." On a subsequent occasion, upon which he was crossing the Jerdis Javri, (a large lake,) he enjoyed a more magnificent view of this phenomenon. "While we were crossing to the opposite shore, the Northern Lights, which some time before had been faintly flashing over our heads, assumed a very brilliant appearance, and formed a magnificent arch, which darted across the heavens to the eastward of the Zenith, It is difficult to describe the extraordinarily beautiful appearance of this moving body of flame, which extended itself in a vast bow through the glittering firmament, and *vied with the full moon* in the light diffused around."

Monsieur de Maupertuis, who visited Lapland about a century previous to Mr. Brooke, viz., in 1736. and who was sent thither by the king of France (Louis XV.) for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth at the Polar circle, and determining a point upon which the scientific world was much divided in opinion, whether it was flat at the poles, gives a very picturesque and interesting account of the Northern Lights, which he had frequent opportunities of seeing during a residence of many months. "Though the climate of the earth," he says, "is thus horrible, the heavens present the most beautiful prospects. The short days are no sooner closed, than fires of a thousand colours and figures light up the sky, as if designed to compensate for the absence of the Sun at this season. These fires have not here, as in the more southerly climates, any constant situation. Though a luminous arch is often seen fixed towards the north, they seem more frequently to *possess the whole extent of the hemisphere*. Sometimes they begin in the form of a great scarf of bright light, with its extremities upon the horizon, which, with a motion resembling that of a fishing-net, glides swiftly up the sky; preserving in this motion a direction nearly perpendicular to the meridian; and most commonly after those preludes, all the lights unite at the Zenith, and form the top of a kind of crown. It would be endless to mention all the different figures these meteors assume, and the various motions by which they are agitated. Their motion is most commonly like that of a pair of colours waved in the air, and the different tints of their light give them the appearance of so many vast streamers of changeable taffeta. Sometimes they line a part of the sky with scarlet. On the 18th of December I saw a phenomenon of this

kind, which, in the midst of all the wonders to which I was now every day accustomed, raised my admiration exceedingly. To the south a great space of the sky appeared tinged with so lively a red, that the whole constellation of *Orion* looked as if it had been dipped in blood. This light, which was at first fixed, soon moved, and changing into other colours, violet and blue, settled into a dome, whose top stood a little to the south-west of the Zenith. The moon shone bright, but did not in the least efface it. In this country, in which there are lights of such different colours, I never saw but two that were red; and such are taken for presages of some great misfortunes. After all, when people gaze at these phenomena with an unphilosophic eye, it is not surprising if they discover in them armies engaged, fiery chariots, and a thousand other prodigies." In reference to this remark of M. de Maupertuis there is nothing whatever unreasonable in the conjecture that most of the extraordinary meteors and prodigies recorded in history, as having been seen in the heavens, such as battles and the like, were nothing more or less than objects produced by the fantastic shapes and peculiar forms assumed occasionally by the Northern Lights or *Aurora Borealis*. It is thus that ignorance and superstition have "scanned" these phenomena, and in the language of the poet,

———"busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle—cities overturned,  
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;  
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;  
Of pestilence, and every great distress;  
Empires subvers'd, when reeling fate has struck  
Th' unalterable hour; even Nature's self  
Is deemed to totter on the brink of time,  
Not so the man of philosophic eye,  
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes and materials yet unfix'd  
Of this appearance, beautiful and new!"

With regard to the *panic* which these phenomena formerly occasioned, its *contagion*, which the poet Thompson describes as "*running through the crowd*," was not confined to days of ignorance and darkness: even in what has been termed the Augustan age of England it was communicated; and it is singular enough to mention, that the *Aurora Borealis*, which appeared in 1716, of singular splendour and brilliancy, was yet viewed with the utmost consternation and dismay—predictions of some singular changes, and of some portentous revolutions

were rife, and among others not the least common was the following; that it portended the introduction of a foreign race of Sovereigns on the throne of England, and that the accession of George the First was connected with the appearance of this splendid Aurora Borealis!

The cause by which this phenomenon is produced is now well understood. It is occasioned by Electricity—one of those *imponderable agents pervading the earth* and all substances, without affecting their *volume or temperature, or even giving any visible sign of its existence when in a latent state, but when elicited, developing forces capable of producing the most sudden, violent, and destructive effects in some cases, while in others their action, though less energetic, is of indefinite and uninterrupted continuance.* The phenomenon then is purely an electrical one, and is thus occasioned by the flashing of electric fire from positive towards negative clouds at a great distance, through the upper regions of the air, where the resistance is least; and *Beccaria* supposes that this electrical matter—in other words, the Aurora Borealis—is performing its circulation in such a state of the atmosphere as renders it visible. The magnetic needle is known to be very sensibly affected by the Aurora Borealis; and when it has extended lower than usual into the atmosphere, flashes are produced, and a kind of hissing and rumbling sound has been occasioned, which has frequently been heard by those who have witnessed the Northern Lights in high latitudes and near the Arctic Poles. Without trespassing further on the attention of your readers, it may be remarked in conclusion, that atmospherical electricity is the agent by which some of the most sublime and astonishing phenomena in nature are produced; or, in other words, that they are to be resolved into the agency of electricity. And this opinion has been formed and this conclusion has been drawn, after the most patient experiments, and the most correct investigations of scientific men. To those who wish to obtain accurate information on this highly interesting and absorbing subject, I would recommend the perusal of Mr. Dalton's Meteorological Essays.

JAMES RUDGE, D. D.

Hawkchurch Rectory, May 4th, 1837.

## THE NAUTILUS.

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*By the Author of the "Maniac Lover," &c.*

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Beautiful voyager, arise ! arise !  
From thy cave in the ocean deep,  
And fear not for thy fragile bark,  
For the winds are wrapt in sleep.

Calm and serene is the boundless sea,  
The sun is deep in the west,  
To fill thy sail there's a gentle sigh,  
From some fond lover's breast.

And a stream of soft sweet melody  
Comes lightly o'er the waves,  
The echo of the Naiad's song,  
From ocean's coral caves.

Then beautiful voyager, speed thee on,  
Nor heed the dashing spray,  
For see the glory of the west,  
Is dying fast away.

And now 'tis gone, tempt not the wave,  
Bright inmate of the deep ;  
Seek, seek thy cave, for the sullen winds  
Are 'wakening from their sleep.

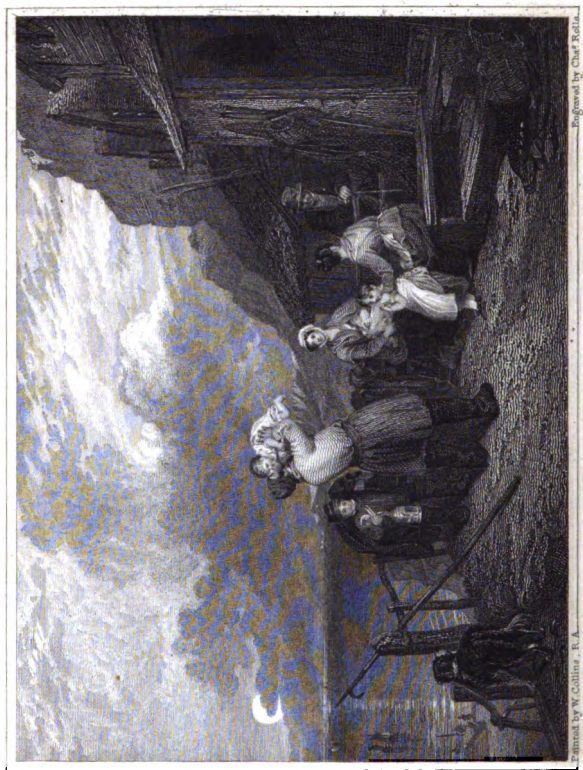
Yet still I see thee wend thy way,  
On the mad waves' foaming crest,  
The gusty wind seems the lullaby,  
Which welcomes thee to rest.

Then beautiful voyager, onward fly,  
Like a bird upon the wing,—  
The wild waves, in their maddest hours,  
Would not harm so fair a thing.

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Engraved by Chas. Rolla.

Painted by W. Collins, R. A.

THE FISHERMAN LEAVING HOME.

## THE FISHERMAN LEAVING HOME.

The sun his last faint ray hath shed  
 Across the boundless deep ;  
 And the wild rush of the wilder waves,  
 Is hushed in tranquil sleep.  
 The moonlight clasps its placid breast,  
 As with a jewelled zone ;  
 And soft notes of music from afar,  
 Upon the air are thrown.  
 Yon graceful vessels proudly glide  
 Along the smooth and silv'ry tide,  
 So noiselessly, they almost seem  
 The shadowing of fancy's dream.

'Neath the huge cliffs, which tow'ring high  
 Begirt the rugged shore,  
 There a lowly cot is seen to rise,  
 And now before its door,  
 The fisher's rosy children stand  
 His farewell kiss to seek,  
 And a tear is in their mother's eye ;  
 The lily on her cheek.  
 Like war-steed bounding o'er the plain,  
 His barque will fly across the main ;  
 And zephyrs in their airy flight,  
 Will hymn his lullaby to-night.

He lingers still ;—that sturdy form  
 Enshrines no stoic's heart ;  
 Though it boldly throb 'gainst other ills,  
 It may not bear to *part*.  
 The looks of love which greet him in  
 The circle of his home ;  
 And those smiles of light he must resign,  
 The moonlit wave to roam.  
 But *He* who guards those lov'd ones' rest,  
 Will guide him o'er old ocean's breast ;  
 And ere the morrow's glories wane,  
 Waft him to their embrace again.

MARIE.

## HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.—No. III.

## COSTUME.—PART II.

DURING the reign of James I. costume underwent but little alteration, the ladies, like those of Spain, being banished from the court: Henry Vere, Earl of Oxford, was the first nobleman who appeared at court, with a hat and white feathers; which was sometimes worn by the king himself.

The long love-lock seems to have been first in fashion among the beaux in this reign, who sometimes stuck flowers in their ears, and William, Earl of Pembroke, a man far from an effeminate character, is represented with ear-rings.

Privy Counsellors and Physicians at this time wore night-caps embroidered with gold and silk; whilst those worn by the clergy were only black and white.

The dress worn by youths, was similar to that now worn by the blue-coat boys. Dean Fell tells us that the famous Dr. Hammond was in long coats when he was sent to Eton school.

When James came to the crown, there was in the wardrobe in the tower a great variety of dresses of our ancient kings; which, to the regret of antiquaries, were soon given away and dispersed.

The Monmouth, or military cock of the hat, was much worn in the reign of Charles II., and continued a considerable time in fashion. The Periwig which had long been used in France, was soon after the restoration, introduced into England. This article of dress, was however, objected to by many, whilst the extravagant fondness of others for this unnatural ornament is scarcely credible. It is related, of a country gentleman, that he employed a painter to place periwigs upon the heads of several of Vandyck's portraits.

Wood informs us that Nathaniel Vincent, D. D., chaplain in ordinary to the king, preached before him at Newmarket, in a long periwig, and Holland sleeves, according to the then fashion for gentlemen; and that his majesty was so offended at it, that he commanded the Duke of Monmouth, chancellor to the university of Cambridge, to see the statutes concerning decency of apparel put in execution; which was done accordingly.

The lace neckcloth became fashionable in this, and continued to be worn in the two following reigns.

The clerical habit was not worn in its present form, before

this reign. Thiers, in his "Treatise on Perukes," informs us that no ecclesiastic wore a band before the middle of the last century, or a peruke before the restoration. The clerical band, which was first worn with broad lappets, apparently had its origin from the falling band, which is divided under the chin.

The ladies' hair was curled and frizzled with the nicest care, and they frequently set it off with "heart-breakers," or artificial curls. Sometimes a string of pearls, or an ornament of riband, was worn on the head; and hoods of various kinds were in fashion. Painting and patching the face was common among the ladies in this reign. But what was much worse, they affected a mean betwixt dress and nakedness, which occasioned the publication of a book entitled "a just and seasonable reprehension of naked breasts and shoulders, with a preface by Richard Baxter." Green stockings we are told were worn by one of the greatest beauties of the English court.

In Pepy's very minute and interesting Diary, there are many curious particulars relating to dress. He notes down of his wearing of great skirts, and a white suit with silver lace to the coat; and that he had come home a black "camlet cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit." On a Sunday he called at his father's to change his long black cloak for a short one, "long cloaks being out" and he tells us of his brother bringing him his "jackanape's coat with silver buttons." This was before 1662; in the March of which year he writes, "by-and-by comes La Belle Piercè to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and of my wife's own hair." "Next month," he says, "went with my wife by coach to the new (Exeter) Exchange, to buy her some things; where we saw some new-fashion petticoats of sarsnet, with a black broad lace painted round the bottom and before very handsome." In May he makes this memorandum; "my wife and I in the Privy Garden saw the finest 'she-shirts' and linen petticoats of my lady Castlemaine, loaded with rich laces at the bottom, that ever I saw." In the same month he walked in the Park, where he says, "I saw the king now out of mourning, in a suit laced with gold and silver, which it is said was out of fashion." In October he put on a new band, which pleased him so much, that he writes, "I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off anything the more."

Infatuated by the idea of being considered slender and genteel, the young ladies now used every means to compress their chests and persons. To accomplish this pernicious purpose, high-bodied stays, extending from the hips above the breasts, were worn and

laced almost to bursting; "by which deadly artifice," says Bulwer, "they reduce their shapes into such straits, that they soon purchase a stinking breath; and, while they ignorantly affect an august or narrow breast, and to that end, by strong compulsion, shut up their waists in a whalebone prison, they open a door to consumption, and a withering rottenness."

Reeve, in his "Plea for Nineveh," published about 1657, attacks the public for their extravagance in dress, and asks why, if the King of Nineveh lays aside his robe, they put it on? and why they cover themselves with silks, satins, and cloth of silver and gold, when he wears sackcloth? "Oh spruce penitents!" he exclaims, "what true penitent was ever too busy with the mercer's shop, or minded too much the feather-maker and perfumer? powders spangles, cuts, jags, frizzles, crispings, purple and crimson, are fitter for awartcutters and ruffians than for true penitents." Proceeding, he enquires, "are these splendid blades and nited sparkes fit to defend a nation? yes, with their corslets, but not their consciences; their rapiers, but not their repentance." "Oh! our patched faces," he adds, "are enough to make us monsters in God's eyes, our long tails to sweep all blessings out of the nation, our powdered hair to fetch God's razor to shave these besmeared locks; and if a man should search the wardrobes, cabinets, complexion bottles, he would wonder that the flying book of curses had not already lighted upon this exotic island!"

"Oh the monstrous pride and prodigious bravery of those days! Pliny doth report that the first dyeing of flax began in Alexandria. Sabellicus writeth, that the Olians first wrought cloth of gold, and that the Babylonians first invented embroideries; but whosoever were the first inventors of these things their inventions have proved so fruitful, that nothing will please us but costly dyes, curious textures and all the artificial drafts of the needle: our garments, so costly that purple velvet, which was wont to be bought at the equal weight of silver, and very seldom came upon the backs of any but princes, is now of little esteem amongst us. Lewis, Emperor of Germany, by solemn proclamation, forbade all foreign apparel; but he had been no emperor for us, for there is nothing will please these times but that which is outlandish."

"We are so much addicted to strange apparel, that there is scarce anything that is English seen about us: as it was said of the courtiers of Androracus the younger, that in respect of their hateful disguises in apparel, they seemed no longer to be Grecians, but a medley of Latins, Mysians, Toriballians, Syrians,

and Phœnicians; so we have brought all nations into the wardrobe, or to act upon the garment stage. The Kings of Egypt were wont to give unto their queens the tribute of the city of Antilla to buy them girdles; and how much girdles, gorgets, wimples, caul, crispings, pins, veils, rails, frontlets, bonnets, bracelets, necklaces, slops, slippers, roundtires, sweet balls, rings, ear-rings, mufflers (a cloth tied from the neck across the chin and mouth), glasses, hoods, lawn, musk, civets, rose-powders, jessamy-butter, complexion-waters, do cost in our days, many a sighing husband doth know by the year's account."

"What ado is there to spruce up many a woman, either for the streets or markets, banquets or temples! She is not fit to be seen, unless she doth appear half-naked; unless she hath her distinguishing patches upon her; she goeth not abroad till she be feathered like a popinjay, and doth shine like alabaster; it is a hard thing to draw her out of bed, and a harder thing to draw her from the looking-glass; it is the great work of the family to dress her, much chafing and fuming there is before she can be thoroughly tired; her sponging, and perfumings, lacings and lickings, chippings and strippings, dentifricings and daubings, the setting of every hair methodically, and the placing every beauty-spot topically, are so tedious, that it is a wonder that the mistress can sit, or the waiting-maid stand, till all the scenes of this fantastic comedy, be acted through. Oh, these birds of paradise are bought at a dear rate! the keeping of these lannerets is very chargeable!"

"The wife oftentimes doth wear more gold upon her back than the husband hath in his purse, and hath more jewels about her neck than the annual revenue doth amount to; and this is the she-pride. And doth not the he-pride equal it? Yes, the man now is become as feminine as the woman. Men must have their half-shirts and half arms, a dozen casements above, and two wide luke-homes below; some walk as it were in their waistcoats, and others a man would think in their petticoats, they must have narrow waists, and narrow bands, large cuffs upon their wrists, and larger upon their shin bones; their boots must be crimped, and their knees guarded, a man would conceive them to be apes by their coats, soap-men by their faces, meal-men by their shoulders, bears or dogs by their frizzled hair; and this is the trim man. And oh that I could end here! But pride doth go a larger circuit, it has travelled amongst the commons, every yeoman in this age must be attired like a gentleman of the first head, every clerk must be as brave as the justice, every apprentice match his master in gallantry, the waiting gentlewoman doth vie fashions with her lady, and

the kitchen-maid doth look like some squire's daughter by her habit; the handicraftsmen are in their colours, and their wives in rich silks."

Open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder knots, were worn at this period, which was also the æra of shoe-buckles: but ordinary people, and such as affected plainness in their garb, continued for a long time after to wear strings in their shoes.

Having thus far proceeded with a history of the costume of our own happy island, we hope that we shall not be accused of digression if we conclude the present article in taking a glance at the fashions which prevailed some two or three centuries ago in France, that country, which has since given laws in dress to nearly all Europe, and see how far they resemble those we have already described.

The reign of Louis XII. may be considered in some degree, as the boundary line between the middle ages and modern times and here we meet with the last remains of former taste, and as a popular writer says with that *naïve* simplicity of attire which was soon to disappear for ever. That reign was, in fact, a transition period in costume as well as in manners, in literature as well as in art.

The implements of our dress are, as we have seen, different from those of our forefathers: the variety of the manner of clothing is as great as the diversity of nations, and what is singular is, that of all sorts of apparel the English have made choice of one of the most inconvenient, that is, the French fashion, which is of all the ways of clothing, that which requires most time, and seems less suitable to nature. Not satisfied with the narrow space whereby our being is circumscribed, we are desirous to occupy more room in this world than nature allows us; we endeavour to aggrandize our figure by high-heeled shoes and projecting garments; and, how ample soever they may be, is not the vanity that covers them still greater? Every thing that is rare and brilliant will be, therefore, the fashion, so long as men study to procure more advantages from opulence than virtue, and as long as the means of appearing considerable are so different from what alone deserves to be considered.

External splendour depends much on the manner of clothing, and that manner assumes different forms, according to the different points we have a mind to view them in. The modest man, or he who would appear so, is desirous of specifying that virtue by the plainness of his apparel; whereas the vain-glorious neglects nothing that can buoy up his pride or flatter his vanity, and therefore, courts ostentation from the richness or rarity of his ornaments.

But passing from general remarks, we now proceed to an enquiry into the French costume.

The influence which the wars in Italy exerted on the manners and habits of the people caused an extensive change in the national character. By a singular coincidence, those who bore back with them to their countrymen, information relative to the awakening study of antiquity, carried with them also from Naples a most frightful, and till then unknown, contagion. The fermentation of mind that began to display itself in every branch of culture and civilization, manifested itself likewise in the affairs of dress. The long vestments, which had for ages been the attire of free men and substantial burghers, gradually became shorter and shorter; other parts of the dress underwent various changes, all the patterns for which came from Italy, and the broad shoes *a-la-guimbarde* now superseded the use of the sharp-pointed shoes that had been worn for several centuries. If, in opposition to the increasing affectation of novelty, the dress of the above period still retained somewhat of the simplicity and homeliness of the good Louis XII. and his first maternally consort, in the following reign the light and graceful style, and the decided chivalric air of attire, sufficiently bespoke the influence of Francis I., of gallantry and romantic feeling. What with their theatrical garb, and their high-flown ideas of amorous loyalty and devotion, the cavaliers and dames of that day, hardly appear to us to have been men and women of this world; but rather the ideal beings of the long Spanish romances then so greatly in vogue, and which furnished the models of actual manners. Luxury had been known to the world before then, and frequent, although ineffectual, attempts had been made to restrain it, as in England, by sumptuary laws; yet now that it was encouraged by the sovereign and patronized by the example of a brilliant court, of which, hardly any previous instance had occurred, it rose to a most extravagant pitch, and extended itself from the capital to the provinces.

Diamonds, which had gone nearly out of fashion after the death of Agnes Sorel, who is said to have been the first that wore them in France, rose to nearly double their former price in this reign; while, at the same time, the influence of the increasing intercourse with Italy, and other countries, occasioned by the continued disputes relative to Milan, and by the wars with Charles V., manifested itself in various modifications of dress, derived from foreigners. Thus, for instance, the mode of curling the hair in ringlets was introduced by Eleanor of Austria; and while Venice sent its stuffs of gold and silver, Lombardy its



jewellery of either real or artificial stones, Genoa its velvets, and Milan its embroidery, Flanders and Germany contributed the singular fashion of pinked and slashed clothes; which originated in the vanity of showing the fine linen worn beneath them. At first, merely the doublet was slashed, but afterwards the other parts of the dress, and even the shoes themselves.

The preachers and satirists of that age displayed their zeal or their wit by inveighing against those "fantastical and outlandish devices," jerkins and doublets slashed in innumerable guises, and shirts of taffety, or of satin or cloth of gold in winter, and of fine Flemish linen in summer, which were so ostentatiously displayed through the slashings of the upper garment. Grotesque and extravagant as this mode certainly was, and notwithstanding too that the male attire was too studied and theatrical, the costume of that day was upon the whole one of the most elegant ever adopted in modern times, and more especially that of the female sex, which may be regarded as a pattern of noble simplicity, gracefulness, and taste, nor is there any other to be compared to it, if we except perhaps that worn at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., which had, in fact, much in common with it. Much of this taste is doubtless to be attributed to the numerous Italian artists of celebrity, whose influence at the revival of the fine arts, introduced great improvements into the productions of commerce and manufactures, and imparted to the costume of the time a fancy and richness in comparison with which our modern habiliments seem niggardly and mean. Some of the head-dresses of that period are so eminently picturesque, that hardly any other than a painter could have designed them.

As was to be expected, as well from the course of political events, as from other circumstances, there was but little change in the established fashions during the reign of Henry II., for that monarch, who was the faithful imitator of his father, inherited, together with his throne, his gallant and chivalric tastes. The only innovation of any importance, was the the fashion of ruffs for the neck, which, along with stays, fans, and perfumery, were introduced into France by the too celebrated Catherine de Medicis. These ruffs were worn, as in England, by both sexes, and gradually increased to such an enormous extent, that a lady in full dress was obliged to feed herself with a spoon two feet long! A Venetian, named Vinciolo, was appointed by the queen to instruct her ladies in the art of netting the lace of which such ruffs were made, and this employment became general among the sex. But it was Genoa and Venice that furnished the greater part of these expensive and inconvenient appendages to dress,

and immense sums were annually paid by France to those cities, until Henry IV. thinking it too great a tax upon his people, prohibited the importation of Italian lace. The consequence of this prohibition was, that lace manufactories were established at Picardy, at Alençon, and other places, which in a short time rivalled those of Venice.

The reign of Francis II. was of too brief duration to allow any great changes of dress to take place, nor was Charles IX. of a disposition to encourage fancies and fopperies. During this reign, however, as well as in those of his two predecessors, and that of his successor, it was Catherine de Medicis who was the virtual sovereign, consequently Italian fashions still predominated. Independently, moreover, of her influence, the prevalence of Italian taste, both in dress and manners, may be easily accounted for. Italy was then to the rest of Europe what France itself afterwards became, and still in some degree continues to be. It was the school of refinement and polite taste; it furnished models in literature and art, and was the land where fashion uttered its oracles. Henry Stephens, the celebrated philologist, states that the French language of that day was greatly corrupted by Italianisms, while Brantome depicts the more frightful corruption in morals, which he attributes to Italian example. In dress, France was then as slavish a copier of Italy, as other countries have since been of her. Not only were all articles of mere luxury, of Italian production, but no lady could appear without slippers, manufactured at Venice, and it was equally indispensable for her to attire herself on a gala day in a robe from Milan. Had this fondness for Italian fashions been accompanied with the same refined elegance of taste as it was in the days of Francis I., little could have been objected to it, except as being contrary to patriotism; which latter, by-the-by, generally succumbs when it has fashion for its opponent. Instead of this, however, fashion itself had greatly deteriorated; and among other caprices imported from beyond the Alps, was that of totally disguising the female shape by monstrous machines composed of whalebone; and if it be surprising how the practice of so metamorphosing the human form could ever have been adopted, it is not less extraordinary that it should have continued, with hardly any interruption, for two entire centuries.

W. S.

## THE SPRING VOICE.

BY M. L. B.

"For the Spring season passes soon away ;—  
It will not last :"—

*Fragment by MESIHI ;—a Turkish Poet.*

"Then hasten we maid, to twine the braid,—  
To-morrow, the dreams and the flowers will fade.—"

MOORE.—"*Song of Nourmahal.*"

A *Voice* awoke, and it sighed to me  
The nightingale sits i' the lowly tree,  
Forests are green, and alive with song  
The whole day through, and the whole night long ;  
Then listen,—be mirthful while you may  
For Spring is here, and, away !—

A *Voice* awoke, and it sigh'd to me  
All flowers are blossoming now, that be ;  
The rose sheds attar, and sunset light,—  
But rose, and life, may be gone ere night ;  
Then gather,—seize pleasure while you may,  
For Spring is here, and, away !—

A *Voice* awoke, and it sigh'd to me  
Blue,—still,—are the crystal skies and sea,  
Earth smileth, that dark, wild storms are past,  
But sunshine is aye too bright to last ;—  
Up,—laugh then,—be gladsome while you may,  
For spring is here, and, away !—

A *Voice* awoke, and it sigh'd to me,  
Bright dew-gems glisten on herb and tree,  
Like beauty's tears, they lie on each leaf,  
But beauty,—and youth,—and dews, are brief ;  
Then weep not ;—be happy while you may,  
For Spring is here, and, away !—

A *Voice* awoke, and it sigh'd to me,  
Soft, fragrant breezes are wand'ring free  
And ravishing as they float, a bliss  
From the rich-lipp'd rose,—a shadowy kiss ;—  
Love,—*love* then,—be blessed while you may,  
For Spring is here, and, away !—

A *strange Voice* woke, and it sigh'd to me :—  
If things of *this* world, *so* transient be,—  
And if one there is, where the blessed range  
Unscath'd by sorrow, and time, and change,—  
O hearken ! be HOLY while you may,  
For *Life* is here, and, away !—

## THE RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE.

MARIA LACY was the daughter of an English baronet, whose extravagant and dissipated habits had ruined both his health and fortune. On the death of his wife, which happened a few years after their marriage, he sold his estates to his creditors for a trifling life annuity, and retired with his daughter to the salubrious little town of Dawlish, on the coast of Devonshire. Here he took up his abode with his brother, Lieutenant Lacy, a military officer on half pay, and here arose that unfortunate attachment which forms the ground work of our present narrative.

Maria, and Henry (the son of Lieutenant Lacy) were cousins. While yet children, they lived under the same roof, went to the same school, and shared in the same amusements; and when older, they were still almost constant companions. That which in childhood was mere friendship at last ripened into love, and their parents saw with regret that the youthful pair had pictured to themselves a vision of future happiness, which it was most likely, from the want of pecuniary means, they would never be able to realize. The only way to check this hopeless passion was by separating the lovers, and Henry being nearly of a fitting age, his father determined, if possible, to obtain for him a commission in the army. It had been already applied for and promised, when a circumstance occurred which separated, not only the youthful lovers, but their parents. Sir Edward's ill health, one great cause of his quitting London, still daily declined, and his medical advisers now ordered him, as a last resource, to try the effect of a residence in the Island of Madeira. Every arrangement was quickly made, and the hour of his departure at length arrived. The separation of the brothers, involving as it did the uncertainty of their ever meeting again, caused many bitter pangs to each; but the parting of Henry and Maria brought with it such pain as could hardly be counterbalanced by years of after happiness. Their only sources of consolation were a mutual promise to correspond by letter, and a firm faith which each had in the other's affection.

Sir Edward, soon after his arrival at Madeira, chose for a residence one of those delightful little villas which command a view of the sea, and almost seem to promise their possessor a life of unbroken health and happiness. Here he became acquainted with a gentleman of some fortune, named Stephen Trevanion, who resided with a maiden aunt in an adjacent villa. Frequent interchange of visits soon produced an intimacy be-

tween the two families, until at last scarcely an evening passed which they did not spend together. Trevanion and Sir Edward were both passionately fond of chess, and that was enough to cause their intimacy; but Trevanion soon discovered another source of attraction—Sir Edward's daughter, Maria. She was then in her twenty-second year, and in addition to much personal beauty, possessed an extremely amiable disposition. His admiration was strongly excited, and his attentions to Maria became daily conspicuous. Sir Edward witnessed them with pleasure, and took every means of cultivating Trevanion's friendship. At last Maria herself discovered Trevanion's growing attachment, and her behaviour towards him became cold and distant. Her father noticed the change and remonstrated with her very strongly; she listened respectfully, but made no reply. A few days afterwards, two letters arrived from India, one directed to Sir Edward and the other to Maria; the superscription was in Henry's hand writing. Sir Edward opened and read them both. He immediately acquainted his daughter with the discovery of her clandestine correspondence; pointed out to her the absurdity of cherishing so hopeless an attachment; hinted at Trevanion's partiality towards her, and the independent condition in which a marriage with him would place her, and then affectionately assuring her that the only object he had in view was her future welfare and happiness, entreated her promise not to write or receive any letters from Henry, but to hand any which might fall into her hands unopened to him. Maria was deeply affected by her father's earnestness of manner; she fell upon his bosom and wept. It was a moment of trial for both. Sir Edward felt deeply the pang which he had inflicted, but his anxiety for her welfare was too strong to be overcome by the pain he suffered from her present unhappiness. He pressed her affectionately to his bosom, and then kissing her lips, while the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks, again entreated her to comply with his request. "I will, I will, my dear father," she replied, and passionately returning his endearments, tore herself from his arms and rushed wildly out of the room.

Trevanion's attentions to Maria still increased, but evidently made no impression upon her. He acquainted Sir Edward with his affection for his daughter, and asked his permission to make her an offer of his hand. Sir Edward readily granted the request, and promised, as far as persuasion could go, to use his influence with Maria. The next day he spoke to her on the subject, but she replied that it was utterly impossible for her

ever to love Trevanion. Her father attributed this idea to her regard for Henry, and firmly believed that time would eradicate it, but he was wrong; Maria, as she truly said, could never love Trevanion—their natures were essentially different, and their disparity in age was much too great. Trevanion had almost attained his fortieth year, was of a morose, selfish, and misanthropic disposition; utterly destitute of that gentleness of mind and manners (though he endeavoured to assume the latter) which can both win and cherish woman's affection. He had been made the dupe of a relation in whom he had confided, and had also been suddenly disappointed in his hopes of marriage, by a young lady to whom he was passionately attached, but who had encouraged his suit merely from a love of coquetry, and subsequently gave her hand to a more favoured suitor. His admiration of Maria arose solely from the high opinion he entertained of her amiable disposition, and a belief that his marriage with her would add greatly to his personal comfort and happiness. His aunt, too, who at present had the management of his domestic affairs, was growing old and infirm, and some one would soon be wanted to supply her place—who better qualified than a wife? Maria, on the contrary, was warm-hearted, generous, and confiding; always studying the happiness of those around her, and delighted when her efforts were successful; these were the very qualities which had excited Trevanion's selfishness, and still stimulated him to press his suit. He made Maria a direct offer of marriage, to which she, entirely out of respect to her father's feelings, avoided giving any decisive answer.

Sir Edward, finding that his health was still becoming worse, and knowing that his daughter would be entirely destitute, were he to die leaving her without any protector, again endeavoured to persuade her to consent to the marriage, but she still firmly, though respectfully, refused. A year elapsed, and her father had become so enfeebled that he scarcely ever quitted his room; indeed it was perfectly evident that his life was fast flickering away. His medical attendants were unremitting in their efforts to revive the vital flame, but it still grew weaker, and they relinquished the attempt. His rapid decline had, in fact, been considerably hastened by anxiety for his daughter; the idea of her being reduced to want and misery, haunted him both night and day, and he resolved to make one more effort to gain her compliance.

He sent for her to his bed-side, and affectionately taking her hand, told her that he wished to have some conversation with

her, and requested her to seat herself by him. She complied, and waited with trembling anticipation to hear what he was about to say. In a low and faltering voice, he told her that his life was now nearly at its close! he spoke ardently of the deep love and gratitude he felt towards her, and concluded by expressing his conviction that she would not scruple to set aside her own feelings in order to confer happiness upon him, although indeed that happiness could not be of long duration.

The unhappy girl was deeply affected. She reclined her head upon the side of the bed and sobbed convulsively.

"Maria," continued her dying parent, "you well know the entreaty I am now, for the last time about to make. You will soon—very soon, I fear, be left an orphan, without a friend able to aid you, and with only such scanty means of present subsistence as I have managed to save for you out of my small annuity. Trevanion seeks your hand in marriage;—I do not wish to inflict painful feelings upon you, my dear child, but there is no alternative between your compliance or utter destitution. Your former refusals have caused me great unhappiness, and if you still persist, my last dying moments will be fraught with pain and misery."

"No more! no more!" cried the wretched girl, raising her head from the bed, "in mercy, my dear father, say no more,—I am your daughter—do with me as you will."

"Then," said Sir Edward, almost exhausted, "you promise to marry Trevanion?"

"I do, most solemnly," replied Maria.

"In faith of that promise," murmured he, folding her in his embrace, "I die contented and happy." He withdrew his arms from around her waist, and grasped her hand between both his violently. She rose up instantly and gazed on his countenance—his cheeks were flushed—his eyes almost fixed—he grasped her hand more firmly still—his lips moved, but the power of utterance was gone—in an instant the colour faded from his cheeks—his hand relaxed its grasp, and fell powerless by his side—the last spark of life was extinct.

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At the expiration of rather more than a year Maria became Trevanion's bride. For a short time his behaviour was extremely kind, but it gradually relaxed and soon settled down into a cool indifference. He now absented himself much from home, and never evinced the least kindly feeling for the efforts she made to contribute to his happiness. He did not, in fact, feel any affection towards her; his marriage had been a matter

of mere convenience, and now there was no necessity for further dissimulation. Maria was unhappy; for although she did not love Trevanion, she felt hurt at his utter indifference. Her thoughts naturally reverted to Henry—how different was the scene her imagination pictured! Her husband's presence became at last absolutely painful, and she received with pleasure the sudden intelligence of his intended temporary absence in England, from whence he had received a letter requiring his immediate presence to settle certain matters connected with a law-suit in which he was concerned. He was gone—Maria felt her spirits relieved, and became again comparatively happy. In company with Trevanion's aunt, a good-natured but weak-minded old lady, the time passed very pleasantly. A walk in the morning; music, drawing, or reading after dinner, and an interchange of visits with some neighbour in the evening made each day fly rapidly by.

*(To be continued.)*

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## QUEEN VICTORIA.

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PERHAPS there are few places in which more unequivocal demonstrations of joy and respect were paid on the eventful day of the Princess, now Queen, Victoria coming of age, and attaining her majority, than in the secluded and beautiful parish of Hawkchurch. Nearly as soon as the light of the morning dawned, the bells of the church were rung, flags displayed on the tower and elsewhere, and, at different parts of the day, an excellent band of music played some of the most popular airs. As the Rector of the parish was for a great many years the intimate and confidential friend of the illustrious father of the Princess, and his domestic chaplain, he was desirous that the day should be commemorated in a manner befitting the occasion. To enable the poor of the parish to drink the Princess's health, he gave them cyder; and to oblige the young, tea and a dance; the latter of which they appeared to enjoy with extraordinary pleasure and delight; and a more appropriate indulgence could not surely be devised for them than this healthy and most harmless exercise. The mother of Queen Victoria is a most admirable woman; and while it has been her desire that the mind of her daughter should receive the utmost cultivation and polish, it has been *her own* most unceasing endeavour to instil into her heart a deep-rooted respect for the civil and religious institutions of the country, and the rights and liberties of the people. Nor has the wish been unrealized, or the care been unrewarded; for in



every branch of ornamental knowledge. and in every department of human science, few are more accomplished than this young and interesting Queen. In the strength of her capacity, and the solidity of her acquirements, there are few of her sex by whom she is surpassed, and certainly by none in amiability of temper and rectitude of principle. There is one act to which she has been habituated, which, were it universally followed, would have a most blessed influence on society. From a child she has, up to this hour, been a constant attendant at the morning and afternoon services of the church, and may be said, with no impropriety of speech, to be thoroughly instructed in those holy scriptures which will make her wise unto salvation. The following is a pleasing anecdote respecting the interest which her father, the late Duke of Kent, took in the infant Princess, upon whom he literally doated. Two or three evenings previous to his visit to Sidmouth, where, unhappily he expired, after a very short illness, the rector of Hawkchurch Dr. Rudge, was at Kensington Palace, and on his arising to leave, the Duke intimated his wish that he should see the Princess in her crib, observing, "as it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child, and give her your blessing." He was conducted by the Duke himself to the room; and, on closing a brief prayer with these words, that, as she grew in years and stature, she might grow in grace, and in favour with God and man, nothing could exceed the feeling and hearty manner in which the Duke responded to the petition, and said Amen! In a private letter too, to Dr. Rudge, dated Amorback, April 19, 1819, previous to the birth of the Princess, the anxiety of the duke is shown, and the following patriotic sentiment is expressed:—"The interesting situation of the Duchess causes me hourly anxiety; and you, who so well know my views and feelings, can well appreciate how desirous I am to hasten our departure for old England. The Duchess expects the event to take place about the end of the next month. My hope is, that it will be on the 24th, for that is the birth-day of my revered father; and my ardent wish is, that the child, too, like him, should be a BRITON-BORN!" When at Sidmouth, and a few days only before his death, he thus wrote to Dr. Rudge: "I fear it will be some time before we meet again; I shall, therefore, avail myself of this opportunity of wishing you health and happiness until spring, when I hope I shall again have the pleasure of seeing you before our return to the continent, which, on account of the Duchess's duties as guardian of her two children, and Regent of her son's principality, we cannot avoid taking towards the end of April."

## THE MINIATURE.

TERENCE O'BRIEN was cosily seated, in his morning gown and slippers, before a blazing fire, enjoying the pleasant flavour of those little cakes, of sponge and butter, y'clept muffins, and sipping at intervals, from a china cup of the purest whiteness, a strong dilution of Mocha's berry softened with Devonshire cream, when the footman entered and handed him a letter. "Most marvellous!" exclaimed Terence, perusing the contents, "my friend Harry going to be married and living too in Portland Place! lucky dog—a poor starving country actor suddenly transported to a splendid mansion!—faith, I'll go and see him directly." So, finishing his repast, Terence retired to his dressing room, and despatching the business of the toilet with more than usual speed, he sallied forth to visit his friend. "My dear fellow!" cried he, as he entered the splendid apartment where Henry was seated, "I am delighted to see you." Mutual greetings and enquiries passed on either side, after which, "now just tell me," said Terence, "whether you have got Aladdin's lamp, or by what other marvellous means you have suddenly achieved this victory over your misfortunes." "You shall hear," replied Henry, "not only every particular, but I will relate the principal occurrences of my eventful life, which I think will afford you some amusement." "Faith! I should like to hear them much," replied Terence; and Henry began as follows.

"My miseries, during the last seven years, were all brought upon me by my father's dilatory habits, and my present good fortune proceeds from that greatest of all earthly blessings—woman's love. As soon as I had attained the age of eighteen, my father took me into his office to learn the practical part of his business as an attorney, promising, if I would employ my leisure hours in study, to place me under articles of clerkship, and eventually take me as a partner. I soon discovered that this promise would never be realized, for a dreadful habit of delay, which showed itself in every thing he undertook, caused him to have but few clients, and to rely chiefly for subsistence on the quarterly remittances which my mother received as the proceeds of some property she possessed in Barbadoes. This money was always more than bespoke beforehand to pay house-keeping expences, so that the £120 necessary to give a stamp-office validity to my articles of clerkship, could not possibly be spared out of it. Years rolled on; my father's affairs became embarrassed, and the West India property was sold to

save him from ruin. His debts being now all discharged, he resolved to follow his professional pursuits with unremitting diligence, but alas, his old habit had taken so firm a root in his very nature, that no temporary efforts, however vigorous or resolute, could ever overcome it, and after a short time, it displayed itself as strongly as ever. He now became absolutely indolent, and his affairs were again hurrying to ruin. At this period my mother died, and her death at once annihilated what little energy of mind my father still possessed. He refused every consolation, and sank entirely under the affliction. His business he utterly neglected, and though I devoted my utmost ability and exertions in his stead, the number of his clients daily diminished because he would but seldom pay personal attention to their visits.

"It was at this period that I became acquainted with Emily Evanshaw, the daughter of an eminent surgeon who was a client of my father. This gentleman took a great liking to me, and after repeated invitations, I at last was compelled to spend an evening at his house. I arrived there early, and was seated chatting pleasantly with him, when suddenly the door opened, and a lovely sylph-like creature, the expression of whose countenance excited my intense admiration, entered the apartment. Her features were regular; her jet black hair hung in luxuriant ringlets over a neck white as ivory, and her eyes threw forth a sparkling lustre which, for the moment, entirely overwhelmed me. 'My daughter Emily,' said Mr. Evanshaw, 'this, my love, is Mr. Atherstone whose name you have so often heard me mention.' I bowed, and scarcely knowing what I did, held out my hand; she took it with an air of modest frankness, and never shall I forget the thrill which ran through my veins as I felt the gentle pressure. I was fearful that my confusion would betray my feelings, when fortunately, the arrival of some of the guests afforded me time to recover my composure. The evening was spent delightfully by every body, but by no one so much so as myself. Emily was to me the only attraction—I sang with her, danced with her, and felt truly miserable when not by her side. At last, the party broke up, and I took my leave. How desolate did I feel as I passed through the solitary streets, and how cheerless did even my home seem as I once more crossed the threshold—I retired to bed, but my sleep was disturbed by dreams. Music sounded in my ears, and fairy forms flitted before me—Emily was amongst them; but, the moment I approached her, she was gone—like a fair vision sent only to torment me—The next morning, my father rallied me

on my haggard looks, but he little suspected their cause. I was deeply and desperately in love, but could see no hope of ever possessing the object of my passion. My father's affairs were daily becoming more embarrassed, and there was not now the slightest chance of his being able to raise the money for my articles of clerkship. Under these circumstances, I resolved, if possible, to stifle my affection, and began to apply myself vigorously to the details of business.

"One evening, when my father and I were seated together, enjoying the calm repose of twilight, and forming schemes for overcoming his pecuniary difficulties, the servant entered the room and stated, that a Mr. Selby wished to speak with him. Scarcely had this announcement been made, when Mr. Selby entered and explained his business—an execution against my father on a warrant of Attorney for £300. It being impossible to arrange this matter, except by instant payment, my father was, that night, conducted to the Fleet Prison—Detainers came pouring in from all quarters, and it was clear that he would be eventually compelled to take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors Act; a means of extrication which I had often proposed, but which his proud spirit had rejected with disdain—Now, however, there was no alternative, and, at the expiration of a few weeks, during which, his health had suffered dreadfully, the last day but one of his imprisonment arrived—The whole of that day I spent with him, and left him at night seemingly composed, having appointed 9 o'Clock the next morning for accompanying him into court. I arrived at the prison a few minutes before that hour, and was informed that he was in his room alone, and waiting my arrival. I bounded lightly up the massy staircase, and had just reached the top and placed my hand on the door of the apartment, when the report of a pistol from within reverberated in my ears. For an instant, I stood inanimate and powerless, but, suddenly summoning a desperate courage, I tried to open the door,—it was fast—I flung myself against it with maddened fury—it flew open—*my father lay dead upon the ground.*

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"I was now to be entirely dependent on my own abilities for support, and would immediately have put them into active exertion, but Emily's father, at whose house I was staying, begged me to allow myself a little relaxation after the distress and anxiety I had so recently undergone. To this solicitation I acceded, feeling, at present unfit for business, and anxious to enjoy Emily's society, although I had many fearful forebodings as to

the misery which I was entailing both upon myself and her by cherishing so hopeless an attachment, I passed about six weeks in a delightful dream of happiness, during which I made an open avowal of my feelings to Emily, and was delighted to hear from her lips that she returned my affection. Her father took an opportunity of questioning me as to the nature of my plans for obtaining a subsistence, advising me to procure a managing clerk's situation and promising to lend me the £120 for my Articles of Clerkship as soon as it was in his power, adding, that of course he could not be ignorant of my attachment to his daughter, and that, whenever fortune placed me in competent circumstances, I should receive his consent to our union. This kindness delighted me exceedingly, and I resolved to lose no time in procuring employment. My first attempt proved successful, and put me in possession of a comfortable situation. A year passed, but Mr. Evanshaw was still unable to assist me, and I began to despair of ever making the profession subservient to my plan of future happiness. Just at this period, I became acquainted with a brother clerk who was one of the subscribers to a private Theatre, where he often took me to witness his performances, which certainly displayed considerable talent. He, like myself, had been disappointed in his hopes of entering the legal profession on his own account, and was exercising his talents for theatricals prior to procuring an engagement with some country manager. The similarity of circumstances struck me forcibly, and I determined to try my own abilities for the stage. The first part I played was William Tell, and my *debut* was decidedly successful. My friend was unbounded in his praise, and advised me, by all means, to repeat the attempt. I did so, and being again successful, was induced to enrol myself in this company of theatrical amateurs. I played now regularly once a week, and entertained serious thoughts of following the same course my friend had determined upon. We had now become so intimate that I did not scruple to acquaint him with every particular of my present prospects, and he strongly advised me to quit the Law, and seek fortune's favours in the theatrical profession. The hope of placing myself in circumstances to marry Emily, strongly inclined me to follow this advice, and I determined to consult her father on the subject. He was himself very partial to theatrical amusements, and had often, when a Surgeon on board ship, joined in amateur performances. When I first acquainted him with my project he advised me strongly against it, but consented to witness the display of my abilities. That night, I repeated the character of

William Tell, and my performance was repeatedly interrupted by the cheers of the audience. Such extraordinary success astonished Mr. Evanshaw and delighted Emily, who, at once declared herself in favour of my entering into the theatrical profession, but her father, though he highly praised my talent, declined giving his advice, and left me to the guidance of my own judgment. The dread of parting from Emily made me waver in my determination, but she expressed so firm a confidence in my ultimate success, and so strongly advised me, for both our sakes, to put my talents to the test of public opinion, that, after a few months further practice, I gave up my situation in the Law and obtained an engagement in a little company at Northampton, which my brother amateur was also about to join. The day of departure arrived, and with it, the pangs of parting—but such scenes possess no interest except to lovers, and they would deem it profaneness to describe them.

“I quitted the house in an agony of mind almost bordering on distraction, and hastened to meet my friend who was to accompany me on the journey. As I hurried along my resolution almost failed, but pride would not suffer me to retract my purpose, and the hope of soon winning Emily, as the reward of my efforts, consoled and encouraged me—she had given me her miniature—I drew it from my breast, and as I gazed upon it, felt convinced that every difficulty, however great, must, and should be instantly overcome by the impetuous force of my exertions. She had promised to keep up a correspondence, and her father had pledged his honor to write to me himself, in the event of her illness, so that I found there was not the slightest ground for any anxiety. Consoled by this discovery, I gave way to the most sanguine anticipations, and when I met my friend at his lodgings, he expressed his delight and surprise at seeing me in such excellent spirits. On arriving at Northampton, we took lodgings together, and then waited upon the manager with letters of introduction from his agent who had engaged us. We were received with great politeness, and our respective parts were allotted to us for the opening night, when we both acquitted ourselves handsomely, and the manager complimented us very highly. I instantly wrote off to Emily acquainting her with my success, and received by return of post, a letter in reply, expressing her firm faith in the favourable result of my efforts. A year passed by, both pleasantly and profitably, during which, I continued to receive letters from Emily. During this period I made great advancement in my profession; and now felt so confident of attaining the summit

of my hopes, that each day brought with it an additional feeling of happiness. Fortune had, however, been all this while maliciously deceiving me, and began to make me the object of wanton and cruel sport. We were performing in the town of Oundle to very scanty audiences, and the manager finding that all the attractions he could bring forward failed to improve the state of the treasury, suddenly brought the season to a close and took his company to Peterborough. A fortnight had nearly elapsed since I had heard from Emily, and, being in daily expectation of a letter from her, I wrote off instantly desiring her to direct to me at Peterborough. A week further elapsed, but still no tidings, and my anxiety had become so painful, that I was on the point of asking leave of absence for a week, in order to go to London and ascertain the cause of her silence, when a circumstance occurred which saved me the unpleasantness of soliciting such a favor, and seemed to promise the immediate attainment of all my wishes. At Peterborough, we were visited by Captain Hanson, a friend of the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, who was making a tour through the provinces in search of recruits for his friend in London. On the first night that he witnessed our performances, I played Hamlet, and the next morning received a note from him, inviting me to dinner. I was almost frantic with delight, and waited with the greatest impatience for the time he had appointed to arrive. At last it came, and I hurried anxiously to the Inn to meet him. He gave me a very polite and complimentary reception, and finding that I knew the purpose of his visit to the town, he told me, at last, that he should prolong his stay some days longer in order to see me play a few more leading parts in Tragedy, and hoped then to feel justified in offering me an engagement. On the two following nights, I went through my ordeal with great *éclat*, and immediately afterwards, received a proposal from Captain Hanson to proceed to London the ensuing week, and play three nights for an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre. This I agreed to, and he gave me a note to his friend the manager. My own manager behaved very handsomely, answering my apology for leaving him so suddenly, by hearty wishes for the success of my undertaking and the offer of a farewell benefit on the last night of my performance. This offer I gladly accepted and cleared by the benefit about £40. The next day, after taking leave of my friends, I departed for London.

“On the morning of my arrival, I set off to visit Emily and her father, but, on reaching the house, found, to my extreme disappointment, that they had left it about a month since and gone

to reside somewhere at the West-end of the town. The servant at the house had not only forgotten the address, but had lost the written memorandum which had been given to her. I applied to the landlord, but he knew nothing more than that Mr. Evanshaw had left his house because the lease had expired, and had taken another house somewhere near Cavendish-square. I next called at the Theatre, and had an interview with the manager, who requested me to call upon him again the next morning, when he would appoint a night for my *debut*. When I called upon him, in the morning, he informed me that, in consequence of the success of a new piece which his company were now performing, he could not immediately name a night, but that if I would favour him with another visit at the beginning of the ensuing week, he would finally arrange the matter—I now spent several days in fresh endeavours to find out Emily and her father, but in vain, and at last, to amuse my mind, I busied myself in searching for lodgings, and eventually engaged a suit of apartments in the Haymarket. My inability to discover the place of Emily's abode, brought upon me a dreadful feeling of wretchedness and desolation which completely unnerved me when I remembered the professional ordeal I had to go through, without the slightest chance of gaining the prize for which I had so long struggled. At last it struck me that Emily or her father might see my name announced in the play-bills, or newspapers, and I determined to urge the manager to appoint an early night for my first appearance. In this I was successful, and the following Monday was fixed for my *debut* in the character of Hamlet. The rehearsals passed off smoothly enough; I was letter-perfect, and now waited with the greatest anxiety, for the night of trial to arrive. It came at last, and I received great applause until the dying scene, when, to my utter-dismay, the applause was mingled with hisses. On the announcement being made that I would repeat the character on the Wednesday and Friday following, the same difference of opinion was again manifested, and I quitted the Theatre in great dejection of mind. My disappointment as to Emily contributed materially to the wretchedness of my feelings, and I now began to anticipate the failure of my two ensuing performances. Again a ray of hope broke in upon me, were she to discover me now, thought I, my efforts would, even yet, be successful. But the day passed and still left me without any tidings of her. The anxiety I had undergone was enough to have shaken much firmer nerves than mine, and now made daily inroads on my health. I was determined, however, not to be subdued by



mere physical weakness, and, although the two next performances were really painful, I redoubled my exertions. On the second night, the applause was more general, and, on the third, there was not a dissentient voice. The Press spoke highly of me as a promising actor, and I felt confident that the manager would give me an engagement, but, on calling upon him the next morning, he expressed a wish to see me in one or two other characters. This I agreed to, and the following week would have decided my fate, had I not been suddenly seized by a violent brain-fever (an hereditary malady I had often suffered from) which confined me to my bed for several weeks. On my recovery, I found that the expences of my illness had nearly deprived me of every shilling, and the Haymarket Theatre having closed until the following summer, there was, at present, no possibility of filling my purse out of the Haymarket Treasury. I immediately discharged my landlady's bill, took a very humble apartment at a little Stationer's shop in Marylebone Lane, and applied for an engagement at each of the other Metropolitan Theatres, but without success. I called upon some of my old acquaintances to endeavour to obtain some kind of employment, but when they learnt the desperate nature of my circumstances, they behaved so coolly, that I did not repeat the visit. I was compelled to subsist entirely by raising money on my wearing apparel, all of which soon disappeared and left me penniless and starving. The only valuable article I possessed was Emily's miniature, but I would gladly have perished from want, rather than part with so precious a relic. While in this deplorable condition, the fever again attacked me, and I became delirious. In this state, the most horrid imaginings seized me: at one time, I fancied myself seated in a church without power of speech or motion, and saw Emily married to another; then I beheld her lying dead upon a couch and her father kneeling beside her; at last, I seemed to awake from my delirium and found myself in a spacious and elegant bed-room—the curtain by my side was suddenly drawn back, and I beheld Emily gazing delightedly upon me!"

"And was this reality now?" enquired Terence.

"It was; and you shall hear by what an extraordinary accident it had been effected."

"When I was attacked by the fever, my landlady called in a Surgeon to attend me, who, finding all his efforts ineffectual, advised her to open my boxes, and endeavour to gain some clue to my friends or relations. This advice she immediately followed and discovered Emily's letters and her miniature. The letters were directed from Mr. Evanshaw's first residence, and

all enquiries there proved utterly fruitless. A few days afterwards, some friends called upon her, and while she stood behind the counter of her little shop, detailing to them the particulars of my illness, and showing them Emily's miniature, a young lady entered and desired to see some fancy article which lay in the window. It was placed in her hand—she threw the veil from off her face, and every one present immediately recognized the original of the miniature—Without a word, it was laid before her—she turned pale and tried to speak, but instantly sunk senseless into the arms of those who stood near her. On recovering her senses, she was told the particulars of my present state, and was shown the letters which had been found in my possession. After telling the landlady that she should hear from her in the course of an hour, she hastened home and related the strange occurrence to her father who instantly came to see me, paid my bill at the lodging, placed me in a bed in his travelling carriage and conveyed me hither. I need hardly add that his professional skill, and Emily's devoted attentions, soon restored me to my wonted health, when I discovered that the letter which I had so long expected, arrived at Peterborough on the morning after my departure for London, Emily having been prevented by illness from writing to me at an earlier period."

"And why did not the stupid people forward it to you at the Haymarket Theatre?" enquired Terence.

"They did, but the porter refused to receive it, not knowing the person to whom it was directed, and so," continued Henry, "it was returned to the fair hand which wrote it."

At this moment Emily entered the room and the sight of her beauty, almost made Terence envious of his friend's good fortune in spite of the sufferings he had undergone—Terence readily accepted an invitation to dinner and spent the day with Emily—how happily the reader may easily imagine.

A few weeks afterwards the bells of St. James's Church announced Henry's marriage, and Mr. Evanshaw who had recently become possessed of a splendid fortune by the death of a near relative, presented his son-in-law with a memorandum of the transfer of £10,000 Bank Stock, together with a Deed of Gift by which he became the owner of a valuable estate in Devonshire.

To this estate Mr. Evanshaw soon afterwards retired with Emily and her husband, and often, in their happiest hours, when memory recalled the visions of former days, did they recur, with feelings of gratitude and delight to the providential discovery of "THE MINIATURE."

S. H.

## AMALIA.\*

"NOTWITHSTANDING our exertions to keep distress and hunger from our neighbourhood, we found it to be impossible: my husband then wrote to the Russian commander, entreating him, in the name of humanity, to do something to save the people, but received no answer."

"In duties of this description the few remaining days we had left were spent: we lived no longer for ourselves, but for our suffering fellow men."

"Who can conceive our joy, when intelligence was brought us that several of the scattered remains of our brave army had effected a junction, and were marching through our neighbourhood to the relief of the capital."

"The few people, who yet remained at their homes, had only waited for some such favourable opportunity, to wreak their vengeance on their merciless oppressors. They had already taken up arms, and every minute added to their numbers. With a fury beyond the power of description, they attacked and carried several Russian positions, and not alone made prisoners of the enemy, but also of the Poles, who had taken the oath; and I soon received the dreadful tidings that my aged father had been carried away, bound hand and foot, on the same waggon as the Russian prisoners."

"With this, the first link, united itself a chain of misfortunes that will never end but with my life."

"The assembled army of my countrymen was too feeble to effect much good. It added another to those melancholy but glorious defeats which we experienced; more honourable to Poland than the victories of her enemies: they have raised her above comparison, and have shed around her name a halo of undying glory. They met an army of Russians, of more than twenty times their number, and after fighting with the most determined bravery for some hours, and killing more than their own number of the enemy, this gallant little band, almost to a man, sank on the rich field, and with them sank the star, the life, the last hope of Poland!"

"After this sad reverse, those who had taken up arms in our neighbourhood, were easily dispersed or made prisoners, and in the evening we were given to understand by firing around our house, and by bullets falling through the windows, that others

\* Concluded from page 108.

than Poles and deliverers were near. Our doors were almost immediately broken open, and ten soldiers and an officer rushed in upon us. With the bayonet at our breasts, they compelled us to open to them every place; closets, chests, and drawers were ransacked, and one of our servant girls who could not at the moment find her key, was inhumanly murdered before my eyes. All that could conveniently be taken was carried away; every thing beside was broken up and destroyed. In vain I entreated them to allow me to preserve my wedding ring—the holy emblem of an affectionate love: enraged, at not finding as they expected, any valuables of mine, the officer made a sign to cut my hand off; I understood the savage answer and gave them the ring. O, how I thanked heaven, that my other jewels had fallen into more worthy hands, and reproached myself with not having also appropriated this to the relief of the distressed.”

“All the plunder and destruction going on around me, cost me scarce a sigh; but when I saw a few poor wretches, thinking to defend us and our property, fiercely attack the soldiers, and get cut down one after the other, I could not refrain from shedding tears of bitter agony: one of them dying, gave me a small morsel of bread, with these heart-rending words—“I die content, for I die for you. Despise not this, the gift of one who cannot give you more than it, and his life! Heaven preserve you! farewell!”

“It were impossible to describe my feelings during this awful scene: I kissed the bread a thousand times, and vowed to God ever to preserve it.” (She now produced it with a sort of triumph, while tears streamed from her eyes). “See, see, I have hitherto kept my word, much as it has cost me.”

“We were soon led from the house by the soldiers, amidst the blessings of the wounded and the dying. I took my poor babe on my arm, and the girl by the hand, and my husband led the boy. Scarcely had we arrived outside the house, when four soldiers laid hold on him, and the chief officer intimated that he should be taken away and shot: he had stedfastly refused to swear allegiance to the emperor, and his doom had arrived. Bathed in tears, I threw myself at the feet of the commander; I imagined it impossible for him to misunderstand this language, but the pleasure which he evinced whenever the soldiers could unite violence with plunder, and the cheering cries with which he encouraged them in their work of destruction, convinced me that I had nothing to hope from his mercy: a wild laugh, and a shake of the head, were his only answers. He drew forth a handkerchief, intending to bind it before my husband’s

eyes, but he telling him it was unnecessary, threw himself into my arms. Our barbarous destroyers permitted this; it gave them a fiend-like pleasure to observe the sorrows of their victims. "Farewell, my Amalia," he cried, "farewell!" (here a flood of tears overwhelmed her voice) "be strong! down by the river's side you will find a boat—save yourself! Again farewell. Live, live for your children, I entreat you!" Tenderly embracing each of them, we parted, never to meet again on earth."

"He acted during this trying scene with the most heroic courage and magnanimity. He shed no tears; his bosom heaved no sigh, nor did he breathe a word against his murderers: his soul triumphed over their barbarities; they beheld it, and not unmoved, for they added insult and meanness to cruelty and revenge. He bore all with the most astonishing fortitude, and turning towards his executioners, he cried with a manly voice, "I am ready, lead on," and took the arm of one of them."

"Almost without knowing how, I arrived at the side of the river; I soon found the boat, and pushed from the land, and nearly at the same instant I heard the dreadful shot, which made me a widow and my children fatherless. Taking them into my arms, I cried, alas, you have no longer a father! the direful bullet has pierced his tender, his noble heart, and he dies, the victim of patriotism."

"Eternal God! for a moment I was ready to despair. Deprived of my husband! behind me my home in flames, and the shrieks of the wounded and the dying ringing on my ear! before me a wide river, disturbed as my soul; a gloomy sky above me, in my arms three helpless infants, and, to add to all these accumulated horrors, a coming night! Who, under such circumstances, would not have been liable to despair?"

"The waves rocked us in their friendly cradle as the boat drifted at pleasure on the stream; and I almost fancied a voice came from the waters, calling on me, and saying, 'come, rest with us; come to peace and forgetfulness!' I was about to obey it; but a step, I thought, and you sink for ever in their quiet embrace. I raised myself up, and with my children in my arms I stood on the bench: already had I lifted my foot over the boat's side, the frail partition between life and death, when my husband's last words in a voice of thunder broke upon my ear—"Live for your children."—Yes, I cried, I will live, I will live for them! even should I undergo torments, a thousand times worse than death; and why should I hasten a period which of itself will arrive so soon? for even should this boat brave the fury of the gale, it carries within itself an enemy we cannot

overcome—hunger; thanks then to this mighty foe, it will hasten the arrival of what alone I can look forward to with comfort—death: but oh, ye merciful waves, listen to my prayer; open your bosom and receive us, that a mother may be spared the anguish of seeing her offspring perish by the slow dreadful pangs of want.”

“I found a slight relief from a copious flood of tears, and sat myself down to row. I worked with all my strength, and as the wind blew from the shore, we soon arrived on the opposite side. I had now to awaken the children, who had slept during the time we were crossing the river, and to hasten from the boat, for I feared we might be pursued by our inhuman foes, and no doubt we should, had not the darkness hidden us from their observation. Carrying my infant, and leading the other two children by my side, we ascended the bank and sought the nearest wood, for I considered it unsafe to remain in the open country, where we might be surprised by some plundering party of the enemy; we soon reached one, and after penetrating into it with the greatest difficulty for a short distance, I sat down to rest, and placed my children by my side. It was a dreadful night; the elements were quite in unison with my troubled soul: the rain descended in torrents, the wind howled piteously amongst the pine trees, and at intervals the crash was heard of some stout tree torn to atoms by the powerful lightning. How we survived this terrific night, God alone can know; Him we must thank for preserving, what it would have been mercy to have taken, our lives.”

“Towards morning the storm abated; the winds were hushed, the rain ceased to descend, and the sun at length rose in unclouded majesty; all nature welcomed his approach; every thing around us was cheerful and gay, the birds began their morning songs, and the rain had refreshed the trees and added new charms to the flowers that bloomed beneath our feet; I alone had cause to be sad: my heart was like the solitary pine, which the lightning of the past night had riven to pieces; storm of affliction had succeeded storm, until at last I was nearly crushed beneath them.”

“My children, who had lain asleep on the wet ground, now awoke; a circumstance I never before had feared, but at this moment, I saw their eyelids unclosed with horror and dread. The two eldest had not received any nourishment since the early part of the day before, and now began to weep for food. Alas, I possessed nothing to soothe their cries, except the precious morsel of bread, which the dying sufferer had given me: I turned from them, took it out, viewed it, and put it back again

moistened with my tears: no, I said, nothing but the most desperate necessity shall cause me to part with you, invaluable relic of received, and, alas, too well repaid acts of benevolence; it shall be to you alone entrusted, to preserve my children's lives in the last extremity. For the youngest, I had still some support remaining, and I silenced the other two as well as I could with the promise of a speedy relief: they believed me. Alas, thus do we believe, and thus are we disappointed, during the whole course of our pilgrimage through life's dreary wilderness."

"The sun had now reached his meridian, and the weather having become quite calm, the heat was almost intolerable. Hunger and thirst were now felt with increased severity, and notwithstanding the severe rains of the past night, water was not to be found, the ground being so parched and thirsty that every drop had disappeared, and we knew not where to seek a brook."

"The girl, who had always been a weak and very delicate child, now swooned away: Heavens! who can picture my situation, myself almost dying and nearly mad? I took the infant from my breast, and having with great difficulty restored the girl to life, I offered it to her, she took it with eagerness, and soon revived. Ah, none but a mother can judge what my feelings now were;—I looked around me, a thick wood encompassed us on every side—no help appeared, and none could I expect: it was getting towards evening, and we were quite unable to walk; still, that courage which had hitherto carried me on did not now forsake me—joy, at having discovered a means to preserve my child's life, tended to support me: if this spring, I thought, dries not up before your death, you shall fall the first sacrifice, and enjoy the pleasure, the infinite delight of dying for your children: what bliss! when you feel your last moments approaching, to lay your infant to your bosom, and to share between the other two the morsel of bread, and then to expire with a thankful sigh to providence, who did not suffer you to exist after them; and perhaps some humane person may pass this way and preserve their lives, and give their wretched mother all she will then need—a grave. Should gracious Heaven be pleased to save them, under happier circumstances, in after-times, they may revisit their home, they may live to avenge their country's and their parent's bleeding wrongs: should such be the will of Heaven, oh, may they be found not degenerated, may they remember that their sire was a Pole, and that a Polish matron bore them; may they, should circumstances demand it, scruple not to imitate the example of their glorious, their sainted father."

"These reflections so cheered my heart, that I rose up, and endeavoured to walk, for it was now quite dark, but I could scarce lift my foot, and after a few fruitless efforts, I sank insensible to the ground."

"My children's cries and caresses soon brought me back to life, and I had not long been restored to sensibility, when I was alarmed by your approach, and at that moment my poor infant, who had been gradually sinking beneath the weight of its privations, as a rose-bud droops, and hides its beauties beneath the intolerable heat of the noon-tide sun, breathed its last. Your appearance had nearly again reduced me to insensibility, for I imagined none but enemies were near, but Heaven be praised, in you I have found a friend, a comforter, and a protector."

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## LINES

Written at Dryburgh Abbey, by the side of Sir Walter Scott's Tomb.

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BY JOHN CHARLES HALL,

*Author of "The Storm," "Sketches from Life," "Miscellaneous Poetry," &c.*

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He sleeps!! he sleeps!! the charm is o'er,  
His harp is mute, 'twill thrill no more;  
His course is run;—his spirit fled,  
And all that e'er could die is dead.

The eye has lost its kindling ray,  
Return'd to dust, to mould'ring clay;  
Claims only what is common now,  
And darkness sits upon his brow.

He sleeps! he sleeps! the spell is past,  
"The magic wand is broke at last!"  
But now secure on happier shores,  
His harp the Omnipotent adores.

He needs no stone to tell his name,  
No letter'd verse to sound his fame,  
Or mark his couch of lowly sleep,  
For living statues o'er him weep.



## THOUGHTS ON FLOWERS;

AND ON THE "FLOWERY MONTH OF JUNE."

FLOWERS may be considered as the pride and glory of this earth, and the most beautiful display which the Creator could have made, throughout the vegetable kingdom. They gratify at once the senses of sight and smell, and fill the mind with wonder and delight. In the beauty of the rose, may be contemplated the loveliness of virtue; in the lily of the valley, modestly peeping forth from her green mantle, and shedding the sweetest fragrance in retirement, the endearing nature of true humility and innocence; and in the violet, an emblem of retiring merit.

There is no study which possesses greater claims upon the attention of ladies, than a consideration of these delightful ornaments of the earth, and a knowledge of their language. The latter cannot be acquired until after unremitting attention and careful examination; by which indeed, when carried on in nature's own retreats, our health may be preserved, our minds refreshed, and the most lively senses called to our recollection. The writer can in truth say, that one of the greatest pleasures he ever enjoyed, was that of his summer wanderings in search of plants and flowers. The pursuit creates an enthusiasm of mind, which to others appears little short of folly, although it gives to the botanist himself the enjoyment of the most innocent pleasure, and makes his hours pass on brilliantly and smilingly. The impression which flowers make upon the mind, appears to be in some way connected with a certain kind of moral feeling, or sentiment,—some casting a shade of melancholy, while others are connected with the most cheerful sensations. On these principles, we may regard yellow as representing envy; brown as indicative of sorrow; red, of anger; blue, of chivalry and of victorious conquests; while green represents a cheerful and contented placidity.

The odours of those flowers so delightful to our sense of smell, throwing out perfumes which in some tropical countries extend for miles around, as well as those of the most disagreeable character, are owing to the exhalations of their essential oils: for, it must be borne in mind, all such flowers secrete and contain volatile oils, the same as those which are so attractive to the insect world. But a detail of all the extraordinary characteristics of the vegetable world, would afford matter for a series of papers.

It will be clear then, that flowers were created, and made to unfold their fascinating beauties and emit their pleasant fragrance, not merely to please our eyes with their brilliant colours, and regale our sense of smelling with their odoriferous perfumes, but also to attract insects, to make use of their liquid juices, and prevent their 'sweetness from being wasted on the desert air.' These beauties are open to all: let no poor complain, who are not so fortunate as to possess a garden; the fields are surpassingly attractive, and quite open to them: and what, as an eminent naturalist has exclaimed, is this earth but "an immense garden, laid out and planted by the hand of the Deity? the lofty mountains and waving forests are its terraces and groves; fertile fields and flowery meadows form its beautiful parterres!"

Man, however, has not been left to enjoy these beautiful products of nature all the year round; but in the most provident regularity of alternate succession. Each month displays beauties peculiar to itself. The buds of many plants having expanded, and thrown off their membranous covering, and the sap penetrating with vigour the various internal vessels, the past may well be termed the "flowery month of June," for then, the whole vegetable kingdom, with but few exceptions, displayed their beauties to the returning sun; fully bringing to mind Blackmore's beautiful lines—

"Your contemplation further yet pursue;  
The wondrous world of vegetables view!  
See various trees their various fruits produce,  
Some for delightful taste, and some for use.  
See sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,  
For physic some, and some designed for food.  
See fragrant flowers, with different colours dyed,  
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride."

The orchises cover the fields with their delightful flowers. The harebell is seen bowing to the ground, and waving its blue flowers according to the direction of the wind. The violet-pansy, or heartsease, is in full bloom, displaying its purple velvet petals, with black and yellow streaks; from which latter circumstance, and their resemblance to various Greek letters, may doubtless have originated the many names we have for it. The cotton grass, on the wild moor, charms the eye with its waving ermineous spikelets, where all else is barren and rugged. The scorpion grass affords several interesting facts connected with vegetable physiology; changing its flowers from yellow to blue, according to the quantity of oxygen exhaled, and as the spirally curved summit of its stalk unfolds. The mezereon

'breathes mild its early sweets;' and that truly elegant little plant, the wood-vetch, may be found climbing up the branches of trees, and presenting its clusters of blue streaked flowers to the admiration of those who follow nature in her most retired recesses. Another allied species to this last lurks amongst the grassy herbage, the latter forming a striking contrast with the charming brilliancy of its crimson blossoms. The *gnaphalium*, or everlasting, (so termed from the never-fading colour of the flowers) has its species widely dispersed throughout all quarters of the globe, being hardy perennials of easy culture. Some species possess snowy white flowers, others a pale lemon; while others again are of a brilliant crimson. In South Wales it is scattered upon the graves of the departed, by their sorrowing friends.

June, then, may be considered the loveliest month in the year, combining the freshness and gaiety of spring with a moderate degree of the settled warmth of summer. Wherever we turn, the eye is regaled with beauty and promise, and a degree of settled expectation; the fields and meadows clothed in the fresh green of grass and corn, and the hedges adorned with flowers of various colours,—*veronica*, wild *geraniums*, fragrant *cowslips* and *primroses*, snow-white lilies, &c. The gardens are also enriched with roses, 'red and white,' the various kinds of *iris* and *persicary*. The *crocus* continues to flourish with unabated vigour. To the tulip, the transient glory of the garden, succeeds the *anemone*, encircled at the bottom with a spreading robe, and rounded at the top into a beautiful dome; and the *ranunculus*, displaying its magnificent foliage, and charming the eye with its brilliant assemblage of colours. The rose, the favourite of poets, glows with its own vivid tints, and diffuses around its aromatic sweets; followed by the *carnation*, which, to use the words of an admirer of nature "centering in itself the perfection of every flower, next attracts the observer by the lustre and variety of its hues, and by that fragranciness of scent, which entitle it to pre-eminence over the most beautiful of the flowery tribes."

Thus, vegetation, like animal life, consists of a series of phenomena, which have their periods of increase, stability, and decrease: and the exquisite pleasure which is afforded to the intelligent mind, on contemplating the various gradations and forms which they undergo in different situations, must be experienced to be duly appreciated and believed.

T. H.

## I'M QUITE THE REIGNING BELLE!

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 BY J. E. CARPENTER.
 

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*Author of "I'm quite a Lady's Man."*


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I'm quite the reigning belle, although  
 I've only just come out,  
 I've left my old companions now  
 To rave, and fret, and pout ;  
 Earls, Baronets, and elder sons  
 Are caught within my spell,  
 I conquer with a word—a glance,—  
 I'm quite the reigning belle !

I take the lead at Fancy Pairs,  
 At Almack's 'tis the same,  
 The Lady Patronesses say  
 Unequalled is my fame ;  
 I'm bow'd to at the Opera  
 Where I the rest excel,  
 The ballet don't attract—'tis I,—  
 I'm quite the reigning belle !

I listen to the praises now  
 Of ev'ry dashing beau,  
 They tell me I am very fair,  
 They flatter me I know ;  
 I rule them with despotic sway,  
 They do whate'er I tell,  
 At concert, op'ra, ball, or play,  
 I'm quite the reigning belle !

I lead the fashion ev'rywhere,  
 My milliner declares,  
 Whatever dresses I prefer  
 Each belle of fashion wears :  
 They've published verses in my praise,  
 My portrait's out as well,  
 And all with admiration say,  
 I'm quite the reigning belle !

## THE THEOLOGIAN.—No. II.

## ON THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

“O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men.”

cvil. Psalm,

IN reflecting upon the common benefits and satisfactions of life; and the constant and general effects of Divine Goodness, we shall find an ample subject for religious praise and gratitude. The whole happiness of life; everything valuable and delightful; whatever is grateful to human sense, great or amiable to the view, or engaging to the affections; whatever informs the understanding, entertains the imagination, or meliorates the temper; whatever restrains vice, and promotes virtue; whatever mitigates disease, preserves health, and invigorates the faculties; whatever allays discord, cements society, and establishes social and relative bliss; these are all particular effects of that most impartial, unconfined, and invariable goodness of God, who is benevolent to all, and “*whose tender mercies are over all his works*”—when in the cheerful light of the day we view the ample creation around us, does not its very countenance bespeak the goodness as well as the power and grandeur of the Creator? It is his goodness which makes heaven and earth so smile upon us; glares in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, distils in the fruitful rain, and ascends in the copious harvest. His bounty continually gives food to the hungry, clothing to the naked, health to the sick, and rest to the weary. He supplies the vital current of life, and pours the tide of joy into the human heart. His wisdom formed and balanced the elements of the world, and made them subservient to the production and preservation of human life. His providence planned the constitution of human society, and made man allied to man, and implanted in the human breast the pleasing affection of friends and kindred. The most engaging ties of nature, the tenderest and strongest emotions of parental affection, are an effect and image of his supreme and eternal goodness. And as this life, and whatever administers to the comfort and happiness of it, are the fruits of his beneficence; so all our hopes of another life, and of happiness in a world to come, are wholly founded on his original love and mercy to mankind. The same power, wisdom and goodness, which formed the earth and the whole hea-

vens, and which made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the whole face of the earth, established also that constitution which the Christian revelation discloses to us, according to which all mankind are raised from the dead by the power of the Saviour of the world, and endless life and happiness allotted to all good men.

If our knowledge of the Gospel served to no other happy end, than to rescue us from the stupid idolatry and the impure and barbarous rites of Heathenism, how much reason should we have to congratulate ourselves, and acknowledge the favor [of Divine Providence on that account! How much more when it dispels the gloomy shades of death, and opens to us a prospect into a future state! When instead of the perplexing uncertainty or dark despair which oppressed the human mind, it raises us to so great and joyful hopes of the event of things after death, and of a glorious renovation of the state of mankind! when justice and clemency shall be administered in perfection, all the evils in this world abolished, and virtue and happiness, for ever established! What returns of praise and gratitude are due to the eternal giver of all life and happiness, who hath added to the provision which his indulgent providence hath made for our infant state in this world, the inestimable assurance of a world to come, and the inheritance of eternal life. This of the various proofs, which it has pleased the Almighty to give to the human race, that he is *the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin*, is certainly the greatest,—the most paramount.

The goodness of God in his astonishing condescension, in permitting us frail creatures to come into his presence is undoubtedly one of the greatest instances which he has been pleased to give of his love to the human race. This privilege, this angelic privilege, must be contemplated as so very extraordinary, and so wonderful, by every one who entertains a just and proper idea of the nature and attributes of the Deity, of his majesty, his power, his wisdom, purity and holiness, and who is at the same time conscious of the ignorance, impotence, and depravity of man, that, unless he knew by actual and happy experience that he possessed this privilege in common with the angels in heaven, it would have been impossible for him to have conceived that so great an honor could have been conferred upon him. When the Almighty purposed to express his extreme displeasure against the Elders of Israel for their sinful and idolatrous conduct, he says to his prophet Ezekiel, "*Speak unto the elders of Israel, and say unto them, thus saith the Lord God,*

*are ye come to enquire of me? as I live, saith the Lord God, I will not be enquired of by you,"* from which we may learn that God himself considers that he does confer a great and important favor on man by this heavenly privilege, and therefore the greatest of all misfortunes that could possibly befall a man in this life would be the deprivation of this liberty, so much more justly valuable than any earthly liberty he can enjoy.

The Creator in his goodness has made the soul of man, amidst all his depravity, susceptible of a divine feeling or harmony, which, when vibrated either by pious or virtuous thoughts or actions, produces a celestial music, which affects it probably with the same sort of feeling, in kind, though not in degree, which the angels themselves experience.

Nothing can be more gracious than the moral and religious government of God over his intellectual creature man, whether it is considered under the dictates of natural reason and conscience, in which his will is unfolded to a certain degree; or under the mosaic dispensation in which it is further and more particularly developed; or under the Christian revelation, in which it is completely revealed.

It is a mark of the goodness of God, that the greatest degree of human grief is capable of being relieved, even in its highest paroxysms, by genuine devotion, by pious offices and considerations; and that by these it can be, if not entirely subdued, at least so meliorated and effaced, as not perhaps very often to occur to the mind; and when it does, with a feeling of tender rather than bitter susceptibility, with a feeling that neither impairs our peace nor cheerfulness.

"One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the creator," says Paley, "is the very extensiveness of his bounty. We prize but little what we share only in common with the rest, or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings, we think forthwith of success, of prosperous fortunes, of honours, riches, preferments, i e, of those advantages and superiorities over others, which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us. Yet these are great things. These constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence; what alone, if we might so speak, are worthy of its care. Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understanding, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other. Yet, because almost every man we meet with possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration. They raise no sentiment; they move no grati-

tude. Now, herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought in truth to be the *more* satisfactory, the bounty at least of the donor is rendered more conspicuous, by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness; by its falling to the lot, and forming the happiness, of the great bulk and body of our species as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when *we* do not possess it, it ought to be matter of thankfulness that others do. But we have a different way of thinking. We court distinction. That is not the worst: we *see* nothing but what has distinction to recommend it. This necessarily contracts our views of the Creator's beneficence within a narrow compass: and most unjustly. It is in those things which are so common as to be no distinction, that the amplitude of the Divine benignity is perceived."

Many indeed are the benefits we derive from the divine goodness. The proper return for these benefits, is doubtless sincere and fervent gratitude. And surely nothing can be more becoming us, or conduce more to our advantage and happiness, than to cultivate a grateful affection towards the best of Beings, in return for the numberless and various instances of his goodness to us; and as a qualification for receiving more and larger effects of his favor. To this we are excited, not only by a sense of duty, but by the ties of nature, the motives of ingenuity, the pleasures of a grateful mind, and the hopes of future happiness.

W. S.

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### SONG.

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Oh! one sweet hour with thee,  
 When the soft night-breeze is sweeping;  
 And over flow'r and tree,  
 The fairy moonlight's creeping.

Oh! one sweet hour with thee,  
 When the dew falls on the flower;  
 And thought roams wild and free,  
 As the woodbine o'er thy bow'r.

I will fondly watch thy coming,  
 With untired and eager eye;  
 And the wild-brook's gentle humming,  
 Shall soothe me with a sigh.

MARIE,



## LYDDY!

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 BY THOMAS EGERTON WILKS.
 

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*Author of "The Captain is not Amiss," and other popular Farces.*

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LADY LYDIA MONTFAUCON was the prettiest, and the wealthiest, and the most highly connected young belle that "came out" the last season but three; and the consequence of her possessing these qualifications was that she became in very truth the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes." And very near was Lady Lydia to becoming a coquette, exposed as she was to the honied flattery of the words and deeds of her "devoted admirers," as the men called themselves; but an attachment which she had formed very early in life prevented in a considerable degree so undesirable a result. Lady Lydia loved with all the intensity of a young heart's homage, the handsome and Hon. Adrian Vane, who upon his part requited her affection by, as the song says, "giving all his heart." Yet were not these lovers quite so happy together as might be guessed, for if the truth be unveiled, Lady Lydia was a trifle attached to contradiction, (not an usual fault with women we hope?) and, moreover, had more than a spice of vanity; and besides all this, she delighted to tease and annoy her lover, and call into exercise the power which she possessed over him, and occasionally she exhibited all these little foibles in a manner which really was calculated to excite and vex a far more saturnine disposition than that in the proprietorship of Mr. Adrian Vane. It is astonishing what a number of lovers women lose every year by the exhibition of such qualities as those which we have just enumerated as belonging to Lady Lydia; and what is the consequence of such losses? why that half the women thus situated fret their pretty selves into the grave because they cannot recover the sweethearts they have lost, and the other half, marry men whom they care nothing about, and then discontentedly contrast their present condition with what that condition might have been, had not their own perverseness changed their destinies. Pretty ladies, pray don't pout; what we have just written is no *invention*; would to heaven it were so!

The qualities which in other women lead to results so disastrous, were far from proving innoxious in the case of Lady Lydia, for though she loved Adrian, as we have already stated, with the sincerity of first love—love which had an existence ere

the fountains of the heart had met with one tainting alloy! yet did she nearly contrive to lose his heart and affections; and the following is the way in which she had nigh accomplished the unintentional task:—

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

“Lady Lydia,” said the Hon. Adrian Vane, one morning, “do you go to the ball at the Duke’s to-night?”

“Most certainly,” replied the lady, somewhat surprised.

“So I concluded,” continued Adrian, “and I have therefore a favour to ask of you.”

“A favour?” coquettishly inquired Lady Lydia, with a smile and a pout and a toss of the head, “pray what is it?”

“Simply this, that you will not waltz, or at least that you will not waltz with Viscount Manerton.”

Viscount Manerton was a nobleman who had the character of having destroyed more reputations among the opposite sex, than any other nobleman of his own age and experience.

It is impossible to guess what it was that Lady Lydia expected this “favour” would turn out to be; but at the least it is certain that she did not anticipate what it really was, for she looked disappointed, although, it is true, only for a moment. To the request of her lover she made no answer; not that she cared a pin about Viscount Manerton, but she was engaged in tracing the feelings which had prompted the intreaty.

Adrian attributed her silence to a different motive, and he eagerly added, “surely you cannot refuse me so trifling a demand?”

Lady Lydia half smiled and half frowned—“He is jealous,” she concluded, and the conclusion sent a flush of triumph to her fair brow; but, alack, contradiction was uppermost in her heart—“I cannot promise,” she said.

Adrian Vane made a bow, as cold as the Mount St. Bernard in a snow storm, and departed, and Lady Lydia felt some how rather vexed that she had not acceded to the petition.

How oddly is human nature constituted! that very night Lady Lydia, having previously ascertained that her devoted swain was in the ball-room, graciously gave an acquiescence to the intreaties of Viscount Manerton that she would join the *valse*, and away she went in the whirl with the formidable nobleman for her partner.

When the dance was over, she gazed round for Adrian, but he had vanished, and what was a most remarkable thing, he did not appear again for a week—yes, a whole seven days past, and the Hon. Adrian Vane was still missing!

On the eighth morning after this disappearance, Lady Lydia encountered Viscount Manerton at a morning concert, and after some desultory chat, the former said—

"Strange fellow that Vane!"

"In what way?" queried Lady Lydia, and something within her bosom gave a great bound.

"Why to run off to the continent after this fashion. He never means to come back again, it is rumoured; some unfortunate *affaire de cœur* has caused this sudden resolve, I believe," and the gentleman sneered, as much as to infer that *his* adventures in that way were not equally unlucky.

"Indeed?" said Lady Lydia, with the most delightful carelessness; and then in another moment—"Don't the room feel very warm?" she asked.

"I think not," said Viscount Manerton.

"I really think it is," murmured Lady Lydia, and then her ivory bosom bounded, and her cheek paled, and—Lady Lydia fainted.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Viscount Manerton, "why poor Lady Lydia Montfaucon has fainted from the excessive heat of the room! Dear me, it must be very hot, although I was not aware of it. Make way, if you please, while I carry the lady out."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Hon. Adrian Vane left England, disgusted with what he deemed the heartlessness of his sweetheart, and determined at once, to use his own words, "to travel, and forget the girl for ever;" but it is a vast deal easier to *talk* about "forgetting a girl for ever," than actually to do so, as the writers hereof have learned to their cost, and so chanced it with the Hon. Adrian Vane, who by no manner of means chanced to forget Lady Lydia: but at the end of four months, hearing some rumour of a marriage between her and some sprig of nobility, returned to England to ascertain the truth of this report; and it so happened that Lady Lydia's father, the Earl, and her mother, and her own self, were staying at Wright's Hotel, at Dover, to which house the Hon. Adrian Vane likewise directed his steps after disembarking from the Calais steam-boat.

It was a most peculiarly embarrassing circumstance, that by some strange decree of fate, Adrian Vane happened to go into the very apartment where Lady Lydia was sitting reading, and very much astonished he was at seeing her, and very much amazed was she at seeing him.

"I beg pardon, Lady Lydia Montfaucon," stammered Mr. Vane, "I will retire."

Lady Lydia spoke not, and Adrian moved to the door; he reached the threshold—he turned to gaze once more upon her—she looked unconcerned and careless:—"She cares not for me," he concluded: he took another step, it carried him beyond the door; he turned once again—she still appeared unmoved, but the book in her hand shook visibly. Almost involuntarily he ejaculated one word—only *one* word—but that *one* word was enough: the word in question was—"Lyddy!"

She was in his arms in a moment:—"I will never waltz again," promised she.

"I will never leave you again—no not even for a single day!" responded he.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So Vane marries the Earl's daughter after all?" said Viscount Manerton, a few days afterwards.

"So I hear," answered Sir Harry Fielding.

"I could have had that girl for asking," ejaculated Manerton, curling his moustache.

"I should advise you not to say that in Vane's hearing," admonished the Baronet.

"Why not?"

"Because Vane is the best shot I ever met with, and he would be sure to call you out."

"Do you think so?" asked the nobleman, with a slight change of countenance.

"I am quite certain of it!"

"Well then," said Viscount Manerton, in a low tone, "let what I have told you about Lady Lydia be considered a *confidential* communication, and consequently one that must not be repeated."

### THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

" 'Twas musical, but very sweet;  
Such as when winds and harp strings meet  
And take a long unmeasur'd tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."—BYRON.

List! it swells to tremb'ling, as if the wind  
Fear'd to interrupt the harmony  
Itself had made—how sweet! how beautiful!  
"Now 'gain it dies away," as tho' the flight  
Of seraphs bore their sweet strains to a distance;  
Each note is so distinctly heard, and yet  
So exquisitely fine withal—so faint  
In undulating melody.

J. C. HALL.

## THE MANIAC'S REVENGE.

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“ Alas the love of women it is known  
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;  
 For all of their's upon that die is thrown,  
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring  
 To them, but mockeries of the past alone ;  
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing ;———”

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THE glowing tints of a beautiful summer sunset, were fast deepening into twilight, when the light form of a youthful female glided stealthily from beneath the deep foliage of a luxuriant copse, which formed the western boundary of an extensive and richly wooded park ; while ever and anon she threw around a temporary glance, as if of apprehension. Swiftly as a chamois she passed along, with footsteps so noiseless, that she might have been deemed a being of aerial mould, had not that agitated air of anxiety, too plainly proclaimed her a creature of frail mortality. At length she reached a ruined building, which had in all probability, been, in former times, one of those ornamental temples so frequently seen rising amid the trees of ancient parks—lone vestiges of other days ; decayed and forgotten like the hearts and the affections of those who loved to repose beneath their shade.

She stood gazing with eager eyes, for a few moments, across the expanse which stretched between her and the venerable mansion in the distance, almost embowered by the surrounding trees : a portion of its gothic stone front alone was visible, and there was nothing but the faint lines of white smoke issuing from its chimnies, and displaying their delicate tracery against the deep blue sky to tell that it was inhabited.

A sigh mingled with the evening breeze, as that fair girl starting from her contemplative attitude, threw herself with an air of disappointment on some stones which had become detached from the ruined temple, and leaning her head against its venerable side, an agonized sob burst forth as if escaping from the confines of a breaking heart. She wept long and bitterly ; even till the wan moon appeared above the chain of blue hills which formed the eastern horizon, and one by one the long narrow windows of the ancient mansion became illuminated.

A sound smote her accustomed ear : she arose, and advancing one small foot, stood with parted lips and extended hand,

listening in breathless silence. Doubt was reduced into certainty: a tall shadowy form was emerging from the avenue of chestnuts; she dashed the tears from her eyes, and in a moment that form stood by her side.

"I thought you had mistaken the trysting time, dear Ernest," said the gentle girl in a low and tremulous tone, at the same time placing a snowy hand on the arm of her companion, and raising her dove-like eyes timidly to his face.—"Methinks you are strangely altered of late, dearest!" she continued, in a still more faltering voice and withdrawing her eyes—"it was not *thus* we used to meet; it was not thus with studied coldness, you were wont to greet your Marion—."

"It is time *now*, however, to put an end to this trifling," exclaimed the youth, rudely shaking off the hand which still reposed on his arm, "my boyish *penchant* for you, Marion, has already been the cause of an infinity of troubles, which, else, had never tortured me; it has sown the seeds of dissension in bosoms, where, until *you* crossed my path, peace alone was a habitant: for you I have been an alien from my parents' hearts and hearth; for your sake I have braved my father's *curse*, and—"

"For *your's*, Ernest! I would have given up all, everything, even *yourself*," interrupted Marion, drawing up her tall, graceful form to its full height—"I was content to wear the icy chains of blighted affection, alone and unsoothed, only to have prevented that dreadful malediction, but you spurned the sacrifice, and doubted the sincerity of that *love* which offered it. For me, my tears might fall in silence; it mattered little how my life passed by, if *you* were but restored to all that you had lost for my sake, but entreaties were vain. And now, that these are forfeited by your devotion to me, and you are writhing beneath those self-inflicted pangs, shall *I*, of all others, be the one to desert you. Oh! Ernest! you know little of woman's heart, if *thus* you think—"

"Think!" exclaimed Ernest sarcastically, "I *have* thought till I am maddened by it. I can no longer wear the chain; it galls me; its burning links seem twined around my very soul—but one effort and I am free. Marion," he added, changing his energetic tone to one of assumed indifference, "circumstances call me away; the term of my stay is indefinite, and you are poor. If *this* will soften the pangs of absence," and he extended a heavy purse, the action insinuating that which his tongue refused to utter, heartless as he was. Marion dashed it from his hand;—

"Add not insult to cruelty;" she wildly exclaimed, "when I came hither this evening at *your* request, I thought not to meet with this indignity. Poor I *am*, it is true, and poor I *was* when first I met you; but Ernest, am I less rich in all that can make me wealthy in the sight of God and man, than at the inauspicious moment, when your smile first fell upon me? Of those riches, Ernest, even you have been unable to deprive me. I sought you not: the high-born heir of Walsingham was a star too radiant for the gaze of the lowly Marion Grey; but he condescended to *woo*, and he *won* my love: *how* that love has been requited, this meeting has fully revealed."

Ernest Walsingham was the creature of impulse; unaccustomed to control his feelings, he obeyed their every suggestion, however wild. The memory of all that *had been*, rushed to his mind and he clasped the trembling girl in a passionate embrace.

"My pure, my beautiful, my own Marion!" he exclaimed, "dear, as at the moment you first confessed yourself mine."

For a transient space he held her to his heart, but even then the dreams of ambition which haunted him, returned with redoubled influence and gently disengaging himself from her, in a colder tone he said, "But the immutable fiat is passed, and Marion, we sunder this night, to be reunited no more. Farewell! henceforth, should we chance to meet, it must be as strangers—may you be happy."

"*Happy!*" repeated the poor girl, "oh yes! I shall be *so happy!*" and her wild laugh of derision, rang fearfully in the heated imagination of Ernest Walsingham, long after his rapidly retreating footsteps had borne him from her sight.

Marion Grey moved not: the morning's rosy dawning found her still in the same spot, but what did it find her?—a MANIAC! Excitement had done its deadly work: her fairest hopes were wrecked on that dreadful rock, where so many young hearts have drooped, in all the desolateness of passionate and outraged affection, and the sudden blight operating on a mind, naturally the shrine of extreme sensibility, reason tottered for a moment and then fled, never, *never* to return.

A few brief weeks beheld the heartless Walsingham reigning in his paternal home the "gayest of the gay:" if ever he thought of the lily he had blighted, it was but transient remorse that he felt, and soon a new attachment, for a period, obliterated even that, while fairy visions of happiness with the high-born bride of his choice, floated through his ardent imagination. As for Marion Grey, she had disappeared from her village home;

none knew whither she had gone, and her heart-broken parents, unable to survive the loss of their gentle flower, so dear even in its premature decay, sank by slow degrees, into the grave.

Devoted to the gentle and unassuming Lady Adela Livingstone, Ernest seemed to exist only in her presence, and during the few months which intervened between their first introduction and the time fixed for their nuptials, he accompanied herself and family in a tour to the Lakes. The young spring was just unfolding its beauties to the caress of the warm sunbeams, adding increased interest to scenes, which under every change and in every circumstance must be deemed beautiful. Often would Walsingham lead his betrothed to contemplate some romantic spot which had peculiarly attracted his admiration, at the same time breathing into her ear that witchery, in which he was unfortunately but too well skilled. Poor Adela! she was revelling in the sunshine of a gorgeous dream; guileless, almost to simplicity, she little deemed when he spoke of the

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“Pleasant years  
Which they should pass together—of the pride  
He would take in his constancy,—”

how base a heart she had chosen, as the shrine whereon to repose her pure unhacknied affections; she knew not alas! that Ernest Walsingham could

“Look like the innocent flower, yet be  
The serpent under it,—”

It was in one of those little excursions when the young lovers were left to their own hearts, “sweet society,” that a sudden turn brought them almost close to an encampment of that wandering, but singularly interesting race of beings, called “gipsies.” The Lady Adela shrank back with instinctive fear, as their swarthy forms, reposing beneath the shelter of the overhanging rock, met her unaccustomed gaze; but a few words of explanation induced her to remain, pleased with an opportunity of contemplating those mystic beings of whom she had read and heard so much, but never before seen.

“What a subject for your masterly pencil, Ernest,” she whispered, “how I should treasure a sketch of those singular beings, were it made from nature and—by you.”

“A thousand, thousand thanks, my own love, for those two little words ‘by you;’” said Ernest, kissing the snowy hand which reposed confidently in his, “to hear those words so sweetly pronounced, what would not Walsingham achieve for Adela.”



At that moment a wild, agonized scream from some person evidently near, but unseen, broke on the quietude of noon and turned Adela's blushing cheek to the paleness of death; an old crone of the gipsy group, raised her almost doubled form, gazed around for a few seconds and then regarding our adventurers with a scrutinizing and fearful glance, from which the trembling Adela involuntarily shrank, she resumed her attitude of repose.

"Oh! let us leave this spot, dear Ernest," exclaimed Adela, attempting to draw him away, "I cannot endure the basilisk glance of that dreadful woman's eyes—oh! do not, do not stay."

"What have you to fear, dearest, when I am by your side?" returned Ernest, who, could he have quitted his trembling charge would gladly have sought the cause of their alarm, "it is doubtless a trick of one of the gipsy-urchins to scare us from their haunts," and he unwillingly followed the impulse of his fair companion.

Fain would Adela have dissuaded her lover from his purpose, when as the sun shot his horizontal rays across the glittering lake, he took his sketch-book and prepared for a second excursion to the scene of their morning adventure, but her entreaties failed to subdue that high, chivalrous spirit, which laughed at common fears, as ridiculous and weak.

At a short distance from the scene he intended sketching, Ernest, arranging himself and materials, commenced his task, but ere he had completed it, the twilight was fast gathering over each thing of beauty; the evening star like a lone gem, trembled in the west and a deep repose was stealing over every object so lately fraught with animation.

Walsingham collected his drawings and giving a last glance at the gipsies, turned to leave the spot, but retrograded involuntarily as a shadowy form close to his elbow, met his eyes. A moment's scrutiny sufficed to disclose the withered form of the aged woman, whose glance had so terrified Lady Adela, a few hours before, and whose countenance, as the red glare of the fire fell on it, displayed to Walsingham's earnest gaze, anything but a prepossessing expression.

"Ha, ha, ha, ye start as if a ghaist had met ye're e'e," exclaimed the old crone in a strong Northern accent, but which a practised ear might easily have discovered to be assumed, "but I am nane, young mon. I ha tales in plenty o'their warks, but if ye wish for sic a sight, ye maun gang ower the border, an' there ye wull meet wi' ghaists, an' witches, an' warlocks, an' kelpies, tull ye're heart's content."

"But I have no such wish, good mother," said Ernest surprised at her singular address, "My only motive in wandering here, was to sketch the scenery which is so beautiful about this spot, and now rendered doubly picturesque by the addition of yon cheerful, happy group," and he pointed to the gipsies, who were sleeping around their fire.

"The fairest flowers hae mony thorns which ye ken not of, young sir," said the gipsy, "but whar," and she scowled earnestly in his face, "is the bonnie lassie ye war sae blithely wooin' this mornin'."

"She is at home; the meetest place for one so fair and fragile, when the chill of evening and the dews of heaven, are falling around."

The old woman laughed ironically, "Puir bairn!" said she. "she dinna ken the guile o' mon: she dinna ken the same blossom wha's cup distils hinny, may hide a fearfu' poison—a poison for which the warld hauds nae antidote. Waes me, that ane sae bonnie, sud hae sic a sorrowfu' fate in store."

"What mean you, woman;" exclaimed Ernest, his impetuous temper beginning to effervesce, "what know you of the Lady Adela's present situation, or future destiny, that you presume thus to——"

"Wha tauks o' presumption tull auld Madge?" calmly interrupted the hag—"Saftly! young mon; saftly! Ken ye not I hae the gift o' second-sight, an' sall ye, puir blin' mortal, tauk o' *presumption* to ane sae gifted? If ye do, ye maun tremble. Ye are blithe an' gay noo, but it sall nae be sae ower lang. Ye're fairest hopes sall perish: ye luve an' are luv'd in return, but mark me, when ye wad fin' ye're guerdon, ye maun seek it wi' the earth-worm in the cauld grave, whar youth an' beauty sleep their lang sleep, thegither."

A muttered curse burst from the lips of the irritated Walsingham, as the aged woman pronounced those mystic words, her voice becoming gradually more emphatic as she proceeded, until it deepened into a tone almost as hollow as if proceeding from the grave of which she spoke.

Vainly did her auditor essay to shake off the impression she had left, but to acknowledge its weakness, even in appearance, was more than that lofty spirit could succumb to, and prefacing his remarks with some intemperate expressions of wrath, which drew an additional scowl on the cadaverous features of "auld Madge," Ernest indignantly exclaimed

"I came not hither to listen to prophecies, as futile as they are unasked for. If you are in distress, and money is your ob-

ject in thus haunting me,—here is gold,—I freely bestow it, but believe not to extort it by prognostications garbed in a jargon unintelligible, at least to me.”

“Gin ye dinna understan’ me, I wull speak mair plainly; but ye maun gie ye’re goud tull them wha want it mair than I,” retorted the sybil, her black eyes kindling with anger and insulted pride; then dropping the Scotch idiom, to Ernest’s astonishment, she continued in a pure English accent, her glance the while flashing fiercely upon him—“This is not the *first* time thou hast *offered Gold*, thou son of folly, and it hath been *rejected*. Think’st thou, the vile dross can still the throbbings of hearts that know no peace, or minister healing to wounds which are immedicable? Can it soothe to silence the gnawings of a guilty conscience; the ‘worm that never dies—the fire that never is quenched?’ answer me, child of mortality, for *thou* best canst do so.”

“Wretch!” exclaimed Ernest, violently grasping her withered arm: “what know you of *me*, or my past life and actions, that you single me out thus, as a mark for your fiendish sport. Nay trifle not! tell me instantly, or by the Heaven above us, I will take a signal vengeance.” And his whole frame shook with the intensity of the passion which pervaded him.

“I fear not *thy* vengeance, even were I unprotected:” calmly observed the hag, releasing herself by a slight effort from Ernest’s relaxing grasp, and pointing to her slumbering companions. “But thou *askest*, and I will *tell* thee; of thy *past* life I need not speak, for thou knowest it well—too well, but for thy *future* years,” (and as she raised her skinny hand on high, her voice grew more unearthly)—“they shall be as the flowers o’er which the simoom hath swept its desolating breath; as the oak rent by the lightning’s flash; as the lands o’er which the avalanche hath spread its torrent of fell destruction; and in the mournful sighings of the night-wind, there shall come, a voice breathing of *Retribution*.”

“There is one *recollection* shall make thee sad, even in the resorts of gaiety and dissipation: *one form* shall haunt thee in thy dreams till sleep is repose no longer; *one name* (and her voice heightened almost to a shriek), shall be written in characters of fire, on the tablet of thy heart, and at a moment when thou least expectest, that name will call aloud for vengeance, and—*receive it*. Ernest Walsingham! I have *said* it, and *my words* were never known to pass away.”

Again, the same fearful shriek he had before heard, fell upon the ear of Ernest, followed by a burst of laughter resembling

the yell of mocking-fiends; yet they proceeded not from the sybil, who stood calm and unmoved before him; but he heard nothing, saw nothing long; overcome by the violence of contending emotions, trees, mountains, lakes, faded from his vision and he sank senseless on the earth. When he revived, the moon was careering in full majesty, high in the heavens: he was chill and numbed, and his luxuriant chesnut hair was dank with the dews of night; he seemed as if awaking from a fearful dream, the very indistinctness of which made it appear more appalling; but recollection gradually resumed its functions and recalled the events that, from the rapidity with which they had passed, seemed so unreal. He raised himself, and looked around for evidences; there, at a distance lay a few dying embers, ever and anon faintly glowing as the night-wind fanned them in its flight: but gipsies, encampment, and all had vanished during his insensibility, and endeavouring to discard the agonizing impression, the evening's adventure had left on his heart, Ernest slowly retraced his homeward path; with feelings far different from those which thrilled him as he bounded over it a few hours previously.

With difficulty he evaded the earnest and almost tearful enquiries of the gentle Adela, who terrified by his pallid countenance and shivering frame, was by no means sparing of them. An adept in deception, Ernest contrived to lull her fears, and assuming a carelessness, foreign to his feelings, (and from motives too deeply hidden for her to fathom,) he spoke of their proposed departure on the following day, with an air of gaiety and satisfaction, so apparent, that even the unsuspecting Adela was surprised. But such was not to be the case. The unusual and violent excitement he had suffered, together with the long exposure to the cold damps from the lake, produced an effect Ernest little anticipated, and a high fever ensued.

For some weeks the party were detained by his alarming indisposition, and after his partial recovery, it was by easy stages only, he was enabled once more to reach his paternal halls, the shadow of his former self. The gipsy's prophecy, in spite of every effort of reason to dispel it, still rang in his ear, in the same fearful tones in which she uttered it, and that wild scream breaking horribly the silence of night, was ever present to his imagination.

How beautifully and truly has it been remarked that "a guilty conscience is its own awful world," and Ernest finding no repose in scenes whose minutest feature reminded him so unpleasantly of the unhappy girl, with whom the late event seemed

so mysteriously connected, prevailed on his family to remove to a villa in the neighbourhood of his betrothed bride's residence, and glad to embrace any project which promised for its reward the restoration of his health, they readily acceded.

These untoward circumstances delayed the celebration of the nuptials until the slight change in the hue of the trees, and fading of summer roses to make way for flowers of more varied hues, proclaimed that autumn had appeared, bright, gorgeous, and glowing ! Then had Ernest almost banished from his mind the causes of that delay, or if at times the chilling remembrance did pass like a cloud before the sunshine of his existence ; he dissipated it, (or rather endeavoured to do so) in the haunts of gaiety and consoled himself by reflecting he was far, far removed from the scenes where those events had occurred ; but he was not *happy* : he could not steep his senses in forgetfulness, and he was gradually fulfilling the sybil's words.

Gay and gorgeous were the preparations for the bridal and it was celebrated with almost regal splendour. Walsingham gazed on the gentle being, so lately pronounced his own, with feelings of entranced admiration, as she glided, like a sylph, through the brilliantly illuminated avenues of the grounds which surrounded the magnificent mansion which had hitherto been her home. But there were thoughts which at times rushed over the tablet of his memory, so earth-like as to burst the spell of happiness which bound him, and banish for awhile the smiles of joy which illumined his fine features ; and those thoughts awakened a remembrance he would fain have bathed in oblivion, for it was that of the gipsy's prophecy, which in defiance of reason would at periods throw a shade over the brightness of his onward path, yet when he looked on his bride, he laughed to think how futile it had been.

To give additional enchantment to the scene, many of the guests masqued and assuming different characters and disguises dispersed themselves in small groups about the grounds and never did carnival present a gayer or more brilliant assemblage, than that which graced the bridal of Ernest and Adela. The soft air was laden with perfume, and music, song, and jest, floated lightly on the wings of the evening zephyrs. The Lady Adela was even lively, but her gay musical laugh ceased, as she observed a shade unconsciously pass over the brow of her lord.

"You are sad, love ; shall I sing to cheer you ?" she softly said. Ernest smiled assent, and taking up a lute that lay by, the fair girl swept its fairy chords, and in her own peculiarly

low sweet voice, sang a few simple, but appropriate lines. She ceased, yet had scarcely done so, when the sound of an instrument stole from the shrubbery near which they were situated, so strange, yet so singularly sweet

"That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
And turned and look'd into the air,  
As if they thought to see the wing  
Of Isra'el, the angel, there."

The minstrel played a wild symphony, and then sang the following:—

There are sounds of joy on the balmy air,  
As it sweeps from the star-gemm'd skies;  
But a deadly gloom, shall obscure hope's bloom,  
And change its bland smiles to sighs.

There are blissful dreams of far-future years,  
And love floats on the night-wind's breath;  
But ere midnight's hour, the *bridal's flower*,  
Will be sleeping the sleep of death.

Consternation sat upon the features of the listeners, and on Ernest's something more, for horror was there most visibly depicted, but there was little time left for observation, ere he darted with the swiftness of an arrow in the direction whence the mysterious music had proceeded, while the Lady Adela, turning pale as the orange-flowers which encircled her fair, high brow, sank with a faint scream on the seat from which, in the excitement of the first alarm she had arisen.

"Water, water!" she gasped, and a ready hand presented the chalice. Ah! would that one more friendly had been near to avert the fatal draught, but alas! that gentle flower was destined to become a sacrifice to the guilt of another—the contents of the chalice were impregnated with a quick and deadly poison.

"Treachery! treachery!" echoed in fearful tones throughout those avenues so lately fraught with joyance; all became confusion, and when the maddened Walsingham returned from his vain pursuit, it was to behold his beauteous bride writhing in the pangs of mortal agony. With incredible and fatal celerity, the baneful liquid mingled with the crimson stream, which a few minutes before had flushed so eloquently in that fair face, now distorted by agony and livid with the hue of death. Ill fated Adela! there was no time for antidote; she lifted her filmy eyes for a moment to Ernest, as if to look the farewell her lips could not utter—and then—closed them for ever.

"She is not *gone*, oh! in mercy say she is not *dead*!" shrieked the agonized Walsingham and raising his eyes from the inani-

mate form he clasped, as if to supplicate the brilliant crowd which gathered round, for an assurance, they, alas! might not give, he encountered a *look* bent on him with such an expression of wild triumph, that it curdled the little remaining life-blood which yet played around his chilled heart; for the wan and haggard features that wore it, were those of *her*, who was once so beautiful, so idolized; *her* whose happiness his cruelty and heartlessness had blighted for ever, teaching her to forsake her peaceful, though lowly home, and in the frenzy of her crushed feelings to join a horde of those rude beings from whom her gentle nature had before shrunk with loathing; *her* whose reason he had overthrown, and whose heart he had trampled on, until *love* fled, and left a deadly hatred, which grew so strong that the desire of revenge became a part of existence: *HER* it was who bent an eye of fire on him;—even MARION GREY—and Ernest sank in happy insensibility by the side of his dead bride. He heard not the maniac's laugh of triumph pealing wildly on the still midnight air, as with the speed of a lapwing she darted from the spot, as it were into oblivion, for from that awful night Marion Grey was seen no more.

As for Walsingham, the bereaved and the wretched, he became, indeed, "as the flowers o'er which the simoom hath swept its desolating breath." One by one the parent-trees and the scions of his noble house, glided into the deep repose of the silent tomb, until at length, he alone, of all his lofty line remained to tell how bright their glory once had been. The loves and the friends of his heart had all departed from their homes like shadows, leaving undying remorse and wretchedness to prey upon his spirit, unpitied and unsoothed. Lost in a gloomy moroseness or rather savageness, Walsingham was doomed to linger through years of misery, and then to sink into the grave unhonoured and unwept, a melancholy emblem of the utter instability of human hopes and human desires.

M. E.

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## THE EMIGRANT.

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He turned a parting glance,  
 On the home he loved so well,  
 And sigh'd to think, no more 'twas his,  
 Amid its shades to dwell :  
 He knew that stranger forms,  
 Reposed within it now,  
 And a deeper shadow pass'd across,  
 His wan and altered brow.

He gazed, with bursting heart,  
 On his fair and gentle bride ;  
 And the guileless babe that sweetly slept,  
 Unconscious, by her side :  
 He knew the bitter tears,  
 That made those eyes so dim,  
 Flow'd not o'er her own blighted hopes,  
 But for their child, and *him*.

He thought on that bright hour,  
 Which gave unto his care,  
 The fragile flower, whose beauty now,  
 Was drooping 'neath despair :  
 She feign'd a happy smile,  
 His sinking heart to cheer,  
 But, oh ! its sweetness breath'd a tale,  
 Far sadder than her tear.

Upon her breast he lies,  
 Hushed in a placid sleep ;  
 And, she so fears to break his rest,  
 She may not even weep :  
 The balmy breeze up-springs,  
 And the snowy sails are spread ;  
 But the Emigrant will wake no more.  
 He slumbers with the—*dead* !

M. E.



## A VENETIAN STORY.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

*Author of "Lays for Light Hearts," &c.*

*Thekla*—Enough! no further preface, I entreat you,  
 At once out with it! Be it what it may,  
 It is not possible that it should torture me  
 More than this introduction. What have you  
 To say to me? tell me the whole and briefly!

*Countess*—You'll not be frightened—

*Thekla*—Name it, I entreat you.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

"TWAS night—a glorious night,—the silver moon shone forth in all her splendour, lighting up terrace and tower, casting her soft beams far and wide over the fair city of Venice, peeping in at the lattice of many a fair Venetian, and kissing the lips of many a sleeper; it was such a night as the fairies love to revel in, when the ground appears like gold and emeralds, and the dew-drops on the flowers, glitter like diamonds.

All was calm and still, not a sound was heard to break the silence that prevailed; not a ripple stirred, not a leaflet rustled—even the sea was hushed into repose—and a maiden's sigh might have been borne, uninterrupted, over its surface—it was in fact, one of those delicious nights in which it may be said the mind loves to wander; and when removed from the turmoil of the day, and the chilling realities of nature, the imagination can picture, while yet in this, visions of another world: it was a night of quiet beauty such as can only be met with in "sunny Italy," and in a land breathing with wild romance, can alone be felt and appreciated.

The day had been one of a festival, and the Gondolas which a few hours since were seen flitting backwards and forwards on the Lido, filled with happy faces, with the lanthorns—which it is the custom at night-time to place at their prows—shining like so many stars, had one by one disappeared; and I, having stayed later than usual on a visit to an English resident, was under the necessity of walking to my lodgings at the "Pilgrim."

Attracted by the peculiar beauty of the night, I did not care to hasten to repose, but sauntered leisurely along. Deeply impressed with the beauty that surrounded me I directed my steps towards the Bridge of Sighs; where I stood for a few minutes gazing on its singular structure, and reflecting on the poetical

images, and romantic associations with which it is connected. Here thought I the vows of many a fond couple have been breathed, unheard, unseen, except by the eye of Heaven—here has the steel of the assassin perpetrated its dark deed, impelled by the hire of misplaced affection—jealousy—hatred or revenge.

The romantic appearance of the spot, almost induced me to anticipate an adventure. In enlightened England, one might not unreasonably have looked for a ghost gliding forward in the soft moonlight; but the superstitious Italians do not believe in ghosts, none, I believe, having appeared there since that of Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar." Perhaps also the holy calm that pervaded the scene was too humanizing in itself—too fully fraught with that influence which subdues our sterner passions, to permit the existence of any thought which should wander away to an event out of the regular course of nature.

I was however, mistaken, for just as I was proceeding on my way, a slight cough, and the sound of heavy footsteps close at hand arrested my attention.

Not caring to be seen, and anxious to know, what might be going forward at such an hour, in Venice, I concealed myself and patiently awaited the issue.

I must here mention that at a short distance from the bridge of Sighs, there is a long narrow passage leading from the prison, at the remote extremity of which, over some scrapper-holes which descend to the water, is a strong iron bar, fixed at each end into the wall—from this place the noise I heard proceeded—it was occasioned by the executioners who were bringing a condemned criminal to the spot where he was to pay, in this world, the last forfeit of his crimes.

I shuddered as I beheld his body placed over the iron bar, and saw, while the moonbeams yet played upon his features, the same visage at the same moment in life and death—with one stroke his head was severed from his body, a long red streak like a plague spot on a fair cheek, was visible for a few minutes on the water, then all was placid as before. Shortly after, a black Gondola glided noiselessly, "like a dark spirit of the waters," to a small portal by the water's edge,—in this the body was placed, and conveyed to a distant part of the Lagune, where, as is customary on such occasions, it would be thrown in, at a spot where the fishermen of Venice, under the severest penalties are forbidden to fish.

Sick at heart, I turned away from the place where I had witnessed such a revolting scene, and made the best possible way to my apartments.

The morning was far advanced when I awoke, and I had occasion to pass the scene of my last night's adventure, but the sun was shining, and all around breathed happiness. I scarcely know why it was, but I could not help thinking that this mode of execution, however revolting at first sight it may appear to English notions, is much more conducive to the morality and general happiness of a people, than the disgusting day-light exhibition of the peopled gallows in London, where a low mob is assembled, with every opportunity afforded those composing it, of committing crime in the very sight of its punishment.

Instead of being marked as a detested and fearful spot, the water presented an animated appearance; crowds of visitors having been attracted on its surface and by its margin to witness a regatta, or gondola race—an exhibition not unfrequently to be met with here.

A short distance from where I was standing there was an old man who stood apart from the rest and who appeared to care little for the sports which were commencing; he seemed "a melancholy man," and gazed, as with an eye of pity on the frivolities in which his brethren were interested.

"Do you not take part in the contest?" I asked, addressing him in his own language.

"I do not Signor," was his reply, "I have no taste for such matters now."

"More attentive to general business I perceive, well, I will hire you to row a short distance."

The man on hearing this, motioned to an assistant, and in a few minutes we were gliding down the canal.

Most of the Gondoliers have their peculiar tales to tell, with which they amuse their passengers, and the singular appearance of this man gave me an idea that I should hear something unusual from his lips—his path seemed to be out of the beaten track, and though the bright dark eye burned in his forehead, and the warm Italian blood flowed in his veins, the former was seen with a sunken cheek, the latter in a withered form.

"You doubtless know many strange stories connected with these waters," said I inquisitively.

"More than I wish to remember, or care to relate;" said he, gloomily.

"Indeed! you interest me, would nothing induce you to make me acquainted with your story."

"Why," he replied, "you are a foreigner, and will probably soon be quitting Venice, therefore it can make no difference to you, and I will relate it."

I directed him to steer for the least frequented part of the Lagune, and he thus proceeded.

"It is a simple narrative, and I cannot, to make it more interesting, garnish it with any of those flowers of speech which others are capable of doing, it is however, no idle romance, no made up story to arrest the willing ear of the too credulous traveller—but a relation of sad, melancholy facts, as lamentable as true, and the memory of which will cling with ignominy to the fair scene in which they were enacted—but you shall draw your own conclusions.

"It is now five years ago since Count Marco di Veroni, a Venetian noble, of good birth and possessed of considerable fortune, espoused the accomplished Francesca Garganelli; his equal in birth, who was accounted one of the most beautiful women in all Venice. I cannot give a description sufficiently clear for you to form a correct idea of the original, but her beauty was such as to attract at the first glance, and with those who gazed on her with other feelings than those of mere admiration, a look, a word, was sufficient to captivate; but yet withal there was a majesty in her deportment that forbade any attempt at frivolity, and thus it was, though there were many who envied the Count in his possession of her—few had the hardihood to express their adoration, or the folly to acknowledge their regret.

"There was one, however, who had received some encouragement from Francesca, and he was determined not to yield the possession of his heart's idol, to a rival, without an attempt to reclaim her, or at least without indulging in that feeling of revenge too prevalent in the disposition of an Italian, by causing the Count to feel as uncomfortable in the possession of his mistress, as he felt chagrined at the loss of her.

"Leonardo Visconti, was the Count's superior in intellectual attainments, though his inferior in rank and fortune, and thus it was that the former found himself rejected, though that she should give up the attentions of a handsome and intellectual youth, to become the *cara sposa* of a man double his age, without a sinister motive, seemed a matter of surprise to her friends and relations; a surprise too, that they failed not to insinuate in the hearing of the Count, who construed every imaginary slight on the part of Francesca, to so many modifications of regret for the loss of Leonardo's love.

"The gratification Count Marco expected to have derived from the possession of so young and beautiful a wife, disappeared a very short time after their union; he wished himself unmarried.

a hundred times, and looked with an eye of suspicion on all those who even hinted that his spouse was handsome.

" 'Signora!' said he one day, evidently annoyed at some remarks that had greeted his ears during his absence; 'they tell me you are handsome.'

" Francesca colored slightly, probably more through his abruptness, than through any cause that would have called the rich carnation to her cheek.

" 'Yes!' he continued, observing her closely, 'they do! and I would ask you if it is fitting that the wife of Count Marco di Veroni, should be the puppet of the city?'

" 'Come!' said she, taking his hand affectionately, 'you'll own, at least, 'tis you who most admire it.'

" 'It may be so,' he replied softening; 'and therefore the most jealous of its possession.'

" 'Dear Count, what mean you?'

" 'That we must live more secluded—see less company, and hear me, that your admiring friends may gaze their fill, I have engaged an artist to paint your portrait, as the fittest ornament for my hall of audience.'

" It was in vain that Francesca assured the Count his fears were unfounded, he was inexorable, and the following day she was instructed to receive the artist.

" At the appointed time the painter arrived, and Francesca thought she recognized a well-known voice, as he tremulously bade her be seated, and directed her position to the proper light, for the effect he intended to produce on the canvas.

" For some time he proceeded silently in his occupation, occasionally stopping to gaze on her, with, Francesca thought, more earnestness than is requisite for a painter to gaze, whose only object is faithfully to delineate a lady's features.

" 'You appear young in your profession,' she at length said, wishing to confirm or remove her suspicions.

" 'Very young!' he replied, 'and yet old enough to know that we invariably draw women more lovely than they are.'

" 'Tis your profession to flatter,' she continued.

" 'And yours to betray,' replied the painter.

" 'How?' asked Francesca, timidly.

" 'Why thus,' proceeded the painter, fixing his dark eyes on her all the while he spoke, 'we invest you with a false glow of beauty, picture you with a pure and open brow, a smiling countenance, and a gentle form—the world sees the picture and admires it, thinks it too beautiful to sin—they afterwards know the original, and *that* betrays us!'

"Your sketch is faulty," she observed, "will you make no allowance for the influence circumstances may have on the mind and disposition."

"Circumstances!" he repeated in a tone of bitterness, "are we all subservient to time and circumstance—but perhaps it is so—we are governed by worldly feelings, and outward show must always exclude the finer sensibilities of human nature."

"Not in every thing!" said Francesca, interested with the artist's peculiar style.

"Name an exception," he continued.

"Woman's love," she replied.

"Why that's the very slave of time and place," said he emphatically, "now listen; I knew a student of Verona, who loved a lady famed for her beauty and accomplishments; not unsuccessful was the suit he urged, for she, with accents mild and smiles as bland as summer, assured him that his love was not in vain. He was not rich, but counted wealth sufficient to have satisfied one with less love than she professed to bear him,—but I weary you, and the portrait,"—

"No matter, you can come again—I pray proceed," said Francesca, who began to evince considerable emotion on hearing the painter's anecdote.

"I will not say they were betrothed," resumed the artist, "for he put too much faith in her esteem, to ask a verbal pledge for its continuance; and he was happy, till one day he met a noble—a patron it might be, to whom he pictured his mistress's beauties, not as I would, in bright and glowing colours, but in words fervent and eloquent,—this noble liked the portrait, he visited the original—he was wealthy, and she—forgot the student to become a countess."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Francesca, trembling at the similarity to her own situation, "she could not have understood his love!"

"True! true!" said the painter musing, "he never claimed her hand, but their love was young, and he"—

"His name," she asked fearfully.

"*Leonardo Visconti!*" said the painter, speaking in his natural voice and throwing off a vest which had concealed his figure.

"Leonardo! why did I not know this before—I have not ceased to remember, nor to love you; but why do you, now that it is impossible for you to claim my hand, come to reproach me with infidelity."

"Because," said Leonardo, "had I come before, when the

brilliant offers of a Count were busying your brain, you would not have listened to me,—having obtained what your heart desired, you think you could as easily have refused it, but vanity, Francesca, has greater influence over a woman's heart, than love, at all times."

"Francesca burst into tears; "Leonardo," she said, "in what a situation you have placed me, could you not have sought another place for an interview, the Count is already so jealous."—

"Fear not," interrupted Leonardo, "I have long studied the art you think I only assume the knowledge of—I still love you Francesca, and it would be hard to turn away the painter before the portrait's finished."

"You will betray me," said Francesca smiling, and at the same time presenting him her hand.

"Never," he exclaimed, "never by this kiss, though imprinted on the hand another robbed me of."

"There was a slight noise at the door of some one approaching—they trembled for an instant, but Leonardo rapidly resumed his disguise, and as Count Marco entered the apartment Francesca was sitting as silently as if nothing had happened, and the painter was busy at his easel.

"Women are strange mixtures of frailty and truth," said the Gondolier, "tho' they tell me climate has something to do with it, that in our sunny land the heart is more susceptible and open to the influences of the tender passion, than are the hearts of the women in the more northern countries.

"They are much the same all over the world." I observed, "the female mind is said to be ever the weakest, surely then when we find a woman falling from the position in society in which her virtue and intellects have placed her, we ought to blame the tempter who occasions her disgrace rather than his unhappy victim, and consider it a lamentable, tho' unfortunately a natural consequence."

"You are right Signor, I believe, after all," he replied, "woman may be likened to a boat, she will float smoothly down the stream of life if guided by a steady and skilful hand, but if left to float on, of her own accord, ten to one but she is wrecked, and lost to the world for ever—but to return to my story.

"Leonardo continued to work upon the picture, but he took a much longer time, and made many more visits than were necessary to finish such an undertaking—the consequence was that the Count suspected him—he hinted his suspicions to his wife, and flew into a rage with the painter, who finding himself

undiscovered, pretended to take offence at his words, and left the house without finishing the portrait, whether he again visited it or not, I never could ascertain, but I believe he never did in the disguise of an artist.

"The painter having disappeared, the Count grew more reconciled to his wife, but he never dreamed it was his rival, nor would he have ever discovered the cheat had it not been for an accident—but I must not anticipate.

"It was some years after what I have recounted that a female bearing all the appearances of having been one of the most beautiful women of her day, presented herself on the eve of the festival of St Mark, at the little church of St. Agostino, for the holy purpose of confession.

"It must have been a solemn sight to behold the pale penitent beauty, scarcely past the bloom of womanhood, kneeling tremblingly before the stern features of the venerable Father Almenso. What was the confession she made it is impossible to ascertain, except we could remove from the lips of the confessor the solemn seal of the church, and the one other who could have divulged it, has no longer the power to do so;—well, deeply and attentively, and with the greatest contrition she was listening to the admonitions, and responding to the earnest prayers of the holy Father, when suddenly a man rushed towards them, and drawing his dirk or *coltello*,—a weapon with which an Italian is always armed, laid her dead at the confessor's feet.

"Francesca, for it was her, had scarcely time to recognise her husband, and she spoke no parting word in passing to another world.

"Tis probable that the Count, who had long suspected his wife's fidelity, had followed her to the confessional, and that his suspicions being confirmed, caused him to commit the act of desperation just related.

"To his home he never returned but escaped to the hills, where he joined and became the captain of a gang of banditti who had long infested the neighbourhood.

"As to the church, that was abandoned by the priests and the people, and a black crucifix, which has been erected on the spot where the murder was committed, is now seen amidst the gloomy and deserted ruins, where it recalls the fearful recollection of past events, and presents to the traveller an impressive lesson on the effects of the disorders of the passions."

Here the narrator paused, and with that curiosity so natural in an Englishman I enquired if the culprit had since been taken.—A faint smile passed over the features of the Gondolier as he answered in the affirmative.



"Then he has doubtless paid the forfeit of his crime," I continued.

"He has" said my companion, "he was executed only last night, and I as is my duty, conveyed his body to the spot where it was cast into the water."

"Good God!" I cried, "and I have been listening to the history of the very man I last night saw executed, and sitting with the same man who conveyed his body to its final resting place."—My heart sickened at the idea and I directed him to make the shore as speedily as possible.

I have seen many strange sights since, but all these and all the merry scenes I have taken part in, have not been able to erase from my mind the memory of the dark Gondola.

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### A FEW WORDS ON THE DRAMA.

A PAINTER, who would set out on a tour through a desert land, if he supplied nothing from his imagination, would produce but sterile landscapes; and a stranger in an ice island, floating under either pole, would scarcely collect anecdotes enough to entitle him to the dignity of knighthood, much less to fill a quarto volume: not but that a great deal has been done, of late, to show how much may be made of nothing, and the maxim "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," is not applicable to all cases. But this building, without foundation, is not exactly suited to our taste; we would much rather have ground to build upon, lest, for want of sufficient support, our superstructure should tumble about our ears. But alas! the bubbles that now appear upon the stage, in many instances, burst before we can examine them. If we would strike, we beat the empty air; and if we would support them, they dissolve within our grasp; at least such has been the case at most of the places of amusement during the last month. At the majors we have had nothing worth notice, and the minors have lacked novelty. The only theatre at which we saw anything that pleased us, during the past month, was the *Royal City of London Theatre, Norton Folgate*. Here several new pieces have been exhibited; and some of them will, no doubt, continue to attract several during the season. The scenery at this elegant house is excellent, and the performers, if not of the first-rate talent, are really good, and certainly do their endeavours to please in a modest and becoming manner. The performances here conclude by eleven o'clock; thus affording an opportunity to indulge the juvenile part of our family with an evening's recreation, which the late hours kept up at most of the other houses, entirely preclude.





*Her Most Gracious Majesty*

QUEEN VICTORIA.

## SONNET ON QUEEN VICTORIA.

O scarcely bursten into womanhood,  
 Ere thou art called to wield an empire's fate,  
 And destined to sustain its mighty weight ;  
 So young and beautiful, so great, yet good—  
 Methinks I see thee in thy wreathed alcove\*  
 Embowered—in deep and quiet thought alone—  
 Unmindful of the pageant of a throne,  
 But musing on thy country's fervent love,  
 Its holiest offering guerdon'd with thy smiles,  
 Which spread enchantment o'er th' exulting Isles ;  
 Long may'st thou bless them, with the seraph power  
 Of woman's goodness, whose heaven-hallowed might  
 Shall crown the glorious future with delight,  
 And make the humblest home, an eden-bower.

S. T. HUNT.

## AN EVENING FANCY.

Oh ! it is glorious thus, at eve's soft close,  
 To watch the yellow gleams of light that fly  
 Across the heavens, and view the changeful sky  
 Tinged with a thousand hues and varying glows,  
 Hastening to paint the horizon, ere they die  
 In the embrace of night, with rich supply  
 Of brilliancy and loveliness. To those  
 Who love to watch the mysteries that rule  
 The course of nature, it is sweet to rove  
 At this enchanting hour the woodland grove,  
 And woo the Muse within her fav'rite school,  
 Green turf beneath, and vermeil sky above !  
 'Tis then the minstrel hears unearthly lyres,  
 Soothing to peace his bosom's wild desires !

EMILY BIRD.

\* Her Majesty's favorite resort in the enclosed gardens of Kensington Palace.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

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"Whatsoe'er he had of love reposed  
On that beloved daughter; she had been  
The only thing which kept his heart unclosed."

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THE sun was shedding his last rays over the bay of Naples, and the beautiful city was illumined by a thousand reflected glories, while its busy streets teemed with myriads of human beings, each intent on the gratification of their individual inclinations and pursuits. The high-born and the humble; the wealthy and the poor; the pensive and the gay, were indiscriminately mingling in the splendid resorts, while the light sound of the guitar, and deeper intonation of the song, stole through many a lattice, and floated lightly on the balmy air.

It were difficult, even for the most fertile fancy, merely to *imagine* the beauty of an Italian evening; the intense blue of its serene skies, unmarred by a single cloud; the refreshing deliciousness of its perfume-laden zephyrs, pleasantly contrasting the by-gone heat of day, and the coming forth of all things gay and beautiful, as if to participate in its enchantment! To be appreciated its loveliness must be *seen*—its spell must be *felt*!

It was in the wretched apartment of a small cottage, in the suburbs of the gorgeous city, that *one* sat, regardless of the brightness which beamed without, and apparently buried in his own gloomy contemplations; he leaned his arm on the broken table before him, and resting his head on it, a bitter sigh dispelled the silence that reigned around him. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; the aforesaid table, a stool and chair, in the same dilapidated condition, and an easel, on which was spread an unfinished painting, completed its simple arrangements, with the exception of a small wicker cradle, in which reposed, in all the calm unconsciousness of its nature, a beautiful infant!

Anon the mourner raised his eyes, and, in despite of the deeply indented traces of suffering in his pale countenance, the brightness of youth, although subdued, still sat on his lofty brow; he could not have numbered more than twenty-five summers, and it was sad to behold the roses of life thus withering, ere they had scarcely blossomed. His clear olive complexion, glossy dark hair, and wild black eyes, which even misery could not deprive of their fire, all proclaimed him a child of that sunny clime, and the regal bearing of his tall, graceful form,

seemed meeter to adorn a gilded palace, than to pine amid the solitude of that lonely hut. The gay sunlight, as if in mockery, poured its saffron flood of departing glory into the humble room, and played over the wan features of its lonely denizen: again he sighed deeply; arose, walked with an agitated step to the lattice, gazed forth for a few minutes, and then, turning away with an air of disappointment, took up a palette and brushes, which lay by, and drew a few lines on the canvass that rested on the easel. Vain attempt! the tortured spirit may not be beguiled into forgetfulness—for the wrung heart there is no Lethe, and throwing down his implements in apparent disgust, the young man sank on his seat, and fixing his mournful gaze on the sleeping babe, became absorbed in a gloomy reverie. The veil of twilight crept stealthily on; the city lay in deep shadow, and the towering summits of the mountains only, were tipped with gold, when the latch of that cottage door was raised by a gentle hand, and the light form of a female glided noiselessly within. The artist (for such he evidently was) started, and exclaiming—"My Giulietta!" sank back on the seat from which he had half arisen, overcome by some intense, but unexpressed emotion. The young female spoke not, but threw herself into his arms, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, wept convulsively.

"My life, my Giulietta, your mission then has failed, and we are hopeless, destitute, and perishing," uttered the young man, in a tone of deep despair, and, bowing his head on the raven ringlets of the lady, he mingled his tears with her's. For a few minutes the deep silence was interrupted only by their half-breathed sorrow, but at length calmer moments succeeded, and Giulietta, rising from her reclining attitude, dashed the glittering tears from her cheek, and parting the clustering hair from the youth's brow, imprinted a kiss on its pallid expanse. The action was simple, yet it conveyed a depth of affection, *words* could never do.

"My Gerald!" she murmured, in a voice low and peculiarly sweet; "my Gerald, speak;—oh! break this awful spell of silence."

"Speak!" bitterly exclaimed Gerald, "would to heaven I had never spoken, or that my doing so now, might dissipate the clouds of misery which menace our destruction." And his proud eye wildly scanned the wretched apartment.

"Nay, do not despair, dearest!" said the lady, in a deprecating tone, and gazing sadly on his pallid features,—“there is no situation so utterly miserable but it may admit of some hope; some consolation.”

"And where will you seek it *now*, Giulietta, where will you seek it *now*?" hastily demanded Gerald, staying the rapid steps with which he was pacing the floor, and gazing intently on the almost infantine beauty of his fair companion; "Are not our last resources exhausted? am I not a beggar? are not you and my child fainting for sustenance, and shall you talk to me of hope and consolation?—oh! never! *never*!"

"Oh! Gerald, speak and look less wildly, unless you wish to annihilate me," exclaimed the terrified girl: "there is yet one resource which will prolong existence for a few days, and during that period something may suggest itself of a less evanescent nature, or—" (and the glow of alarm on her cheek faded to a deadly paleness,) "perhaps my father may relent."

Gerald shook his head incredulously, but watched eagerly as Giulietta drew something from her bosom; it was a small ruby heart, encircled with pearls, and attached to a slight golden chain of exquisite workmanship. Gerald started, and the rich colour rushed to his brow.

"I thought it had been gone long since," he said.

"No, dearest!" returned the lady, "it was your first love-token, and as such, to me, a priceless gem; it has been my talisman of consolation when all others failed, for oh! it told me there was *one* treasure, of which the world could never rob me,—the affection of my husband! But for your sake and our infant's, I had perished ere I had parted from it."

She imprinted a last kiss on the glittering bauble, and pressing it into the young man's hand, covered her eyes with her own, as he rushed hastily from the room. \* \* \*

Gerald Vellotti was a Florentine, and the offspring of parents amply gifted with every essential of respectability and happiness, save those two, so inestimable in the eyes of the "*world*," but which, alas! for the honour of human nature, are too frequently perverted by their possessors, until they become a curse instead of a blessing,—viz. high-birth and wealth. Born and nurtured in that great emporium of literature and art, Florence, the youthful Vellotti early discovered a taste for pursuits infinitely beyond his sphere in society, and the very limited resources of his parents; his lofty spirit spurned the humble occupation of his ancestors, and revelled in the enchantment of a world of his own creation. But talent cannot remain long obscured in a city, where its dawning is hailed with rapture, and eagerly fostered to maturity; the sweet ballads of Gerald, reached the ear of a liberal patron of genius, whether found in the high-born or the lowly, and the one discovery involved the

other,—that the youthful aspirant for fame could paint with truth and delicacy, as well as indite love-songs to the gazelle-eyed maidens of his sun-bright land! Scarcely, however, had a few years unremitting practice matured his splendid talent to perfection, when his munificent patron was gathered to the tomb of his fathers, and his parents having long before slept the sleep of death, the young Vellotti left his native city, and after a series of wanderings, sought the Neapolitan dominions, where his art quickly attracted public attention, and drew on him the commendation of the reigning sovereign, by whom he was engaged in the execution of some difficult pictures, and laurels wreathed fastly around his unclouded brow. Young, handsome, graceful and gifted, he became an object of interest to all, and his *studio* was not unfrequently the resort of the brilliant assemblage which composed the court, and a glance of Vellotti's dark eye, a smile from his lips, or an accent of his deep, musical voice, were boons eagerly sought and fondly treasured by the young and fair. But there was *one*, who, unlike her companions, shunned rather than woo'd his attention, and that gentle girl would gaze for hours in mute admiration on the gems of art which lined the walls of the *studio*; anon she turned a timid glance on the painter, but if it chanced to meet his, it was instantly withdrawn. At length Vellotti became so accustomed to the quiet but attentive admirer of his labours, that if she accidentally missed her usual visit he became uneasy: the cause was soon defined;—he loved! Opportunities of communication, on such occasions, are seldom wanting anywhere, but still less so in a clime the very softness and beauty of which tends to inspire intensity of feeling. The maiden confessed a reciprocal attachment, in return for Vellotti's ardent declaration; but his heart sank when he learned she was the only and worshipped daughter of the haughty Conte di Moncini, a nobleman, not less celebrated for his wealth and intense love of the arts, than for his implacable and revengeful disposition. He knew, too, that she was the idol of the young prince's heart, although fate, and the tyrant laws of man, forbade her sharing the throne which would one day be his. Though hopeless, Vellotti preferred his suit, which the Conte rejected with mingled haughtiness, scorn and rage. The lovers fled, and he pursued them with the fury of a maniac; fortunately the youthful fugitives had left the kingdom, or both had become sacrifices to his ungovernable thirst for revenge.

The prince for a time was inconsolable, for it was pleasant to behold Giulietta's sweet smile beaming on him, and to hear her



low voice breathe its accents of kindness, although he knew to him, she could be no more than as a fondly loved sister; yet his noble spirit forgot, or rather stifled, its own agony, in anxiety to save his heart's-idol from the dreadful consequences of her father's wrath; but his efforts were vain; they seemed rather to augment than ameliorate the fiery passions of the Conte, who in his anger was ever deadly and crushing.

Her first act of disobedience seemed to bring to Giulietta its punishment, for sorrows crept fast upon her young heart; the smiles of fortune faded, and Gerald's talent was not appreciated in colder climes, as in their own fair land: their little treasure gradually diminished, and their infant first beheld the light amid the wreck of all that *had been*, save one thing,—*love* still cast its halo over their dwelling, and even when almost sinking beneath the weight of accumulated affliction, Giulietta would gaze on her husband and child until a smile of content illumined her features, and she felt she would not be otherwise than she was, even to regain the blessings she had forfeited, if being so must involve the loss of those so-worshipped ones.

They sought their native home, but the Conte di Moncini was afar, and ere he returned every resource was exhausted. After a tedious suspense, the much-desired, yet fearfully anticipated opportunity offered, and Giulietta hastened to implore his pity and forgiveness.

"It was with feeble and trembling limbs, I ascended the marble steps leading to the splendid *pallazzo*, once my home;" said the lady, after she had slightly partaken of the refreshments procured by her "love-token," and drooping her head on her husband's shoulder, she added,—"but even all its magnificence looked dim to me, because, Gerald, you were not there to glad me with your smile. I heard the sound of sweet music proceeding from the hall, and songs of mirth, such as were wont of yore to echo in its vast expanse, and my heart wept as I thought my father had surely forgotten his lost child. I must be strangely altered, Gerald, or perhaps this rude garb might change me, for Paulo, the porter, knew me not: but there was one heart more faithful, although a *brute's* form enshrined it; the poor old mastiff, the favourite of my childhood, recognized me, and came forth fawning and whining the welcome I vainly sought elsewhere.

The tears stood in Paulo's eyes, as on hearing my voice he exclaimed, "Holy Virgin! the Lady Giulietta!" I started as he pronounced a title which has so long ceased to greet my ear, and he conjured me to fly the Conte's vengeance; my entrea-

ties, my prayers, were vain : I even *knew* to my father's menial, for a mother's love is strong and my babe was in danger of perishing, but it was of no avail ; Paulo was unchangeable. "To comply with your request lady, and admit you to the Conte's presence," he said, "were but to deliver us both to certain destruction : my heart bleeds for your sorrows, signora, but the pity of the *poor* is small relief : to offer even the trifle I possess—" I did not hear the conclusion of the sentence ; pride, unconquerable pride, resumed its empire and turning from the agitated old man, I rushed down the steps and rested not till your arms, my only home, once more received me."

Vellotti groaned aloud ; "For me, for *me*, my gentle love, you have thus suffered ; oh ! would we had never met, for then you might still have reigned supreme in that lofty sphere from whence I have so ruthlessly torn you. Giulietta, you look reproachfully on me for saying thus, but how can I behold your strength daily wasting by poverty and your beauty drooping in the solitude of this confined hut, myself the cause of all, and not feel deeply, bitterly, the pangs of self-upbraiding ?"

Giulietta replied only by her caresses and her tears, a language at once mute and most eloquent.

Some days passed on and want again stood before them arrayed in more than wonted terrors, for there seemed no reed on which they might rest for support : many schemes were formed and abandoned, and despair was fast gathering on the brow of its youthful victims.

"There is yet one hope, one little hope," at length exclaimed the lady, starting from a deep reverie, "our gracious prince."

"And that is indeed a faint one ;" returned Vellotti, a slight colour passing over his features.

"Why so, dear Gerald ? You know him to be good as he is great, and think you he also will despise the suppliant ?"

"Does that suppliant remember she once was (perhaps still is,) the worshipped of that prince's heart ; does she remember she gave his love, like a withered rose-leaf, to the winds, and lavished the incense of her own pure affections on the humble object of her royal lover's bounty ; and does she think when all this is considered he will yet extend a saving hand ?"

"Oh ! doubt it not, Gerald ! his noble spirit will lose the recollection of the past and in compassion for the altered being before him, he will forget the proud girl, who more than once rejected the proffered heart of her prince because the ordinances of man might never hallow its devotion."

Bitter, intense, overwhelming, were the feelings of Vellotti,

as the lady drawing her veil closely over her still beautiful face, prepared to depart, first pressing her lips on her husband's brow and breathing a silent, but heart-felt prayer over the infant, who smiled in its mother's face, all-unconscious of the ordeal that mother was suffering for its sake. The chivalrous spirit of Vellotti, which even misfortune had failed to subdue, burned within him, that thus his fragile bride, the high-born heiress of Moncini, should alone encounter scenes and trials unfitting for her gentle nature, while he, hunted and proscribed, was compelled to lurk within the shelter of a roof, which seemed all too lowly to contain the out-pourings of his wild feelings and he paced the floor, during her absence with a frightful rapidity. Goaded almost to madness by uninterrupted reflection and utterly hopeless for the future, he seized a stiletto, and another minute had in all probability precipitated him into eternity, when Giulietta re-entered. At sight of her, reason resumed its empire and hastily concealing the deadly weapon, he gazed in her face with a mild, subdued expression, for there was an elasticity in her step, and a light in her eyes, which had long been strangers there; yet the trace of tears still remained on her now glowing cheek.

"You have been weeping, my own love; and yet methinks there is a smile of hope in those soft eyes."

"Less visionary, Gerald, than that which has for so long deceived us. I have seen the prince; changed as I am, he recognized me, and did not disdain to shed a tear at the recital of our sorrows: oh! that precious pearl, it fell like balm upon my riven heart, for it told me there was yet one to sympathize in our misfortunes: one rock on which to repose the remnant of our shattered hopes."

"And what said he, Giulietta; did he not upbraid you with the blind infatuation which led you to forsake the splendid halls of your native home, to share the humble cottage and humbler fortunes of his presumptuous rival?"

"Ah no! you wrong him; his noble soul disdained to throw an additional burthen on my already weary heart. The Conte, he says, is implacable; for my apparent ingratitude has withered the few kindly feelings which once animated his heart;—alas! my sorrow ever was that they were too bounded, and it is bitter to reflect, I alone have been the cause of searing them. To-morrow, however, Gerald, must behold you at the palace of the prince: until then, here is *gold*; once dross in my estimation, but now precious, oh! none can tell how precious,

since it may be the means of preserving existences so dear to me."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was some months after the above occurrences that the streets of Naples, echoing with sounds of joyance proclaimed the celebration of some festival: it was the anniversary of their beloved prince's birth and every lip smiled, every heart breathed forth a prayer for his happiness, on the occasion. The royal palace teemed with the bright, the beautiful, the noble and the gay; every heart echoed gladness save one, and that heart beat in the stony breast of the Conte di Moncini; and yet, he shone pre-eminent among the gorgeous throng. Years, instead of stealing the graces of early manhood from his lofty form, seemed only to have impressed it with added dignity; and his eagle eye still flashed with a fire which told the beholder how potent, how irresistible its influence must be, when beaming kindness on its object. His smile was beautiful, but his frown withering. Yet, even, as with haughty step he paced the marble pavements of those regal halls, a shade passed across his brow and a softened expression

"Albeit a stranger there,"

sat upon his countenance: perhaps he thought of his fair child as a wanderer in foreign lands; lost to his heart, her home, and exchanging the palace for the peasant's cot. Ay! there lay the poisoned arrow which rankled in his breast, and destroyed his repose; *she* was the only link which had connected him with the world and misanthropy was fast usurping the place she had formerly filled in his heart; he was weary in soul; tired of existence, now that one chain was severed, and a fearful gloom overspread his features.

He wandered listlessly to the picture-gallery, where the prince and his nobles were assembled viewing some late additions, and amid the splendid galaxy of art presented to his vision, he forgot for a transitory space, his late gloom. Ever and anon he threw an enquiring glance towards the upper extremity of the spacious apartment; it was terminated by a kind of terrace of white marble, the ascent to which was a short flight of steps of the same pure material. From the richly painted ceiling depended a veil of white satin, beautifully embroidered and evidently concealing something, while arranged on every side, were flowers and shrubs of the most exquisite beauty and perfume. The Conte, (proving most convincingly that curiosity is not a foible peculiar to the softer sex,) pressed eagerly forward as the prince ascending the steps proceeded to withdraw the veil,

yet ere he did so, he cast a look of eager enquiry over the assemblage, until it rested on the Conte, who stood in the very centre of the brilliant circle, with advanced front and eagerly expectant gaze. The veil fell and he beheld in the inimitable production before him, his *own form* most faithfully pourtrayed, while at his feet, in her pale and mournful beauty, knelt the bride of Vellotti, extending as if in supplication, the infant she held, who seemed to smile in its grandsire's face. A murmur of admiration and applause burst unanimously from the gazers; the Conte alone was silent, wrapt in a spell of agony and surprise. "My lost one, my child, my *Giulietta!*" he at length exclaimed, sinking on his knees and extending his arms towards the inanimate canvass and could a look have imparted the fabled promethean fire, *his* had surely warmed that senseless portraiture to life. The folding doors which divided the gallery from the next apartment, were thrown open and disclosed to the wondering assemblage the fair young idol of their former admiration, seated on a couch, while the graceful form of Gerald Vellotti, stood proudly by her side.

Giulietta on beholding the Conte, forgot her sufferings, all, everything, save his former devoted, absorbing affection for her, and darting forward with a faint shriek, she fell at his feet. In another moment she was locked in her parent's embrace, and his tears mingled with her's.

When the first ebullitions of feeling were past, the prince led Vellotti forward, and the subdued Conte, ere his vindictive feelings had time to resume their deadly influence; ere the silent pleading of his child had faded from his memory, proffered the hand of amity, and the tide of happiness once more circled around the heart of Giulietta.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years have since fled on untiring pinions and the winter of time has scattered its tell-tale whiteness over the once raven tresses of that gentle lady, and indented many a furrow on the formerly smooth brow of Gerald Vellotti, yet often will they lead their grandchildren to the picture-gallery of Montini, and relating the tale of their loves and sufferings, point out to their eager listeners, the painting which led to the RECONCILIATION.

MARIE.

## SWEET DREAM OF LOVE.

*(For Music.)*

BY S. T. HUNT.

Sweet dream of love, sweet dream of love,  
How beautiful thou art ;

The light may cheer, that beams above,  
But thine, enchants the heart :

'Tis graced with beauty's smiling glow,  
Empurpled with hope's magic bow,  
Sweet dream of love, dear to the heart,  
How blest and beautiful thou art.

Sweet dream of love, sweet dream of love,  
What raptured joys are thine !

As if they flowed from founts above,

Were breathed by spells divine :  
Ere sorrow's shade, or time's dark flight,  
Have clouded life's gay morning light,  
Sweet dream of love, dear to the heart,  
How blest and beautiful thou art.

Sweet dream of love, sweet dream of love,  
E'en when thy glory's past,

Some lingering rays, where'er we rove,  
Will haunt us to the last :

There's something in thy fairy spell,  
Which nought on earth can break or quell ;  
Sweet dream of love, dear to the heart,  
How blest and beautiful thou art.

## MY LOVE.

My love is a blossom of spring,

An infantine blossom of May,

My love is a bird of bright wing,

That wanders, but never away.

My love is as blythe as the roe,

As graceful in form and as free,

My love is a stranger to woe,

And modest as modest can be.

My love is a creature of light,

The sheen of whose chrystalline eye,

Outvieth the star of the night

That tranquilly walketh the sky.

*Faversham.*

W. H. PRIDEAUX.

## THE RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE.\*

It happened one morning, as Maria and her aged companion were strolling on the beach, that their attention was attracted towards a vessel, apparently an Indiaman, making for the port. They ascended the heights and stood watching her approach. She came gallantly in; cast her anchor; and the boat with a few passengers soon reached the shore. One of them, a young officer, in a military undress, had crossed the beach, and was now ascending a winding path which led to the spot where Maria and her companion stood. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Maria, almost sinking from agitation, "it is my cousin Henry!" "Ah, indeed!" replied Mrs. Trevanion, "I remember I have often heard you speak of him." The next moment he stood before them, gazing with surprise; then suddenly seized his cousin's hand, and by both words and manner evinced his extreme delight at their meeting. He said he was on his passage to England from India, and then suddenly enquired, with great anxiety, after his uncle. "Have you not heard, sir," replied Mrs. Trevanion, willing to save Maria the pain of such a disclosure, "have you never received intelligence of the event?" Henry looked at Maria—tears streamed down her cheeks—"Then he is dead!" exclaimed he,—"Alas! my poor uncle!" "Come, my dear," said Mrs. Trevanion, "let us return home," and the party pursued their walk in silence, nor could any effort of Mrs. Trevanion's draw Henry into conversation. On arriving at the villa, he declined stopping to take any refreshment, making some excuse about his luggage, and after receiving a general invitation from Mrs. Trevanion, instantly took leave.

Maria, who throughout the whole of this interview had found the greatest difficulty in concealing her agitation, hurried to her chamber and wept bitterly. Henry's mind was absorbed in pain and perplexity; he had not, till now, heard of his uncle's death, and was, as yet, ignorant of Maria's marriage, but there was an agitation and timidity in her manner towards him, which, in conjunction with her inattention to his letters, gave him a presentiment of the fact. He hastened to the nearest inn, and the gossiping landlady not only answered all his enquiries but entered into a long detail of every event which had occurred to the two families ever since their first coming to the island. From what he now heard, it was evident that Maria did not love Trevanion, and that her marriage with him had been com-

\* Concluded from page 143.

pulsory. Was she still unchanged? He was yet deeply attached to her, and although she was, he feared, lost to him for ever, he could not refrain from spending with her the few days he intended to remain on the island—then he would leave her, for ever. Such was his determination, and although at the time it was really sincere, and in his opinion utterly harmless, yet much mischief might result from the renewal of the acquaintance, especially as both Henry's mind and morals, though he did not know it, had been vitiated by the corrupt examples he had witnessed in the army.

The next morning he called at the villa. Mrs. Trevanion was not well, and Maria was alone—but we will not enter into the details of an interview which gave rise to the most painful explanations. Day after day passed by, during which Henry spent several hours at the villa, sometimes alone with Maria, as Mrs. Trevanion occasionally did not make her appearance till late in the morning. Whenever they met, she expressed her joy at seeing him, generally made him stop all day, and was evidently delighted with his society. Maria, however, became alarmed; she dreaded to part, yet wished that Henry was gone; she felt conscious that she was wrong in permitting his visits, but as it was every day expected his vessel would sail, they would certainly soon be at an end. A few days after he told her that the vessel had sailed, and he intended to remain some weeks longer for the benefit of his health. It was evident that the consequences of this resolve might prove very serious. Mrs. Trevanion's indisposition had increased, and she was now unable to leave her chamber. Should Henry still continue his visits, Maria's character would, doubtless, become the object of slander. Her husband, too, was daily expected to return—her father might have mentioned their attachment to him, and she dreaded his discovery of Henry's clandestine visits. What was to be done? She hardly had courage to venture on the task, but felt the necessity of speaking on the subject. She did so, and entreated him to make his visits less frequent. This he promised, but now generally prolonged his stay till late at night. Suddenly, Mrs. Trevanion, whose illness had latterly become very serious, died, and Maria found herself deserted by all her female acquaintance except one old lady, a friend of the deceased, who kindly took upon herself the direction of such arrangements as were immediately necessary, and candidly expressed to Maria her regret, that in consequence of certain reports respecting Henry's frequent visits, she could not, even for a short time, invite her to remain at her house. Not long



after this event, the lovers met again. Again and again they met, but the hour of their final separation was at hand.

Day was just breaking—that very day which the lovers had appointed for their flight to England, when a knocking at the door aroused the servant below. It was Trevanion, who demanded admittance. He entered and proceeded to Maria's chamber—she slept—he placed the light upon the table, and his eye glanced upon a letter folded and sealed—he looked at the superscription—it was to him, and the hand-writing, he thought, was her's. He opened and read it hurriedly—it contained a confession of her flight, and wildly entreated his forgiveness. The letter fell from his hand—he gazed savagely at the wretched woman as she lay sleeping—his out-stretched hand was near her throat—"one grasp," muttered he—then suddenly recoiling at the thought, rushed out of the room, and after a few hurried enquiries of his servant, hastily quitted the villa.

The next morning Maria became acquainted with Trevanion's return, and almost immediately afterwards heard of Henry's death—he had been shot by Trevanion in a duel.

Maria was broken-hearted—her happiness was gone for ever.

That very morning, Trevanion fled to England (in the same vessel in which the lovers had engaged their passage), having first deputed a friend to call upon his wife and settle terms of separation. Maria agreed to the proposals, and in a few weeks afterwards came to England and took a retired cottage in the suburbs of London, where she lived upon the annuity allowed by her husband.

Trevanion fixed his residence in the metropolis, and passed his time among the gay companions of his younger days. Bitterly stung, not by his wife's unfaithful conduct, for he never really loved her, but by the disappointment it had caused in all his views of happiness, he now plunged headlong into every species of debauchery which could, for a moment, dispel his mental suffering.

Years rolled on. The wretched Maria lived unpitied, friendless, and alone, save one poor girl the confidant of all her guilt, whom she had brought with her from Madeira, and whose sympathy for her mistress was deeply excited by her own dislike to Trevanion, and a knowledge of the attachment which had so long existed between the two cousins. But Maria's punishment was not to end in her mere seclusion from the world. At the usual time for receiving her annuity, she sent to her trustee, and received a letter in reply, informing her of her husband's recent death by his own hand, and of the embarrassment of his

affairs, but enclosing a few pounds of which he politely begged her acceptance as a loan. Maria's situation was now dreadful; she must soon become utterly destitute, unless she could find some means of support. She tried to establish a little school, but her endeavours failed. Scheme after scheme followed each other, but all proved alike unsuccessful. At last, she took an obscure lodging in London, and applied herself to flower painting, an art in which she was highly proficient. From morning to night she worked incessantly, and having completed a few specimens, sent Ellen, her friend and sole companion, with them to the shops for sale. These only produced a few shillings, but she was then even without food, and she received them with tears of joy and gratitude. By this means she subsisted for several weeks, but at last her health began to suffer from over application, and she was obliged, for a time, to desist. The misery which she now endured increased her illness. Her affectionate companion undertook the burden of their mutual support, but the trifle which she could earn by her needle was utterly inefficient. Their landlord became importunate, and would have turned them out of doors, had not his wife, with a little better feeling, proposed their removing into a cheaper apartment up stairs. This room was a miserable back attic, almost entirely destitute of anything like furniture; the window casement was filled up partly with small squares held in by thin leaden bars crossing each other, and partly with pieces of paper which had been pasted on to cover certain apertures. Here, with but little clothing, and no fire, though it was the middle of winter, lay the once happy and beloved Maria, and by her side sat Ellen, working busily at her needle, and sometimes casting an anxious glance at the pale, care-worn, and sickly countenance of her friend and mistress. Maria became daily worse; the landlady insisted on her having advice, and very kindly obtained the attendance of a surgeon, who at once pronounced his patient to be in a rapid decline—dying, he said, for want of medicine and proper nourishment. The landlady proposed that Maria should go into a hospital, and dreading this alternative, the latter instantly dispatched a letter to her husband's friend (the trustee), stating her situation, and requesting some assistance. Ellen took the letter, and returned in an ecstasy of delight—the answer contained an enclosure of five pounds, an amount which, trifling as it really was, seemed to its possessors almost inexhaustible. The landlady's paltry demand was paid, and she now said no more about a hospital; medicine and nourishing food were obtained, and Maria thought she was better. Her delighted

companion was sure she would soon be well; but alas! it was mere delusion.

A relapse suddenly took place, and the surgeon gave no hope of Maria's recovery. The affectionate Ellen was unremitting in her attentions, and sat, night after night, by the patient's side. The fourth night came and the poor girl felt completely exhausted. Maria had repeatedly begged her to take some repose, if only for an hour or two, and she at last resolved to do so. In trimming the lamp, which was burning on the table, she extinguished it—the fire had gone out, and there was no means of procuring a light without incurring the risk of waking her mistress by the noise, so, creeping cautiously to the bed-side, she laid down, and in a few moments fell asleep. It was broad daylight when she awoke. She gently raised her head from the pillow and looked in Maria's face—was she still sleeping?—she placed her hand upon her heart—it had ceased to beat—death had ended her sufferings.

S. H.

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### SONG.

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Come wander with me love, come wander with me,  
The nightingale sings in the wild rose-tree;  
The blue wave breaks murm'ringly on the bright shore,  
And the oars of the boatman are heard no more;  
All is hushed in a peaceful and lovely calm,  
And the night air's redolent with music and balm.

Come wander with me love, come wander with me,  
The bright moon is beaming a welcome for thee;  
She is lighting with diamonds the dewy flower,  
And throwing her love-spell upon thy bower;  
And the spirit of hope, on its fairy wing,  
Is abroad, and illuming each shadowy thing.

Come wander with me love, come wander with me,  
We'll rove on the shores of the soft summer-sea;  
And there, as we gaze on its glittering tide,  
I'll tell of the future, my spirit's own bride.  
But oh! thou art coming, so radiantly bright,  
A seraph might deem thee a sister of light!

EDITH.

## RUSTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

If we were to study ourselves more deeply,—or rather, the manner in which our characters have been formed,—we should be astonished to find, what apparently trifling circumstances have caused certain passions to predominate over others, and how very early our moral and intellectual discipline commenced. We find this, indeed, manifested in people of the most opposite characters, and of the most opposite turn of mind.

From the time I was quite a little child, I lived in the country,—in a neat cottage, with a green door and blinds of the same colour, and a bright green yard in front, shaded by two majestic oak trees; and one of my favourite amusements, was gathering the acorns as they fell, for dolls' pincushions and other similar articles.

It is, not, however, of these recollections, clear as they are, that I would speak; but rather of the companion of my childhood,—a cousin of the same age, who lived exactly opposite—like myself an only daughter, and like myself the child of a widowed mother. She was a fairy looking creature, with light flaxen hair, and a complexion delicate even to sickliness. To guard this complexion from the bronzing sun, her mother doomed her to the penalty of wearing a large cape bonnet tied almost constantly on her head. While she was scarcely permitted to sit in the open window, lest she should be tanned, I ran recklessly in sunshine and wind, without thinking there was such a thing in the world, as a *complexion that would spoil*! In consequence, my cheeks were dyed with the true rustic brown of health and exercise, and my figure displayed the rudiments of a strong and vigorous constitution. I never dreamed for a moment, that her extreme delicacy of appearance gave her any personal advantage over me. I rather pitied her for her fragility; and often when her apron has been filled with apples and nuts, have I carried them for her myself, that *she* might be relieved of her burden. I was destined, however, to become painfully enlightened on this subject.

One evening we were sitting together beneath the shade of the oak's vast branches, and as no breeze was stirring, cousin Anne was permitted to cast aside her old cape bonnet, so that her delicate features were completely exposed. A lady, passing along the gravel walk that extended through the common, and pausing directly in front of us, exclaimed in a sweet voice, "what a beautiful little creature!" I looked in her face, my

innocent vanity tickled by the eulogium, which I unhesitatingly appropriated to myself; for the beauty of health and contentment was glowing in my heart, and I doubted not, it diffused its illumination over my countenance. But laying her hand, sparkling with jewels, on cousin Anne's pale soft hair,—

"My sweet little girl," said she; "will you tell me your name?"

"Anne;" replied she, curtseying with a bashful grace.

"And this little boy?" continued the lady, turning towards me.—"What is *his* name? He is a fine little fellow."

"Oh," said Anne, laughing; "it is no boy—it is cousin Ellen."

To be taken for a boy! I was cut to the very soul. True, I was but a little child; but then I was a *girl*, a miniature woman; and every feeling dear to a woman's heart, had then its germ in my bosom. I ran, in a passion of tears, into the house; rushed to my mother, as if I were pursued by a mad dog, and exclaimed—"Mother, am I a boy?"

My mother—I can never mention her name without a feeling of reverence, inferior only to that which fills my mind, when I utter that of the Being who created me—my mother laid aside her needle, and looking at me with real alarm, asked me if I had lost my wits.

Comprehending, with the instinctive perception of a mother's love, that my feelings had been deeply wounded, she gently soothed and caressed me, till I explained the nature of my grievance. She told me it was not worth remembering; that Anne's uncommon delicacy of appearance was the occasion of the mistake; that truth, gentleness, and docility of appearance, were the graces of childhood, and if I possessed these, I must always be lovely. She described to me, in language adapted to my years and capacity,—*that* beauty of the soul, which transcends all earthly loveliness, and like the stars in the firmament shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Seeing that she had calmed my spirit, and riveted my attention, she took down a book from the shelf, and read in a manner I never shall forget, some passages in which corruption and incorruption, death and immortality, were most ably contrasted. My mother's voice was low and soft. It seemed to sink meltingly into the heart, like snow flakes in the sun. She had a mild, solemn grey eye, and as I looked up into it, while she was reading, I thought there was something dwelling there, which *must* be immortal.

When I went to bed that night, and saw the stars and the

moon shining so bright and holy through the opening of the window curtain, I felt a sentiment of awe, such as I had never before experienced ; and softly whispered to myself as I gazed, " There is one glory in the moon, and another in the stars." Then the thought, that I, a little child, had something within me that would live long after that silver moon and those burning stars had ceased to shine, came over me, and made me tremble. I shall always remember that day. I had been taught my first lesson of earthly vanity—I had felt my first conviction of immortal life.

It is not to be supposed that such feelings could remain, or constantly influence the mind of a child. They counteracted, however, in a great measure, the effect of that jealousy of my cousin, which was created, the moment a contrast disparaging to myself, had been drawn between us. Self-distrust, became an inseparable element of my character. I grew awkward and shy, before strangers ; hid myself behind my mother's chair in their presence ; and looked at them from the corner of my eyes. Anne, in the meantime, gaining confidence from personal praise, made herself familiar with all ; and became vain and pert, just in proportion as I grew bashful and constrained. People are little aware how early the seeds of vanity and pride, of envy and false shame, may be sown in the young heart : how soon one may learn to attach an unreasonable value to that which is merely superficial, and external, and to depreciate that which is of priceless worth.

As I grew older, I became more and more estranged from my cousin ; and conscious that I disliked her, for the reasons aforesaid, I hated myself for entertaining unjust principles which I could not overcome. I was ashamed of having them perceived, and studiously bestowed upon her those outward marks of affection, which impose upon those who do not look into the eye, to see if the *soul* is in the act ; for, a reciprocal connection exists between these two, and all manifestations of conscience in the latter, are carried into, and may be found faithfully portrayed in the former. So young then, and yet capable of deceit ! but still imbued with the love of sincerity and truth, and directed to the fountain of all virtue, by the precepts and example of a mother whom I almost worshipped. And well I might ; for her's was a character truly evangelical. I do not believe she ever spoke a harsh or an unjust word to a human being. Her severest reproof was a *glance*—and often has that glance, so upbraiding, yet mild, called forth tears of penitence in my most stubborn moods. She was always pensive, sometimes sad, and

constantly wore a sable dress, in memory of my father. Children do not like black, and I often asked my mother to put on gayer attire, like my aunt, who had long thrown off her widow's weeds; but my mother's heart was widowed, and she took no joy in the gaities of this world. Another motive induced to seclusion. Her income was limited; while my aunt was left with an independent fortune. My cousin, consequently, transcended me as much in dress as in other external requisites for show; and more from vanity than ill-feeling, delighted in remarking on the contrast. But I hated her; yes! I will speak the downright truth—I *hated* her, with all the honesty and zeal of childhood.

An uncorrupted child will not hate without a cause. Just indignation in a grown person is the same with the passion of hatred in a child. Had not the expression of my feelings been restrained by the subduing religious influence of my mother, I know not to what lengths I might have been carried.

When I was about fifteen, a visit from my brother, who was studying his profession in an adjacent town, made a material change in my mode of existence. I had a brother—an only one; and if I have not yet mentioned him, he was not less an object of importance in my eyes. He had always lived from home, since I was old enough to remember, making only occasional visits—and it is well known that the absent brother or sister, is always the perfect one. He had, I may say, a natural grace of manner, which filled me with a kind of awe in his presence;—a native nobility about him, which was a passport into the highest circles of fashion.

While a mere child, he did not seem to think it necessary to give me very severe strictures on elegance and gentle breeding; but now I was growing into womanhood, he began to be extremely solicitous about my personal graces. Oh! how I have chafed and writhed under such well-intended, but galling remarks as these:—"Ellen, why can't you hold up your head, and keep your shoulders back, like Anne? Why will you expose yourself to the sun so carelessly? See how fair Anne is. Why can't you walk as straight? You ought to take her as a model." This is a specimen of what I had to endure from a brother who loved me most fondly, and whose chief fault was, placing too high a value on that which we share in common with the perishable flower and vanishing rainbow,—and by that means losing sight of those hidden glories of the intellect, which assimilate us to the hierarchy of heaven.

I deserved these rebukes, but I could not profit by them.

There was a spell upon me. I believe I would have submitted to the process of scarification, to be as exquisitely fair as Anne ; and though I certainly desired to be also as graceful in my movements, false shame and pride prevented my making an effort to imitate her.

There resided a lady in the town, in whose family my brother was a constant and courted guest ; and who sent me, through him, a pressing invitation to visit her. William, my brother, was very urgent that I should accept it, as it would be such an unspeakable advantage to me,—she was so elegant, so fascinating, so accomplished ! He said at the same time, he was ashamed to take such an awkward little rustic with him, but then I was *so young* ! my deficiencies would be overlooked now, while, in a few years they would never be tolerated. I shrank with dismay from the proposition. The very idea of this elegant, accomplished lady, was the most awful thing in the world to me. If such were the mere idea, what must be the reality ! My mother did not wish it—but William bore down her scruples, determined, as he very *flatteringly* said, to endure any *present* mortification on my account, for my *future* advantage. I was obliged to yield, for I feared as much as I loved him. One thought reconciled me in a measure : I should be separated from my cousin, who sneered and pouted, to think I should get an invitation to town before herself. What anguish I felt, in parting the first time from my mother ! It seemed to me she was the only being who loved, or ever would love me—and that, with unwitholding affection. She alone, knew the sort of spirit which I possessed—she alone, was conscious that beneath my cold, constrained exterior, I had a soul of fire, and a heart as warm as ever was possessed by a daughter of the sun. As if she had a prophetic knowledge of the mortifications to which I was to be exposed, she lingered over the preparations for my departure. Her hands trembled, and her lip quivered, as she folded and refolded my simple wardrobe.

All being ready, and my impatient brother not willing to be delayed longer, she followed me to the carriage with blessings and tears. The wheels rolled away ; still I strained my almost blinded eyes back to the threshold where she stood, till the topmost boughs of the shady trees were hid from view ; then covering my face, I yielded to feelings such as one never can know but once—caused by the first separation from the object dearest to you in the universe.

Does the reader wish to know whether the little awkward country rustic profited by her metropolitan visit ? Whether



she became an apt pupil in the Chesterfieldian school? And whether the empire of fashion, or the omnipotence of a higher power, triumphed at last over the paralyzing effects of premature envy, false shame, and self-distrust?

Behold me, then, in a dwelling which wealth had reared, taste adorned, and elegance and beauty inhabited. At first, I was perfectly dazzled by the unwonted splendour that surrounded me; but I had been so drilled and charged by my brother during the journey, that I forbore to express my vulgar wonder. Mrs. P. received me with great kindness; but I was so bewildered and frightened, so fearful of mortifying my brother, and of being mortified myself, that I scarcely knew whether she looked like an angel or a gorgon. We arrived just about dinner time, and were ushered into a splendid saloon, where, it appeared to me, a large party were assembled, from the number of ladies and gentlemen seated there, to whom I was separately introduced. I did not hear a single name distinctly, for there was a noise in my ears like the rattling of chariot-wheels, and had I been left to my own movements, I should doubtless have fallen, from dizziness, to the floor. I curtsied to a statue of Minerva, in a corner of the room, which in my confusion I took to be a lady, ghastly pale, 'tis true, but still worthy of reverence. The dinner-table was spread directly before a large pier glass, and I was placed on the side opposite the magnificent-looking mirror. When I dared to raise my head, and saw my face reflected, burning like a furnace, to the very tip of my ears, I started as if I had seen an apparition. I knew not which way to look. If I looked forward, I encountered my own scared, bewildered gaze; if I turned on either side I met the awful glances of others. At last, to crown my dismay, a tall gentleman at my right hand, asked me if he should have the pleasure of drinking wine with me: "No, I thank you, Sir," I stammered forth; when seeing my brother's brow contract, and a smile glimmer on several faces, and thereby conscious that I had committed a breach of etiquette, I made the matter worse, by hastily saying, "Yes, if you please, Sir—I meant to say." The glimmering smile became, in one instant, a suppressed, but audible laugh. The scalding tears rushed into my eyes, and forced their way down my tingling cheeks. Unable to restrain the rising sob, shame and mortification became agony unendurable, and suddenly rising, I ran out of the room, flew to a seat in a corner of the ante-chamber, and wept outright.

My brother followed me—half thunder-stricken. "Why,

Ellen," said he, "you are enough to drive me mad. I thought before, with all your awkwardness, you had sense enough; but now I begin to think you more than half —." He bit his lip, but I knew what he would have said, and faltered out, "I know it—I know I am. Let me go home again,—do, dear brother?" "No, indeed! We do not suffer any one to be home-sick here," uttered one of the sweetest voices I ever heard—a voice which thrilled through my memory like a strain of sweet, but painful music. It was the same which had addressed my ear, when, beneath the shade of the oak trees, I heard the memorable question,—“What little boy is this?” I looked up, and saw my hostess by my side. I had not noticed it before, but I recognised the face, which was impressed on my remembrance, in wonderfully strong characters. Even the hand, sparkling with jewels, I recollected. The years, which had wrought such a change in me, had not impaired her beauty; her cheek might be somewhat paler and thinner, but still she was the loveliest woman I had ever seen.

The recognition, and association of ideas connected with it, was not calculated to reconcile me the more to my new situation. It seemed the last drop in my cup of humiliation. I have often wondered how she could so effectually have concealed the contempt she must have felt at my ridiculous behaviour; but with the most insinuating politeness, she tried to restore me to self-possession and composure. She imputed it to home-sickness, to sensibility, or simplicity. She gently upbraided my brother for suffering me to remain at home, till I had become so excessively *timid*; but said, after all, the wild field-flower was more fragrant than the blossoms of the greenhouse. She shewed me a collection of rare and exquisite engravings; when, seeing me charmed into partial forgetfulness, by the wonders of genius, she left me,—to wind around her other guests, by that singular fascination of manner, which consisted in her intuitive perception of what was passing in another's bosom, and her perfect adaptation of herself to the feelings predominant there. Could I have trusted in her *sincerity*, I should have adored her. For a time I was deceived; else why her kind attentions, her sweet and flattering words? I had yet to learn, that it was solely to please my very handsome and graceful brother, with the incense of whose youthful admiration, her vanity was gratified to be fed, that she had requested a visit from his country sister, and that though shocked by my rusticity, she was too high-bred, too *polite*, to manifest her disapprobation and chagrin. But true politeness consists, in doing “unto

others, as we would they should do unto us." In this sense, my own dear mother was the most perfect lady I ever saw.

While I remained a guest of Mrs. P.'s household, I had abundant opportunities of observing how false was the pomp and splendour of society, how vain the possession of beauty, how poor and unsatisfactory the pleasures of the world, how insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the immortal spirit. She soon relaxed in her individual attentions to me, and left me to amuse myself with the books, engravings and paintings, with which the house was filled. With these I was never weary, they almost reconciled me to my alienation from home,—to the neglect of the many, and the ridicule of the few. While I sat unnoticed in the corner, in the midst of the cold glitter of fashionable society, my mind underwent a severe, but salutary discipline, and gradually learned to estimate at its true value, what I would once have bartered all but immortality to obtain.

I discovered that the gay, the beautiful, admired Mrs. P., was anything but a happy woman. In the morning she reclined languidly or complainingly on the sofa, without thinking in the least of exerting herself to entertain her husband; who, good, easy man, resorted to the newspaper, sauntered in the piazza, or went to sleep, till the hour would arrive when company was expected—when Mrs. P. would revive and dress herself most elegantly, and come forth to receive her guests, all radiant with smiles, who went away saying,—“What a happy, enviable woman is Mrs. P! What an inexhaustible flow of spirits she has! So disinterested, too,—constantly consulting the enjoyment of those around her!”

There was one trait in her character, which I particularly noticed. Notwithstanding the indifference she manifested to her husband at home, she was anxious to impose upon the world a belief in his unbounded devotion towards her. In the midst of her brilliant conversations, she would often turn to him, with a kind of appealing look, and say,—“Is it not so, my dear?” And he, delighting to be noticed, would always answer,—“Certainly, certainly, my love?” as if he were sanctioning the oracles of a Pythoness. “What a pattern of conjugal felicity!” the world said, when speaking of Mr. and Mrs. P. “Such perfect affection, and *harmony* of sentiment!”

I might dwell longer on this memorable visit, but this would be transgressing too greatly. The time allotted for my departure at last arrived. Mrs. P. pressed my longer stay, but I felt my absence must be a relief to her. My brother, in despair at

my slow progress in the graces, was willing to take me home. Oh! how my heart throbbed when I caught a glimpse of the distant hills, that bounded the horizon of my native vale.

We rode through a thick wood, mantled with the first magnificent livery of autumn; emerging from its shade, we beheld the whole valley reposing in the tranquil light of sunset. A little farther, and I saw our beloved oak trees, tinged with the same bright dyes. The very boughs seemed to bend lovingly forward to welcome my return; and there, on the threshold, stood my mother, just as I had parted from her—no; for her face was *then* dim with tears, *now* it was joyous with smiles: and there, on the steps, sat the dear white kitten, with its beautiful grey tail curled round its velvet paws. I was the happiest creature in the universe. I thought of the dove, who, finding no rest for her weary wing, returned to the shelter of the sacred ark;—of the prodigal, who, after feeding on the dry husks of the earth, sought the abounding mansions of his father. I thought—but it is enough: I never more envied my cousin. I bound to my soul, and made it an inalienable guide, the motto, that—“Though man may judge of the outward show, God looketh at the heart.”

H.

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A SONNET.

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BY S. T. HUNT.

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STILL crowned with radiant beauty are earth's bowers,  
Glory and gladness overspread the land,  
As if just touched with an enchanter's wand,  
The dædal leaves, rich fruits, and bloomy flowers,  
Seem intertwined with fairy loveliness;  
A splendrous coronal round nature's brow,  
Till the hot wind's voluptuous caress,  
Shall blight with baleful kisses—but not now—  
Forbear awhile to mar the summer's pride,  
While floats each bosom down the sparkling tide,  
Of genial pleasure—hark! the sweet-voiced air,  
Has become mad with music—everywhere  
Its depths are redolent of rapturous love,  
While, as if charmed with song, the day-god smiles above.

## FIRST LOVE.

" It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me,  
In his bright radiance and collateral light,  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere."

**THERE** are moments in the life of all of us which are worth the rest of our existence; and, perhaps, it is one of them when the pure and guileless heart first discovers that it loves and is beloved; at least any one who saw Helen Stanhope, the heroine of my simple tale, would have thought so.

She was sitting where her first love-letter had found her, reading and re-reading its contents, until every burning and passionate word was graven on her heart for ever; the colour mantling on her fair cheek, and the light of a young and buoyant spirit smiling over her face, until one might have almost fancied it the countenance of an angel, so little trace could be discerned of earthly care or sorrow. These deep and delightful feelings were interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"Have you heard from our dear Lydia?" enquired Mrs. Stanhope.

Helen timidly gave the letter to her mother, and eagerly watched her countenance as she perused it. There was nothing in its fond and gratified expression to check the warm and glowing stream of her own thoughts, and flinging herself into her mother's arms, she hid her blushing face in her bosom.

"There is one thing, my dear Helen," said Mrs. Stanhope, when they had both become somewhat more composed. "There is one thing, which gives me some little uneasiness; not that I entertain a single doubt of the honour and disinterested affection of Sir Harry Lawton, but, it is possible, from his always having met you here, moving in a style of elegance and affluence, he may be unconscious that your usual residence is a farm-house, and that you are portionless and lowly born."

Helen looked up with a momentary expression of doubt, but it passed away in an instant, and she smiled in youthful confidence and trust, and said:—

"Mother, will you see Harry Lawton when he comes this evening, and tell him everything? Then, if he repent him of one single word here traced, it shall be to me as if it had never been written. But should he remain unchanged—"

She paused in confusion, and deep blushes mantled over her face and neck. Mrs. Stanhope read and understood every feeling of her guileless heart, and promised to do as she wished.

It would be making Helen out more than a woman if I were to deny, that between then, and the hour appointed for the baronet's visit, she never once feared, as well as hoped for its result, and recalled his high spirit and lofty bearing with foreboding sadness. But then he loved her! and love to the young is an almighty and all-prevailing power, which will ultimately surmount and subdue every obstacle in its path.

Presently she heard his knock—his step upon the stairs—and the tones of his voice reached her ears, it might be for the last time—the drawing-room door closed; the crisis of her fate was come, and she sat down by her little work-table and buried her face in her hands.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before Mrs. Stanhope appeared, and one glance at her countenance was enough for Helen; her long-restrained emotion gushed forth without control, and the tears she shed were those of joy and thankfulness.

"I know how foolish it is to cry when I am so happy," she said, raising her dark eyes, still glittering through their dewy fringe; "but I could not help it, my heart felt bursting."

Mrs. Stanhope affectionately kissed her daughter's cheek, and led her to her impatient lover.

If there were moments when Sir Harry thought of his noble house, his proud, aristocratic father, it was when far removed from the witchery of Helen's voice and smile. In her presence every thing was forgotten, but her love and devotedness.

Mrs. Stanhope had come to town to receive a small legacy bequeathed to her by an aged relative; and that business being at length concluded, she determined no longer to trespass on the hospitality of the kind friend, who had invited them to make her house their home, during their stay. An early day was, therefore, fixed for their return to the farm, where she resided with an only brother; looking after his house, and supplying the place of a mother to the beautiful Lydia Dalton, his only child.

The change from their present mode of living, to the bustle and duties of home would doubtless be felt by both mother and daughter; but it was not that, Helen dreaded, it was the separation from her lover. With her mother's permission, she promised to correspond with him, and it was agreed, that the following summer he should come down and claim his betrothed

bride. Sir Harry accompanied them to the end of the first stage, and then quitting them with regret, set off for the dwelling of his father, Lord Rivers, in Wales.

Mr. Dalton received his sister and niece with his usual kindness, and congratulated the latter on her conquest. Not so Lydia, she appeared sullen and reserved; visions of splendour had sprung up in her young mind, and their influence on her manners speedily became visible to Frank Egerton, her old lover, who marked the alteration with anger and regret. From the moment of Helen's return, a reserve and coldness took the place of the warm sisterly affection with which the cousins had hitherto regarded each other; and when two months had elapsed without bringing any tidings of Sir Harry, Liddy was never tired of taunting her cousin with the desertion of her noble lover, until Helen might have exclaimed, in the words of an old Scotch ballad—

“ That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell,  
I'm fashed wi' their scorning,  
Baith evening and morning,  
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell.”

But she was too happy and too trusting not to bear all this with indifference, and her meek and gentle replies often went to the heart of her thoughtless cousin, who, but for a bitter spirit of envy, would have fallen on her neck, and prayed to be forgiven.

The long, and anxiously looked for epistle at length arrived, to gladden the heart of her to whom it was addressed. Its contents would be as uninteresting to the general reader, as all love letters usually are, save to the parties concerned. Be it sufficient to know, that it contained “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,”—but it was quickly followed by another, from the father of her lover, which consisted only of a few brief and chilling sentences.

“ He had heard of the engagement, he should rather say *entanglement* of his son. Miss Stanhope must be aware that the alliance would be a most unequal one; and he relied on her honour and good-feeling to break it off, and to return any letters which Sir Harry might in future send to her, unanswered and unopened.” He ended by assuring her that their union could only be consummated at the risk of his eternal malediction.

Long did the desolate girl sit with this letter in her hand, which had so rudely crushed every bright and fondly cherished hope. Mrs. Stanhope offered no consolation, she well knew

that in the first burst of human misery it is mockery. But she bent over, and silently kissed, the pale brow of the youthful sufferer; until roused by her caresses, poor Helen remembered that she had yet a mother, a fond anxious mother; and for the sake of that beloved parent she strove to shake off the oppression which seemed weighing her spirit to the earth, and to reflect on what was proper to be done in this hour of painful trial.

She could not bear to part from Sir Harry, without one single word of explanation, or adieu, and therefore enclosed a few lines to him, in a letter addressed to Lord Rivers; in which she begged to assure his Lordship, that his confidence had not been misplaced, and that, without his consent, Harry Lawton would never be more to her, than a very dear friend. Her farewell to her lover was affectionate and womanly; a wish to spare his feelings, caused the suppression of much of that tenderness, which her breaking heart longed to pour out before him; and, passing over what she felt in silence, she entreated him to forget her, and called on Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on her who might be his future love.

Simple and pure-minded as Helen was, and unhackneyed in the world's ways, it never occurred to her to suspect that Lord Rivers would suppress the note entrusted to his care. This was actually the case. His Lordship was himself too much moved by the touching appeal of the devoted girl, to suffer it to pass into the hands of his son; and Sir Harry remained in total ignorance of any correspondence having taken place between his father and his betrothed. Her long silence, however, surprised him, and when he found every letter returned unopened, he soon ceased to humble his proud spirit, before one who thus scorned and trifled with him. There was no mediating voice to whisper how often those precious epistles had been pressed to the lips, and heart, of her to whom they were addressed; and what bitter tears had been shed over them before she consigned them to her mother, to enclose and direct them to one, whose loved name must never be traced by her again.

The morning after Helen had received Lord Rivers' letter, she unclosed her eyes with a vague and dreamy recollection of the occurrence. Again she turned on her pillow and prayed to be permitted to slumber on a little longer in forgetfulness; but her hand resting on a locket, which she wore, all the vivid remembrances of lost happiness started up, and weighed on her heart like lead. She groaned in anguish and bitterness of spirit, and as she raised her eyes to heaven, she, for the first time, became



aware that some one was sitting beside her bed, and watching tenderly over her troubled repose. It was Liddy, her eyes swollen with crying, her countenance subdued by sorrow. She lifted the burning hand of the young sufferer to her lips, and wept over it; they were tears of penitence and regret.

"Forgive me! Oh! forgive me!" she sobbed out, "and let us love one another again, as we used to do."

Helen flung her arms around her cousin's neck, and laid her weary head upon her bosom. "I have at least regained a friend," she said,— "and for the rest, thy will oh God! not mine, be done. Teach me, I implore thee, to bear thy chastening meekly, and with a thankful spirit."

Long did the two girls pray to Him, who alone can send us an answer of peace, and the calmness she sought, once more gleamed upon Helen's open brow, as she returned the fond kiss of her anxious mother, and the affectionate smile of her warm-hearted uncle.

From that moment the name of Sir Harry Lawton became as an unknown sound, and his very remembrance gradually passed away from the minds of all save one, who secretly cherished it in her heart of hearts. She often longed to speak of him to her mother; to ask her if she thought he could have obeyed his father's mandate and forgotten her; but the words died away upon her lips unuttered, and she continued to suffer in uncomplaining silence. Lydia, cured of her momentary thirst for splendour, returned to her former lover, and her old habits. But her own recovered happiness did not render her unmindful of the total wreck of her cousin's, and she was continually forming little plans, and parties of pleasure, to wean Helen from dwelling on the past, who was too grateful for her kindness, not to endeavour to appear pleased and happy. And she succeeded so well, that even her watchful mother, was deceived. There is but one to whom the secret mysteries of the human heart are known, and He regardeth its sorrows, in love and in mercy.

The following summer brought an addition to their little parties, in the person of a Mr. Ackhurst, who came down to L—— for his health, and rented the next house to that occupied by Mr. Dalton. Helen met him first at the residence of a friend, and attracted by something in the demeanor of the feeble old man, exerted herself to please and amuse him; and, in spite of his stern and reserved manners, she succeeded. She was glad to take his arm during their evening walks, in preference to making that unlucky number, a third, where two of the party happen to be lovers. And when his feeble steps could no

longer keep pace with the buoyant activity of Frank and Lydia, she would rest with him on a rustic seat, until the lovers felt inclined to return. On one of these occasions, Helen had gathered a profusion of wild flowers, and sat at his feet, wreathing them into garlands; and listening and replying to his remarks, with all the affectionate attention of a child.

"By the bye," said Mr. Ackhurst, abruptly, "I heard from a dear young friend of mine yesterday—Sir Harry Lawton!"

The flowers dropt from the trembling hands of Helen, and looking eagerly up, she exclaimed, in a tone of wild and passionate tenderness. "Tell me—Is he well? Is he happy?"

But sadder thoughts succeeded this burst of irrepressible emotion and she bent down in silence to collect the scattered flowers, while her tears fell on them like rain.

"Did you know him then?" enquired the old man with a keen glance.

"Yes—He visited at the house where I was staying, while in London."

"He is about to be married!"

Helen wrung her hands, but no exclamation escaped her trembling lips.

"A report to the same effect reached me some time ago," continued Mr. Ackhurst, either unmindful or unconscious of the pain which he was inflicting. "But I believe that his father, Lord Rivers, acted very ill in that affair; sacrificing two young and fond hearts, at the altar of his accursed pride and ambition."

Helen trembled at the vehemence with which he spoke. "His lordship was surely not so much to blame," she said, in a soothing tone. "He probably had higher, and nobler views for his only son, which an alliance with an unknown and portionless girl, would have frustrated or destroyed."

"But did she love him? Did the girl love him?" said the old man.

"Dearer, far dearer than her own existence!" sobbed Helen wildly.

"Then woe to him, who on any pretence has sought to divide them."

"Still, a father's ambition, and pride, may be urged in behalf of Lord Rivers;" said Helen after a long and painful silence.

"Do you plead for him?" said the old man, parting away the bright curls from her forehead, and gazing sadly and tenderly on her face. "Oh! God; this is too much. I cannot bear it."

In striving to soothe the anguish which shook his feeble frame, Helen forgot, for awhile, her own cause of suffering; and this last, worst blow of all, Harry Lawton's inconstancy! Yet she had bade him forget her and be happy; vainly trusting in her own strength, and thinking that she could rejoice in such an event. The moment of bitter trial discovered to her her weakness and her all-enduring love.

They had both somewhat recovered their composure when the lovers returned; but Lydia's clear ringing laugh smote painfully on the ear of her unhappy cousin.

"You have not been idle, I see!" said Frank Egerton pointing to the flowers, and lifting up a wreath of white roses, he placed it on the brow of Helen, and asked Liddy, if she did not look very like a bride in it.

This allusion was too much for the almost heart-broken girl, and uttering a low thrilling exclamation, she sank fainting at his feet—and in that state was borne home to her anxious and alarmed mother.

The following morning, at an early hour, Mr. Ackhurst called at the farm to enquire after the health of the invalid. His step was firmer than it had been for many weeks, and a self-satisfied smile played over his aged face. Helen was up, and sitting by the open casement; but she still looked pale and sorrowful. The old gentleman took her burning hand, and pressing it affectionately, bade her continue to place her trust in providence, and prophesied that many happy days were yet in store for her.

Helen shook her head with a sad smile; but she felt grateful to him for his kindness and attention. Some days afterwards, (by the advice of her mother, who thought that the air would do her good,) Helen ventured out, leaning on the arms of Mr. Ackhurst and Lydia. The quiet beauty of a summer's evening shed its holy influence over her calmed spirits; and her affectionate cousin marked with pleasure the kindling of her eyes, and the flushing of her hitherto pale cheeks. The sounds of an approaching vehicle, were heard, and a travelling carriage covered with dust, dashed by them with great rapidity; in another instant it stopped abruptly and a young man alighted and advanced rapidly towards them. One glance at his noble and manly form was enough for Helen; she trembled violently, and clung convulsively to the arms of her companions for support.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sir Harry, as he approached near enough distinctly to recognize them. "My father and my Helen!"

His father ! The whole truth burst suddenly on the mind of the bewildered girl as she heard these words ; the whole blessed truth ; and she felt that there were indeed happy days yet in store for her. The soothing voice of her lover did not serve to dispel the mists which were gathering over her mind. She felt like one in a dream. She was conscious that their hands were joined, and a father's blessing breathed over them ; then all was a blank until the tears and caresses of Lydia recalled her again to life, to a new existence of hope and joy.

Lord Rivers was not naturally a bad-hearted man, although selfish and ambitious ; and the anguish which he saw his son daily enduring, while under the conviction that her, he so passionately loved was false and unworthy of him, smote him to the heart. At first he trusted to the sophistry of those who assert that time, or change of scene, can eradicate a deeply rooted affection ; but the wasting form of Sir Harry taught him the fallacy of such a trust ; and at length he determined to see, and judge for himself, of the beauty and virtues of her who had so enthralled the mind of his son.

The quiet and touching sorrow which so strongly marked her countenance and manners, and the affectionate confidence and attention which Helen bestowed on the destroyer of her peace, soon subdued and softened, every proud and aristocratic prejudice ; and he at length wrote that letter to Sir Harry, which had been the means of bringing him down to L——.

All this was explained in fewer words than I have taken to write it. And if Helen noticed that her lover looked paler, and somewhat graver and older than when they had last met, and he observed her fragile and delicate form, each remembered that it was love which had wrought the change.

There remains little more to tell, as I shall not attempt to describe or particularize their joyous and simple bridal, or the feelings of the beautiful bride when Frank Egerton, held up the wreath of faded roses before her, and reminded her of his prophecy. They were of mingled happiness and gratitude to that God who had wrought so mercifully for her since then, changing her mourning into joy. And Lord Rivers, in his declining years, cheered by her smiles, or soothed by her affectionate tenderness, found no cause to wish that the wife of his son had been other than the gentle Helen.

E. Y.

## THE BEEHIVE.

*From the German.*

"But for heaven's sake!" said M. Von Bertheim, a young German, to M. le Grand, a fashionable Parisian free-thinker and a zealous apostle of atheism, "by what other idea will you replace that of which you endeavour to deprive me? I perceive the dependance of myself and of all surrounding things; I seek, in consequence of the urgent demands of my reason, from which I cannot release myself, a first, a principal cause of things; and this cause ——"

"You will never find in your way."

"Never find! have I not already found it in the notion of a deity?"

"What!" said M. le Grand, "the cause of effectual operations, the source of realities in a name, in a sound? Can you by its means comprehend the incomprehensible? Can you enlighten by means of darkness?"

"If, as you say, ideas are not words ——"

"Even words I reject."

"Well, then, favour a wanderer with your guidance; lead me to the very fountain of knowledge, out of which you have taken draughts of certainty so deep. I repeat to you that I seek a first cause of things; I am compelled to seek it by the necessity of my understanding; that which I supposed I had found in the notion of a deity, you explain as a dream, a non-entity, a nothing. Probably, however, you are able to substitute a being, an entity, a reality?"

"Most assuredly; the first and only being which enlightened reason acknowledges, the source of all the powers of thought, of all effects, of all that are comprised in heaven and earth, the past and the future."

"Well, and is not this source God?"

"Superstition! an impression of early education! This source is nature alone."

"So I hear, and so I now often read; but if of this nature I ——"

He intended to say, "if I had only a conception of it;" but it was impossible to utter the words. M. le Grand's lungs expanded at once, and certainly he had been the first of all philosophers, if the lungs and not the head had formed philosophers. He advanced as the first, most evident and incontrovertible

truth, that everything in nature has its foundation, and that it everywhere shows a necessity and an eternity, by which the presence and quality of each being may be comprehended. He found this necessary existence, this eternal duration in nothing else than in two ideas, matter and motion. He allowed all things existing in heaven and earth to arise out of this matter and motion only, ridiculed the deceptive idea of a free spirit operating by its own force, because there is no spontaneous agent, no being which moves itself by its own agency; for all things receive their motion from an external impulse. He constituted nature the first and only source of this motion, and of all things which exist by its means; and then he explained this nature by the conflux of matter and its infinite motions. He shewed the preposterous absurdity of a prime mover, of a first cause, of an invisible God, who is not to be comprehended, nor even conceived by any of his properties; painted in dark and fearful colours the misery produced in the world by superstition and priestcraft,\* and so often retraced this narrow, pitiful circle of ideas, with changes so manifold, that M. Von Bertheim speedily lost all desire to oppose him. He found M. le Grand's genius too admirable to venture himself in a contention with it; he could not, he said, conceive how he united so much profundity with so much eloquence, and requested time to study and reflect upon all the sublime and beautiful doctrines which he had heard. M. le Grand, without the smallest suspicion of irony, which appeared to him to be too keen a figure for a German, flattered himself with frequently having the honour to entertain M. Von Bertheim, and thus terminated the atheistical declamation.

The scene of this conversation was a garden on the estate of the Marchioness de la Vaillac, an enlightened patroness and admirer of M. le Grand, whom she introduced on all occasions at her suppers and parties as a most extraordinary genius. The good lady was not young enough for love, nor yet old enough for devotion. In this interval, she applied herself to study, with a view to enable herself to shine in company, and in pursuit of that object had plunged into metaphysics, formed herself an ample collection of rich materials for her future repentance, in witticisms upon heaven and hell, and was now labouring for the conversion of the young German, whose favourable exterior occasioned her to regret that his interior was so benighted.

Our philosophers turning the corner of the furthest large alley in the garden, suddenly found themselves in a wild unen-

\* See the "*Système de la Nature*."

closed place, which, artificially changed into a regular form, gave no unpleasant termination to the garden. They stepped forward, and presently stood before a row of peaceful beehives, whose little inhabitants, with assiduous industry, were transporting the food, which the garden so richly supplied, into their cells.

"How infinitely more agreeable," said M. Von Bertheim, "is the appearance of life than all inanimate beauty, even the most alluring! How much more than all the walks and flower-beds of the garden, which we have just left, does the sight of these happy citizens, of so orderly, so free, and so peaceable a little state, delight me!"

"And the sight of their industry, their occupation," very justly added M. le Grand, "look, how incessantly they come and go, how they hurry and swarm without resting a moment!"

"Yes; and accomplishing first the object of this industry, the rearing of a hopeful posterity, the nursing of the little future citizens!"

"But which, however, is not their chief and only object."

"I know it. These labourers collect also for their own future wants, which is ever their concomitant object; and the tending of their young, wherever I find it in nature, is always attractive and affecting; even the most despicable animal, as soon as it appears in the character of the attentive loving mother, seems so harmless, so deserving of regard, and so holy."

"But, my dear sir, what you say about the care of the young is very just; but you spoke of mothers; can you never have heard?"—(stopping short.)

"Never have heard what?" asked M. Von Bertheim.

It is not to be described with what a broad stare of astonishment M. le Grand started back. He knew that a somewhat intricate chain of profoundly abstract truths may be incapable of comprehension; for only too frequently had he incurred a failure in the magnanimous design of elevating another to himself; but so deep an ignorance of the commonest facts of natural history, as M. Von Bertheim appeared to betray, had never till now been presented to his observation. This astonishment was not diminished by the next question. M. Von Bertheim: many swarms of bees as he bred on his own estates, heard now, for the first time in his life, that all the little insects which he saw industriously labouring, were without ancestors, and without the powers of continuing their species. He found it very incredible, and contrary to all the analogies of nature; but was at length compelled, on M. le Grand's assurance, that it was so, to admit it as a truth.

"However," said he, after expressing his great surprise, "you cannot but allow that this affair is not a little wonderful, for the labouring bees here cannot be as old as the world. Are they not mortal, like all other earthly beings? And if they are incapable of re-production ——"

"Well?"

"How can I conceive their origin constant and eternal? Whence am I to believe the new swarms proceed after the death of the old?"

"Whence should they come?" said M. le Grand, unable to restrain a contemptuous smile, "are there in nature no other than these visible working-bees? Is it necessary that all bees should fly abroad and make honey? Let me tell you, sir," (stepping before him, and in a self-complacent attitude, with outstretched finger) "there dwells within this hive, and within these others, a little queen, who, surrounded by her male seraglio, like a sultan among his women, is, in her way, what our queens only style themselves, the mother of the nation; she is a divinity on whose presence depends this whole system, this entire little world, and who in her haughty but happy seclusion and inactivity ——"

"A divinity!" exclaimed M. Von Bertheim, involuntarily, and then cast his eyes to the ground as if ashamed.

"O, you understand me, I hope. A divinity in the same sense as a queen: only on account of her progeny: only because she is the first person in the state; because it is kept together by her alone; because without her all would be dispersed, all would be lost."

"Yes, yes—when you explain yourself so clearly. But according to your description of this internal, secluded bee, as you call her, she must have very different properties, and a totally different nature from that of all bees hitherto known to me."

"At least, she is larger, has a different dwelling, a different manner of life, and other instincts."

"So that now I can have no conception of her at all. This in the outset is as much to me as nothing."

"Nothing! Does all amount to nothing, of the appearance of which you have not a clear and full conception? Must every thing to be real be seen with your eyes, or grasped in the hands. These bees, however, are in nature; you see them, hear them, and have only to provoke them in order to feel their stings; and thus, I think—if these beings are not produced out of nothing—I think you must grant me the mother-bee."

"Pardon me, if I should contradict you."



"You contradict me! Do you mean to insist upon it that these visible working-bees are without a parent?"

"If I should, that is nothing to the purpose in the present case."

"Nothing to the purpose! Now, by Jove!" exclaimed M. le Grand, and laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes. "Your *naïveté* is most astonishing. How in the world then will you account for their existence? Whence do you think the new swarms are to come? Or are they somewhat eccentric in your system of creation? Do they contradict your first principles of beings?"

"O, M. le Grand," expostulated the other with a mien as if he were sensibly affected, "can a man like you ridicule where you have an opportunity to instruct? Once for all, I am your pupil. Yet, perhaps, your ridicule is only intended to awaken my acuteness. You would try whether I could solve the problem by myself out of the principles which you have so magnanimously imparted to me. And truly, the more I reflect upon it, I seem to have a glimpse of something very beautiful and very solid."

"I am extremely curious to know it, I assure you."

"At least, it is entirely after your example."

"Beautiful! I am the more anxious to hear it."

"Probably.—However, as a novice in thinking, I may make some faults, allow me to place my example at once before me, and repeat your whole train of reasoning. Did you not maintain as a rational atheist who liberates himself from the prejudices of education, that the idea of an invisible, concealed deity, who is comprehensible by none of your faculties, is a brainless idea, and that it is the idlest of all follies to attribute the origin of the world to such a deity?"

"Certainly; and what use do you make of it?"

"Did you not further maintain, as a well-grounded materialist, who suffers himself to be deceived by no shadowy creations of the imagination, that the idea of a self-appointed being, operating by its own force, was a foolish idea, and that, so to speak, all appointment, all motion proceeds from external impulse?"

"Certainly, I did maintain it."

"Well; did you not say, that all things arose only from the motion of matter? and must you not also allow that since all motion comes from without, the ground or basis of the being and consistence of a thing, does not lie within that thing?"

"Of course, have you a doubt upon the subject?"

"I would lead you on. Do you call this proposition, that—

No thing has the basis of its origin and consistence in itself, any other than this, that—The basis of its origin and consistence, in so far as it lies in itself, is nothing ?”

“ If you choose to understand it so. What is there in an expression ?”

“ Now and then, much. Did you not maintain that the nature alone, which effects, produces, and forms all things, is the requisite necessary, eternal cause, the sole and only source of motion ?”

“ Very truly.”

“ And did you not explain this nature by the conflux, the sum, the union of all things and of all motions, of which none have their origin in the thing itself, but in the chain of the whole ?”

“ Again you are right ; but I do not perceive the tendency of these questions.”

“ Even to the point at which I am now arrived ; for I only wanted to be certain of the great principles of a system so peculiarly your own, and so new to me ; that infinitely many no-bases in the uniting basis give infinitely many no-motions in the sum of motion, and also that nothing added to nothing becomes something. Prepared with this axiom, I now proceed courageously to my proverb, and am certain to solve it. My train of reasoning is this. Here I behold working-bees, which are without the powers of reproduction. I receive impressions of them on my sight, my hearing, my taste, and, if I provoke them, on my touch ; I cannot, therefore, deny their existence. I also understand that they have the basis of their existence out of themselves, that they arise not out of themselves, and are not eternal. Where, then, must I look for their origin ? In parent-bees, to whom, as well as to themselves, are wanting the powers of reproduction ? or in a queen-bee, which lived before them, and is of a different nature ? But whence does she come ? and what conception can I form of her properties ?—No, that would be very foolish ; it would be very absurd to catch at a mere non-entity, and explain reality by a name and a sound. It would be better to comprehend the whole of the bees, which are labouring here and elsewhere, in the universal idea, *All-Bees* ;\* and their collective powers of re-production, in the universal idea, *Bee-nature*. Then again, each of these powers, taken singly, is a pure nothing ; but infinitely many nothings, I learn, give in their sum, an actual something, and infinitely many impossibilities to produce, united in one conception, will amount to a possibility, to more than a possibility, to an actual re-productive

\* *Bienen*—All.

power. Thus, through a productive power, proceeding out of nothing, came these bees to existence ; thus arose what cannot have the basis of its being in itself, not in things of its own kind, and yet have also its varieties in nothing. Well, M. le Grand, you see that I have caught your chain of conclusions, and that I have come forth without a mother-bee ; that I have not made use of this mysterious, invisible being, which is so little to be conceived by me ; and that I should only have made myself ridiculous, if I had so easily entangled myself. But perhaps you find my explanation insufficient, and not plain enough for the commonest understanding."

"O quite sufficient, quite evident," said M. le Grand, shrugging up his shoulders with compassion, "communicate your ideas to the public ; it were a pity they should be lost."

"If you think so ——"

"I assure you ; and you will acquire honor by them ; all imaginable honor."

"Which I shall restore to him, to whom it belongs."

In this cool manner the conversation ended, and both returned in silence to the table. M. le Grand's impatience would not permit him to wait for the time when he should be alone with the marchioness and the rest of the company. He, however, was skilful enough to observe silence on every thing that turned to the disadvantage of himself or his system. Such ignorance, such simplicity as this ! to account for the generation of beings by means of beings, which have clearly no generative powers, could not fail to excite laughter, contempt, and derision. "But," said the marchioness at length, "you know, gentlemen, that such monstrous stupidity is only heard on the other side of the Rhine. In France, thank heaven, we are another race of beings, and have a different organization of the brains."—"Yes, yes, that we have," echoed the company, and then arose a lively dispute, whether the cause of this stupidity was more to be attributed to the climate, the government, or something else. Meanwhile, they were unanimous on the occasion of the dispute ; and M. Von Bertheim, of whom the marchioness had entertained the highest expectations at first, sank into profound contempt.

H.

## THE MILD GENTLEMAN'S WIFE.

BY JOHN HORATIO HUNT.

THERE is a story told in some place or another, where, when, or of whom I cannot recollect, of a very apathetic gentleman, who was seated one winter's evening by his fire-side, enjoying the conversation of his wife, and smoking his cigar. By an accident the lady's clothes caught fire, and, in the course of about half an hour, she was as completely burned to ashes as the cigar was, which her bereaved widower had, during the process of the connubial conflagration, totally made away with. On perceiving that the fire was out, he rang the bell, and desired the servant who answered it "to sweep away his late mistress and bring him another cigar."

Now, my friend Jenkins was just such another imperturbable individual as the one alluded to. Nothing disturbed, or could disturb, the even tenor of his existence; nothing could, on the other hand, by any chance whatever, elevate him above the quiet meditation of his nature. The best joke in the world told by the funniest fellow alive, failed to ruffle the solemnity of his jaws. "Indeed, sir!" he would observe, "Indeed, sir!" "An awful suicide;" "Lamentable loss of life;" "Providential escape;" "Horrid murder;" "Found drowned;" even the death of a friend, were equally impotent of affecting him. "Dear me!" he would ejaculate, "Dear me!" and the idea immediately gave place to another. At forty years of age, he was left a widower with six children. "It's all round my hat, Charles," said he, pointing to the crape. On my enquiring after his lady's health the day after her decease,— "It's all round my hat—What's the time?" On my asking him, a short time afterwards, if my wife should take his children home with her for a week or two, he replied, "You're very good, but *I believe Mrs. Jenkins* has sent them to France!" The fellow had married his housekeeper three days after the loss of his first wife!

Having occasion to call upon him one morning, I found the house very different in its appearance and management to what it used to be during the life time of the first Mrs. Jenkins. The servant who answered the door told me that Mr. J. was in the kitchen reading the paper to his lady. Thither I descended. On my appearance, the female Jenkins, discovered symptoms

of decided war. "Who's that man?" cried she, pointing to my confused self, and interrogating the mild gentleman, with an eye that might have been well mistaken for a tiger's. "That's James," replied her husband, slowly turning round upon his chair, "How d'ye do, James? Be seated." My friend's request that I should be sedentary appeared to inflate the very soul of Mrs. J. with the powerful gas of a wild beast's ferocity. "Be seated, Mr. Jenkins?" roared she, "Be seated, sir?" "Yes, my dear—those were undoubtedly my words." "And did I not tell you, sir, that I would see no company?" she enquired, walking up to her husband with that air that is usually the forerunner of a smack on the face. "You did, my dear," replied J., shielding his physiognomy from the possible attack with the Morning Chronicle which he held in his hand. "And what did I mean by that, sir?" asked his lady, tearing that extensively circulated journal from the mild gentleman's grasp. "That you preferred living to yourself, my dear." "Then tell that feller to go." "James, I'll trouble you to go," observed my hospitable friend, heaving a sigh, as he thrust his hands into the pockets of his pantaloons. "Good morning, James." "Will you call upon me as soon as possible, then," said I, "for I have something of the very greatest importance to communicate." "Let me tell you, sir," shouted the wife, "that my husband never calls upon nobody. If you've got anything to tell him, say it now, while I'm here. He is me, and I is him, sir. I'm a respectable married woman, sir, as always pays ready money, with sons grown up and well to do. My first husband was in the grocery line for thirty year, and so I ayn't exactly a child, and what's more, there's the door, sir, and I'll trouble you to make use on it." "Then I shall see you shortly, Jenkins?" enquired I, bowing in reply to the variety of information afforded me by his amiable wife. "Silence, Mr. J." cried she, as he was about to answer me. "Mary, open the door for this person." In despair of effecting the object of my visit, I made my friend's dragon the most polite of bows and hastily departed.

Time rolled on, and at the expiration of about six years after the death of his first wife, Jenkins found himself the father of another half dozen children, who all of them, as their mother took pleasure in remarking, "gave promise of resembling herself." A thousand a year, with an economical wife, may maintain a small house and family very comfortably; but if the pristine Mrs. J. was a careful body, her successor was wholly the reverse, expending, every season, quite as much in the purchase of silk stockings as would have provided a colony of aldermen

in roast turkey for a twelvemonth ; although, if Jenkins himself requested permission to order a new pair of boots, the permission was never granted until minute investigation had assured her that the boots on duty were no longer worthy the name. She had a strong perception, too, of the costliness of a watch-ribbon, but a new bonnet was among her daily expences, while she pronounced it, on one occasion, extremely vulgar to be seen a second time abroad with the same parasol. Although it has been mentioned that Mrs. Jenkins forbade her husband to receive company, the legislatress, in that particular, submitted to no such law herself. This embargo laid upon her husband's sociality originated solely in her desire to be secured against the unpleasantness of a connection with *his* friends, whose superiority, of course, over herself, constituted them the objects of her exceeding antipathy. To her own friends, her invitations to tea and card parties and balls were numerous, and Jenkins, whatever might have been *his* antipathy to *them*, was disabled, by his constitutional apathy, from making it known to any one, much less to the dreaded partner of his joys. Neither did he murmur at being bereaved of the friends of his youth, for, in the end, not one of his former acquaintances visited him, and if he met them in the street, some unaccountable impulse invariably caused him to pull his hat over his eyes, and pass them by with his chin in his waistcoat-pocket. The tradesmen with whom he dealt during the lifetime of his first wife, and the housekeeper-ship of his present one, were now his constant visitors and associates. The tallow-chandler dropped in to a friendly pipe, and the butcher and baker shortly joined them. The corn-chandler indulged two or three times a week in a half hour's speech upon the merits of "Fine Upland Meadow," "inferior ditto," and "new ditto ;" the poulterer instructed our hero in quails and ducklings ; veal was the chief idea in the mind of the butcher ; while the linen-draper, who was Mrs. Jenkins's peculiar favorite, was to her the most welcome visitor in the world, for his mind was stored with the most profound knowledge of his business ; deep was he in stockings, and not-to-be-argued-with upon merinos. There was an unusual brilliancy in her eye when she would enquire of him : "How much is Irish, Mr. Pin," and that glow of the very soul which always accompanies a love of the subject, when he launched out into a rhapsody upon the merits of the article in question, after he had informed her that it averaged four and two. One or two, or all of the above gentlemen, with their wives and daughters *tea'd* at our hero's every evening. Jenkins and the baker generally

smoked and played at cribbage after tea till supper time—indeed *his* favourite was the baker. He was an unobtrusive negative tradesman—likeable because there was nothing to dislike in him more than from any affirmative claims he had upon Jenkins's affection. A man who seldom opened his lips but to puff out his smoke or to say "fifteen two," or "go," or "one for his nob," which he mentioned in a half-whisper—a man who exhibited neither triumph at being the conqueror, or chagrin at being conquered, who "observed game!" and pocketed, or unpocketed his shilling with the same waxy-potatoe expression of countenance. Jenkins enjoyed these moments, for his wife always insisted upon their playing in the back drawing-room, as their constant "reckonings" disturbed herself and her whist-players in the front, at least this was the reason assigned. Jenkins never thought of telling her that he knew it was because she played outrageously high. He felt assured she was ruining him, but managed nevertheless to enjoy her absence even at so expensive a price. His only trouble consisting in his prayers that she might win—not from any sordid motives, but simply because, upon the state of her pocket at supper time depended his night's-rest, and the number of kicks and pinches he was to receive before morning. Besides, the butcher was an exceedingly slaughter-house-hearted fellow, and always made every body miserable if he had a run of ill-luck. And the poulterer was a fidgetty player, and the corn-chandler a noisy one. So the man of dough and our hero were glad to be to themselves.

These parties lasted some two or three years without intermission. At the end of that period, one Tuesday night's gazette announced the butcher and the poulterer as bankrupts. This was quite enough to incite their immediate acquaintances in the neighbourhood to indict poor Jenkins as the keeper of a common gambling-house. Although gambling to an important extent, had, during the above period, taken place in it, and to that fact the bankruptcies alluded to were probably wholly to be attributed, yet there was no evidence fairly to be brought against him which could legally establish it as a gambling-house. Still, our hero, on the evidence given at the trial, was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a two hundred pounds fine, or be imprisoned for six months. Having paid the fine, our hero had the matter made more agreeable to him by the revilings of his spouse, who eternally rang in his ears her conviction that it was all owing to his own stupidity in not compromising the affair before it had been allowed to arrive at a climax.

This event induced Jenkins, for the first time since his second

marriage, to make enquiry, one morning, into the state of his affairs. After a careful investigation, he ascertained that he had been living at the rate of about three thousand per annum for eight years, or rather that his wife's personal expences during that period had averaged three thousand five hundred pounds annually. He further ascertained, that he had left about eight hundred pounds in cash, and his furniture, valued at one thousand five hundred pounds, and that his debts exceeded ten thousand pounds! Having satisfactorily determined that such was the case, he lit his meerschaum, and flinging himself upon an adjacent sofa, proceeded to puff and speculate—not, however, in the least ruffled by the information he had just obtained that he was shortly to become a declared pauper.

He had thus enjoyed, with considerable abstraction, the quiet of his *otium cum indignitate* for some half-an-hour, when he was reminded of his being alive by the entrance of a servant, who informed him that a person wished to speak with him. "Tell your mistress," replied Jenkins: "you know she desires to see everybody herself." "She is not at home, sir, and the person says he wishes to see you, and not my mistress." "Ask him up stairs, then."

Now Jenkins very well knew that he was acting disobediently, but the idea of incommoding himself to argue the matter with his footman never entered his head, and to this it may be attributed that a fat man entered the room.

"What is your pleasure?" said Jenkins, addressing the individual, a man with an expression of much honesty and quite as much suffering in his countenance.

"I come on business, sir, not pleasure."

"Do you?"

"Yes, sir. There's my bill; eight hundred pounds."

"Who are you?" enquired Jenkins, taking the bill, looking at it, folding it up, and putting it in his pocket.

"I'm Geoffrey Baxter."

"What are you, Mr. Baxter?"

"A Jeweller, a poor one, with a large family, and a sick wife; your creditor, a resolute one, with no patience."

"Oh! well, then, I suppose I must get up!" Rising from the sofa, Jenkins took the bill from his pocket, looked at it again, asked the man if he had brought a stamped receipt, was answered in the affirmative, opened his strong-box, counted out the money to the whole amount, transferred it to the jeweller, took the receipt, received his thanks, bowed to him, rang the bell for the servant to shew him out, closed the door after him,



and observing "I'm ruined!" again lit his meerschaum, and retired to his tranquil succumbency upon the sofa.

"Here, Mr. Jenkins," observed Mrs. J., bounding suddenly into the room a minute afterwards, "Give me a twenty pound note, will you. I've just been ordering home one or two little necessities."

"Where am I to get it, my dear?" coolly enquired Jenkins.

"From your strong-box, to be sure. Give me the key."

Jenkins did as he was desired. Mrs. Jenkins proceeded to open the box. "Why to my knowledge, Mr. Jenkins," she cried, petrified at finding it empty,—“to my knowledge, Sir, there were several hundred pounds in this box this very morning!”

"Yes, my dear, there were—exactly eight hundred pounds."

"Where are they then, Mr. Jenkins? Don't think I'm to be trifled with. Where are they I say?" And the lady of the house shook the gentleman of the house vigorously, and disabled him from giving an immediate reply to her ferocious interrogatory, by depriving his lungs of their usual facility of action.

"Baxter's got 'em," groaned Jenkins, looking red and exploring into the face of his wife.

"Who's Baxter?" another shake, more awful.

"A jeweller,—a poor one, with a large family and a sick wife. My creditor, a resolute one, without any patience."

"Have you paid him?" enquired Mrs. Jenkins, angrily.

"There is his receipt."

"Write me a check on Drummond, then."

"I've overdrawn this month past."

"How d'ye mean Mr. Jenkins?"

"I only mean that I'm ruined—a ruined man—that's all, my dear, nothing further."

It would be impossible for the human reader to imagine, even were it in my power to give him a Schillerian description of it, the enormous passion that Mrs. J. went into, on ascertaining that she had ruined her husband. Her physical structure groaned under the convulsion of her mental ferocity, as, proceeding towards the reclining and sudden pauper, she deposited the entire of her resentment into the knuckles of her right fist, and made a Sampson present of that inflamed weapon to the nose of her lord and master,—after which she informed him that he would never see her more, and rushed melo-dramatically from the apartment.

In the evening Jenkins ascertained that she had decamped, and taken his children with her. A letter left on his dressing-table, in her hand-writing, informed him, that "his children by his first wife had been all drowned in their passage to America, whither she had sent them under pretence of their crossing the channel for the benefit of a French education."

"Indeed!" observed Jenkins.

That "four thousand pounds, which she knew he intended depriving her of, had been discovered by her, concealed under the floor of the wash-house, and that she had put that into her purse on leaving him."

"Humph!" observed Jenkins.

"That she advised him to get a situation under government."

"Good!" observed Jenkins, "being now totally destitute, that is what I had better attempt."

Mrs. Jenkins is residing at her villa on the borders of the Lake of Geneva.

Jenkins is a clerk in the Post-office, where he has been this ten years, and a more industrious, quiet, and mild gentleman never stamped a letter.

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### MEMORY OF THE PAST.

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Oh! there's nothing like the *past*, midst all the beautiful and bright,

With its smiles of vanish'd happiness, and memories of light;  
It steals upon the spirit, like the song of former years,  
Belov'd, ere worldly blights had taught the bitterness of tears.

What is the glow of *present joy*?—a meteor's flitting beams;  
Or, transient as the lotus-flowers which bloom on sun-lit streams,

We feel amid its brightest smiles, how soon the dream must fade,  
Leaving the heart it made its home, to droop beneath the shade.

Then there's nothing like the dreamy *past*,—the air-harp's by-gone strain,

Is dear, for ah! we never more may hear it breathe again;  
And *thus* it is with Memory, we love the faintest sigh  
That links us with the glorious past, in dreams which never die.

MARIE.

# FAREWELL! OH, FAREWELL!

BY MISS ISABELLA T. MOXEY.

"FAREWELL! oh, farewell!" how lonely the feeling  
 That throbs in my bosom when parting from thee;  
 And sorrow—deep sorrow its pow'r is revealing,  
 Like the rays of the sun on the lone desert tree.  
 Ah! though yet I've known but life's early morning,  
 Think not that its course is unclouded and bright,  
 Deem not that the sun is always adorning  
 Youth's beautiful season with lustre and light;—  
 Thus when the links of affection are broken—  
 Links strengthened by kindness and hallowed by love,  
 When the low words of parting are mournfully spoken,  
 A cloud charged with grief seems to lower above.

I bid thee farewell with the silent emotion,  
 That speaks the unlinking of hearts that were one,  
 So awfully still and calm seems the ocean,  
 Ere the storm and the tempest their wrath have begun.  
 Thus is it with me—we have met, but oh! never  
 Again on this earth shall I meet thee the same,  
 For Time's ruthless course, which the dearest can sever,  
 May wither the feelings as well as the frame.  
 Farewell!—not to think on the future were better,  
 When the hopes we long cherished have left but regret;  
 'Mid the world's darkest frown, and its vain shining glitter,  
 Forgotten I may be,—I ne'er can forget.

*Edinburgh.*





*Drawn by J. M. W. Turner.*

*Engraved by E. Portbury.*

# THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

## THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Yes, pray! thou young and lovely one,  
 'Tis meet from lips like thine;  
 Their murm'rings borne on seraph-wings,  
 Must reach heav'n's holy shrine.  
 Yes, pray! while yet thou hast the power,  
 In holiness of heart;  
 Ere contact with the world, hath bid  
 Its purity depart.  
 'Tis bright! 'tis beautiful! as now;  
 To gaze upon thy fair, smooth brow,  
 And see devotion's halo shed  
 Its glories round thy youthful head.

'Neath the sad cypress' weeping shade,  
 Thy parents sweetly sleep;  
 Their hopes, their pangs, are past for aye,  
 'Tis *thine*, alone, to weep.  
 Fond looks are bent upon thee still,  
 Yet not like those of yore;  
 Poor child! that soft parental glance,  
 Will beam on thee no more.  
 Love's sweetest tones may lull to rest,  
 Yet not upon a *mother's* breast;  
 And though thou'rt met with softest wile,  
 Oh! tis not like a *father's* smile.

The shaggy friend of infancy,  
 Still tends upon thy path;  
 And fancy fain would think his gaze,  
 A mournful meaning bath.  
 Although he cannot speak his love,  
 That silent sympathy,  
 Breathes with a mute, yet thrilling voice,  
 His watchful care for thee.  
 Yes, pray! sweet one! nor weep, nor sigh,  
 Thou art not lone, for *One* is nigh,  
 Who will the lowly orphan hear,  
 And shed a balm for every tear!

MARIE.

## THE PORTFOLIO.—No. I.

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL.

*Author of "Miscellaneous Poetry," "The Storm," &c. &c.*

"Such is the force of wit—but not belong,  
 To me the arrows of satiric song;  
 The royal vices of our age demand  
 A keener weapon, and a mightier hand;  
 Still there are follies e'en for me to chase,  
 And yield at least amusement in the race."

BYRON.

LADIES, in opening "THE PORTFOLIO" for your amusement and instruction, I ought to say something or other. Every book has a preface; why, nobody knows; but since it is a throne all have bowed to, we must do the same. But prefaces, like the speech of the King on the opening of Parliament, for the most part contain nothing—are made of nothing—and of all prefaces we may venture to say,—

"From nothing we came, and whatever our station,  
 To nothing we owe an immense obligation."

Since, then, there is nothing new in prefaces, the author begs leave to say a few words to all his friends, ere they look through his Portfolio. But first allow him to introduce you to it. It is a large book, bound with something or other, festooned with two strings of, what once, was blue silk ribbon, but now you would have some difficulty to discover their colour. Its covering is sadly faded, and as I look upon it, yes, as I fondly gaze upon it, for it has been my companion for many a long, long year, I sigh, look at my grey hairs, and think upon the happy by-gone days,

"When I was wont to pace the mossy glade,  
 To view the crimson zon'd horizon fade."

So much for the outside; now for its interior. A mass of papers, of all kinds, on all subjects, the labours of the spring, the summer, the autumn, aye, and the winter of my years. Many are sketches from life; some of them are scattered over the pages of the periodicals of the past and present day—some are in poetry, others in prose. Some of them were written in England; some in Scotland; some in France, and in Italy. This as I gazed upon the mighty ocean, that as I watched the dawn of day kissing the eastern mountain. That wee bit o'

paper has written upon it my opinions on devotion, this was composed as I gazed upon Mont Blanc, one summer's evening.

"No, never shall I lose the trace,  
Of what I saw in that bright place;  
And should my spirit's hope grow weak,  
Should I oh God! e'er doubt thy power,  
This mighty scene again I'll seek,  
At the same calm and glowing hour;  
And here at the sublimest shrine  
That Nature ever reared to thee,  
Re-kindle all that hope divine,  
And feel my immortality."

MOORE.

Such then are the contents of my Portfolio, and now let us search among them for something for the next number of the "Young Lady's Magazine." Ah! this will do; the very subject I was asked to write upon.

#### GAMING.

It is quite useless to deny, whatever may be the dreams of the philosopher, as to the foundation of human happiness, that it consists, not in the possession of an object, but in the hope of obtaining it. We all know, that the greater the difficulty of accomplishing any undertaking, the more ardently does man desire the attainment of it. During a state of inaction we are rendered sensible of our own weakness. We feel that we are but dust, shadows that pass away—a flower in the morning blooming with radiant beauty, in the evening cut down, withered, shrivelled and decayed; nay, to such a state may we descend, as to be scarcely conscious that we exist. On the other hand, the man of business is perfectly happy. The merchant, for example, enjoying, in the ardent application of his talents, a sense of superiority above his fellows, passes through life regardless of the temporary storms and whirlwinds of fate; fully prepared to encounter every adverse gale that may blow upon his vessel. As exercise, then, is the school for intelligence and ingenuity—a world, a theatre, a stage, in which variety and change are the most predominant features, is well fitted for the habitation of an intelligent being like man. Every material which is to supply his wants and necessities, is presented in a crude state, in order that he may exercise his talents. Thus the diamond requires to be polished, before it is the brilliant gem we see it after that process; the iron lies buried in the caverns of the earth, requiring much labour and trouble ere we can make use of it. The pearl is entombed at the bottom of



the ocean, even a great part of our food requires cultivation, for perhaps in no part of the globe are the spontaneous productions of nature fitted for our use. Labour is the price to be paid for our wants. For where nature has been so bountiful to man, as to give him his food as it were spontaneously, requiring little exertion of him, she has stinted his talent and ingenuity in proportion.

This is also the case with animals, where food for the most part is within their reach, the active powers acquire little development; such is the condition of the herbivorous animals, whose repast is everywhere spread in rich profusion beneath their feet, the business of their lives being to pluck the grass from off the flowery mead, and to repose upon the rich carpet of the velvet lawn. But surely man was created to a nobler end than this—man, who is to become immortal, who is destined for some other end than to sink into the grave, as the moth or some other insect. Again, we find that all the perceptions of carnivorous animals are much more acute than herbivorous, while in strength, instinct and agility, they far surpass them; for what sight is equal to that of the eagle or the hyæna.

Every thing which contributes to our comfort and security, demands serious reflection, toil, and industry. But then we have always a great deal of spare time on hand, many hours to fill up in some way or other, and here the calls of pleasure succeed to those of necessity. The above remarks will serve, in some measure, to explain the foundation of this most detestable of vices; we find it to be a characteristic feature in savage tribes, both in the Old and New World. But though some excuse may be made for the rude and uncultivated savage, the being who is dead to every feeling of emotion, who never "sighed at the sound of a knell, or smiled when a sabbath appeared." It is difficult to conceive how gaming is so prevalent in countries so highly civilized as France and England; we confess it is difficult to explain how men, who have basked in the sunbeams of knowledge, who have enjoyed the happiness of spending a leisure hour with kindred spirits—tasting the honied bliss of social intercourse, can sit down for hours to play at cards. Young Ladies, you, perhaps, may never have witnessed the scene I am about to sketch for you; take then from it a lesson, and, if your guardians are bountiful in their allowance of pin-money, if you have some pounds to spare, go to the house of mourning, buy food for the poor orphan, replace with warm clothing the rags that cover the widow, who, with her six helpless babes is oft begging a bit of bread at your gate,

and great will be your reward—your slumbers will be light, as your young and innocent hearts, great will be your reward in this world, and in that which is to come, far greater than we can picture or conceive. But if you are induced to take up the painted bits of card, rest assured that the demon has secured you as his victim; from that moment peace will fly from you, the misery that will follow, is far greater than I can tell. Look at my Portfolio, see you the sketch marked A. B. C. Some day or other you shall read it;—but stay, we must endeavour to conclude our present sketch.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was rather late when I entered C——'s; I found a large party of gentlemen assembled at supper, among them the handsome young Earl of —, he had only just attained his majority, and had that afternoon been pounced upon by the fly-catcher's\* of the establishment. I said to him, in an undertone,—“C——, you are not going to play.” “No! no! no!” was the reply, “I shall take care.” He was swallowing large quantities of wine, and, evidently, was a good deal excited. I trembled, for I knew that he was to be married in a month, to the beautiful and accomplished Miss A——. “Good God!” I mentally exclaimed, “can C—— leave that lovely girl for such a set as De R——, B——, &c.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Every thing went in his favour, that night he won a large sum of money, the next night fortune again favoured him,—the next, \* \* \* Would that I could draw a veil over the misfortunes of my unhappy friend. I saw him sitting at the table—it was five o'clock in the morning, the grey light peeped through the window-shutters, and added still more to the horrors of the scene, for it fell upon the features of the gamblers, revealing \* \* \* I cannot write; would that I had never witnessed it. There sat C——, the dice-box held in one hand, his head resting on the other: I scarce could conceive that two or three days could have wrought such a change. I looked again and again upon the sunken eye, the pallid cheek—oh! that haggard look; I shall never forget it. Suddenly he started up, looked over the cards, threw them down, and, putting on his hat, prepared to leave the room. “We shall see you to-morrow,” said one of the party;—“No you will not,” was the reply, and, turning to me, he said,—“I have lost my all,—I have been cheated out of — thousand pounds.” “Cheated,”

\* Fly-catcher, a man employed to decoy young men into gaming-houses.

said one of the party, "my good fellow, this tone will never do, you must retract that in the morning, or, by ——." I heard not the conclusion of the sentence, for I hastened away with my friend, and having seen him safe to his hotel, promised to be with him early the next morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had not been long in bed, when I started at hearing a loud knocking at the street-door, and running down, found C——'s servant in an agony of grief. "Come, Sir, will you come directly, my master ——."

\* \* \* \* \*

On entering the room of my poor friend, I saw him extended on the floor, a discharged pistol by his side. While they went in all directions for a surgeon, I looked round the room; what a contrast did the elegant furniture, the varied paraphernalia of wealth, form to the cold and lifeless body of C——. On the table were several letters, one directed to me, requesting that I would break his death to his father. "My poor old mother, my sister, and to A——, poor girl! Give her ——, and tell her that I loved her fondly, dearly, truly, faithfully to the last; and to you, my dear ——, to you, what can I say for all your kindness. Ere you read this letter, I shall be no more; take then the advice of a dying man, and avoid gambling as the fiend of darkness, regard it as the road to misery, to ruin, and to woe."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is useless to prolong this paper, by entering into the folly of any one supposing they have a chance to win by any kind of gambling; whether they employ as implements, horse-races, cards, or dice, the end is in each the same,—*misery* and *ruin*. It must even be a source of wonder, how the mind can suffer itself to be so imposed upon, with odds so fearfully against it, and yet, if we are told we run the chance of gaining ten pounds with a thousandth part of that sum, desire shuts up every avenue to reason. We risk our all upon the hazard of the die, although the chances are twenty-thousand to one against us.

"Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit."

If we were to ask, what are the effects of gaming upon our industry and moral conduct, a long and painful list of crime and licentiousness must be added to our paper, calling from our pen an uninterrupted stream of censure.

(To be continued)

## THE OLDEN WRITERS.

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MILTON AND LADY TEMPLE.

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IN reading the Editors' address in the first Number of the Young Lady's Magazine, which was written with so much spirit, and which displayed so much good taste and feeling, I was much struck with what it said on the subject of fashion, of which they profess themselves to be independent; and it occurred to me that the remark might be quite as applicable to *Messieurs les Ecrivains*, as to *Mesdames* of the *Magazines des modes*. It would be quite *outré* for a quinquagenarian like myself, to express any opinion *en cathedra* of the latter, or interpose a sentiment respecting a department, of which it may be well decided that I am a perfect *ignoramus*—not so, however, with regard to the former, concerning whom it may be presumed, that, as my information is more accurate and extensive, any reflections in which I may feel disposed to indulge, will not be regarded as officious and intrusive. I look a good deal to the *dress* in which thoughts of writers are clothed, and the less it is under the caprice of fashion the better; and I am free to say, that to me the attire in which the ideas of some of our olden writers, epistolary, historical, and I will add, theological, are clothed, always affords the greatest and most immeasurable satisfaction; and whatever may be the censure to which my admission may expose me, I acknowledge, that I infinitely prefer that attire or dress beyond all the ornaments which modern modes and fashion in language have introduced. There is something in the style and elegance of the master spirits of the olden time far more graphic of the mind, and more congenial to the sentiment of the writers, than all the polished diction, and elaborated periods of modern compositions. I of course, allude to the choicest specimens—*embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life*—which our olden writers afford, and with which I should say, the seventeenth century, and part of the preceding one, will best supply us. The seventeenth, a century indeed, full of clouds and darkness, but still there arose many a star of surpassing order and brilliancy, all the while to illumine and beautify its literary hemisphere, despite its political storms and tempests. Instances it would be no difficult matter to give in abundance in every different department, in which were produced works or books that contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as those souls whose progeny they are—nay, which

preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of those living intellects that bred them. What shall I say of Milton—whose prose compositions contain passages of such superlative splendor and magnificence in language, as would fully entitle him to the palm of immortality, even had the master-mind never reared that imperishable monument of its ascendancy and genius—*Paradise Lost*? I know not a more intellectual feast than that which the former affords. Where the mine contains such profusion of rich ore, the selection is difficult to make from any particular shaft—one shall suffice. In allusion to the great metropolis, in one of his immortal prose compositions, *Areopagitica*, he exclaims; “Behold now the vast city—a city of refuge—the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God’s protection—the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice, in defence of beleagued truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by that studious temple, musing, searching, resolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their piety, the approaching reformation. Where there is much desire to reason, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing—many opinions: for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making! Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth; and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abased sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means!” Where can we find any thing more splendid in thought and expression than in this, and indeed in almost any passage with which the *Areopagitica* abounds, and which I will promise our readers they will meet with in profusion in other parts of Milton’s prose writings. See his immortal *Treatise on Education*, &c. But there is another writer to whom I wish to introduce the readers of the *Young Lady’s Magazine*, as illustrating what I have advanced above as to style and language in the writings of those of a former age. And the one of whose epistolary correspondence I am desirous to furnish them with two or three specimens in this article, is Lady Temple, the wife of the elegant and accomplished Sir William Temple, herself equally elegant and accomplished in the conformation of her mind, and in the purity of her style. Her letters are not, I believe, very generally

known ; but where shall we find any epistolary correspondence more distinguished for the ease, the sound sense, judicious reflections, and rational view of piety in which it is written ; and her letters, too, are on a subject on which it is of all others perhaps the most difficult for the epistolary writer so to embody in language the feelings of the soul as to render them at all *readable* by any third person. But this has she effected ; and I perfectly concur in the judgment of Lady Gifford, the sister of Sir William Temple, "*that she never saw any thing more extraordinary than her letters.*" The maiden name of Lady Temple was Osborne, and I cannot refrain from giving the reader some little account of her, previous to introducing one or two of her letters. As was usual in those days, she, like all other unmarried females, was styled *Mrs.* The appellation of *Miss* (our young readers will doubtless be not a little surprised) indicated then a term of inferiority, if not of reproach.\* She was a daughter of Sir Peter Osborne, who was governor of Guernsey for King Charles I. ; and on one occasion, on which she was proceeding to re-visit her father, I have a charming anecdote to relate of — My pen somehow has a repugnance to designate a young and beautiful girl with the grave and matronly title of *Mrs.*, preferring in the execution of its office, to write what the lips would ten thousand times rather at any time pronounce, the christian name, than that of the awful — ; but not a word more from one who admires the sex so much as I do,—well then, of — Dorothy Osborne. Her brother accompanied the sister on this journey, and, as a dark romance always gives a peculiar shadow to a story, who should by mere accident meet the brother and sister, but the lover and the future husband of Dorothy ; and, I will just stop in my relation to make one remark, if anything could have induced a man to become the former (a lover), and entertain serious musings of becoming in good time the latter (the husband), it is surely the incident now to be recited. The brother of Dorothy Osborne, hearing, when they reached the Isle of Wight, of the indignity with which the governor of the castle, Colonel Hammond, treated the king, was so exasperated that he committed an act which might have been attended with the most serious consequences. He wrote with a diamond on one of the panes of glass in the window of the house in which he was, these words : " and the

\* The last biographer of Sir William Temple, (the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay), asks this question : " At what period did the appellation now acknowledged only by matrons or ancient maidens, cease to be borne by single women ? "

man was hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mor-decai." For this act of imprudence he was seized : but how did he escape the wrath of the governor? only through the instrumentality of Dorothy, who, like a sensible woman and a charming creature, too, as she was, well knowing that in times of civil *agitation*, there was little ceremony paid to common law, and little account taken of human life, took the offence upon herself—the wrath of a roundhead officer even was pacified, and his gallantry displayed in forgiving the offender, and in permitting the party to proceed on their journey to St. Mawes. They travelled together for some time in France, and as may be anticipated, an attachment, after such an act of heroism, and for such a woman of personal attractions, was the consequence ; but seven long years, owing to the opposition of the parents on both sides, to the match, elapsed before the union was consummated. Amongst the many persons by whom she was wooed, was *Henry Cromwell*, a younger son of the Protector ; but she had pledged her word to Sir William Temple, and she remained firm as a rock to her first love, and resisted all other applicants for her hand. Now the following is from one of her beautiful love-letters, in which she thus describes her feelings and mode of disposing of her hand : " You ask me how I pass my time here, (an ancient seat of the Osborne's, still in the family), I can give you a perfect account, not only of what I do for the present, but what I am likely to do these seven years, if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me. I then think of making me ready, and when that is done I go into my father's chamber ; from thence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr. P. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working ; and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies near the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them, and compare their voices and beauty to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there ; but, trust me, I think they are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. (What a great and beautiful thought!) Most commonly, while we are in the middle of our discourse, one looks about her, and spies her

cows going into the corn, and then away they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind, and when I see them driving home their cattle, think it is time for me to return too. When I have supped I go into the garden, and go to the side of a small river that runs by it, where I sit down and wish you with me (you had best say that is not kind neither). In earnest, it is a pleasant place, and would be more so to me if I had your company, as I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of my fortune, that will not let me sleep there, I should forget there were such a thing to be done as going to bed." In another of her charming epistles, she thus opens her mind: "Having tired myself with thinking, I mean to weary you with reading, and revenge myself that way for all the unquiet thoughts you have given me; but I intended this a sober letter, and therefore *sans raillerie* let me tell you I have seriously considered all our misfortunes, and can see no end of them, but by submitting to that which we cannot avoid, and by yielding to it, break the force of a blow, which if resisted, brings a certain ruin. I think I need not tell you how dear you have been to me, nor that in your kindness I placed all the satisfaction of my life. It was the only happiness I proposed to myself, and had set my heart so much upon it, that it was therefore made my punishment to let me see that, how innocent soever I thought my affection, it was guilty in being greater than is allowable for things of this world. It is not a melancholy humour that gives me these apprehensions and inclinations, nor the persuasions of others, 'tis the result of a long strife with myself before my reason could overcome my passion, or bring me to a perfect resignation to whatever it allotted to me; 'tis now done and past, and I have nothing left but to persuade myself to that which I assure myself your own judgment will approve in the end, and your reason has often prevailed with you to offer. That which you would then have done out of kindness to me, and point of honour; I would have you do out of wisdom and kindness to yourself; not that I would disclaim my part in it, or lessen my obligation to you; no, I am your friend as much as ever I was in my life, I think more, and I am sure I shall never be less. I have known you long enough to discern that you have all the qualities that make an excellent friend, and I shall endeavour to deserve that you may be so to me; but I would have you do this upon the quietest grounds, and such as may conduce most to your quiet and future satisfaction; when we have tried all ways to happiness, there is no



*such thing to be found but in a mind conformed to one's condition, whatever it be, and in not aiming at any thing that is either impossible or improbable; all the rest is but vanity and vexation of spirit, and I durst pronounce it so from that little knowledge I have had of the world, though I had not Scripture for my warrant.* The shepherd that bragged to the traveller who asked him what weather it was like to be, that it should be what weather pleased him, and made it good by saying that it should be what weather pleased God, and what pleased God would please him, said an excellent thing in rude language, and knew enough to make the happiest person in the world, if he made a right use of it, &c." What just and beautiful thoughts are these, and what a vein of true piety, and good sense breathes throughout! I must make an extract from another of her epistles, and then conclude this long article. To a letter in which Sir William, had expressed some doubts of her constancy, she returned the following characteristic answer: "I would fain tell you, that your father is mistaken; and that you are not, if you believe that I have all the kindness and tenderness for you my heart is capable of. Let me assure you whatever your father (Sir John Temple) thinks, that had you £20,000 a-year, I could love you no more than I do, and should be far from showing it so much, lest it should look like a desire of your fortune, which, as to myself, I value as little as anybody breathing. I have not lived thus long in the world, and in this age of changes, (this was written when she was about twenty-two, and in the time of the commonwealth) but certainly I know what an estate is; I have seen my father's reduced, better than £4,000 to not £400 a year, and I thank God I never felt the change in anything that I thought necessary. I never wanted, and am confident I never shall; yet I would not be thought so inconsiderate a person, as not to remember that it is expected from all people that have sense, that they should act with reason; that to all persons some proportion of fortune is necessary, according to their several qualities, and though it is not required that one should tie one's self to just so much, and something is left for one's inclination, and the difference in the person to make, yet still within such a compass; and such as lay more upon these considerations than they will bear, shall infallibly be condemned by all sober persons. If any accident out of my power should bring me to necessity, though never so great, I should not doubt, with God's assistance, but to bear it as well as any body, and should never be ashamed of it if He pleased to send it me, but if by my own folly I had put it upon myself, the

case would be extremely altered. If ever this comes to a treaty, I shall declare that in my own choice I prefer you much before any other person in the world, &c." Can anything be more admirable than these views and sentiments, and what more appropriate to be entertained by all young females, when placed in similar circumstances, and about to enter upon a change which to them is the most important one by which if I may so write, their lives can be ended.

Hawkchurch Rectory,

JAMES RUDGE, D. D.

1st July, 1837.

\* \* \* Lady Temple, in one of her letters previous to her marriage, says, "she has read *some pityful lines of my Lord Byron to his wife*." Who was this Lord B.? Mr. Courtenay, in his delightful work, says, "perhaps B. was an invented person." It is very singular, however, that the third Lord Byron married a Miss Chaworth, (Collin, vii. 108), and was living at the period in which Lady Temple wrote this letter. *Apropos*, I may here relate an interesting anecdote of Lord Byron. It is well known that a lady of the name of Chaworth was the *first love* of THE POET—the *poeta nascitur* of our days. He once mentioned the circumstance to myself, and I perfectly remember the occasion upon which the conversation took place, and subsequent information has impressed it more strongly on my memory. We had been playing together at cricket, a game of which he was once passionately fond, and on retiring to the study, he threw himself on the sofa, apparently exhausted. Among other books on the sofa, was a *volume* of Moore's Poema; on expressing my admiration of several stanzas he read aloud to me, he remarked that they were not *original*, and he could repeat the parallelisms in two or three instances. I requested him to do so, and also to write them down in his copy, of which he afterwards made me a present, and from which I now transcribe as follows what he wrote :

*Moore.*

"And I will send you home your heart,  
If you will send back mine to me."

*Parallel in Suckling.*

"I pray thee send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine."

*Moore.*

"'Tis not that I expect to find  
A more devoted, fond and true one,  
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—  
Enough for me that she's a new one."

*Parallel in Rowe.*

" 'Tis not because I love you less,  
Or think you not a *true one*,  
But if the truth I must confess,  
I always lov'd a *new one*."

I know not what associations were passing in his mind, as he finished writing, but he suddenly started up, and with an eye of fire and intelligence,—and who that has seen him excited will ever forget his look?—exclaimed "that these were the feelings of a rake, or of one that had been crossed in his affections, to whom all but one was indifferent. She—she!"—he here paused; and subsequently, when his paroxysm had subsided, and he became cool and collected, he gave me an account of his passion for Miss C., &c., and some particulars respecting the family of which I had never before heard.

## BEAUTY IN THOUGHT.

BY W. J. BROCK.

*Author of "Flowers of Hope," &c.*

The following stanzas were composed on seeing a young lady seated at her window, reading, one fine summer's evening. The subdued rays of the lamp reflecting on her maiden form, and mingling as it were with the shades of twilight, together with the softened murmur of the waterfall in the distance, seemed to strike the author's mind as peculiarly beautiful.

The shadows of twilight are silently wending  
Bright visions poetic on zephyr's soft wing;  
The streamlet and flowers,  
In love's golden bowers,  
Respond to the sound of the waterfall—blending  
The music of love with the raptures of spring.

What fairy-like scenes o'er the soul are now playing,  
The spirit of poesy breathes in the air;  
Rich treasures untold,  
Beds of diamonds and gold,  
In the sunset appear—or streams gently straying,  
To wash the bright path of the conqueror there.

The rays of the lamp through the window are gleaming,  
And blending with twilight's soft shades from afar ;  
The dew-drops like pearls  
Adorning the curls  
Of a fair maiden's tresses, in fantasy dreaming,  
Bespangle the petals of nature's parterre.

No courtier attends you, fair maiden, reclining  
Intent o'er the magic-touched page of romance ;  
In sombre-hued vest,  
By zephyrs caressed,  
Soft rays o'er her brow through the lattice are shining—  
There are "gleamings of poetry" seen in her glance.

What musings within that fair bosom are swelling ?  
What deeds of renown are inscribed on that page ?  
Or love's broken tale,  
Like a balmy-fraught gale,  
May be whispering soft dreams to that spotless heart, telling  
Of far brighter days when life's gloom shall assuage.

Fair lady ! 'tis thine to enjoy the soft dreamings  
Of hope, beaming bright like a coronal star—  
Through the vista of time  
Bright visions sublime  
Seem gilding thy pathway, like golden-hued gleamings  
Of sunlight to wand'ers o'er regions afar.

Thy heart may be pledged, and thy lover advancing  
May chase the dark gloom of despair from those eyes ;  
Where woodbines are wreathing,  
Thy soul may be breathing  
Its vows of affection, while silently glancing,  
The moon-beams may kiss the fair bud ere it dies.

But dreamings of youth, like the almond-tree blooming,  
Will bow to the sceptre of summer and fade ;  
The rose-bud must blossom,  
And o'er thy fair bosom  
The dirge may be sung, while thy spirit is pluming  
Its wings for bright regions in glory array'd..

Till I saw *thee*, fair maiden, I deemed that I never  
 Could touch my wild harp to the genius of love,  
 And though rustic the strain,  
 Yet again and again  
 It shall roll o'er the mountains, like streams to the river,  
 And find a sweet echo in woodland and grove.

Yon waterfall pouring its low lulling numbers,  
 Seems echoing back a response in the air,  
 Like Sappho's wild song,  
 The rock mountains among,  
 Or music symphonious embalming our slumbers—  
 I hear thy heart beat!—is the echo found there?

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SONG.

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Who can resist his fate,  
 If woman deign t' allure him!  
 Who'd idly sigh for wealth or state,  
 When arms like thine immure him?  
 My Mary, thou'st an angel face,  
 A form would grace a fairy;  
 Thy dimples are love's dwelling-place,  
 Thine eyes his arrows, Mary!  
 Thy pleasure-sparkling sloe-black eyes,  
 Whence bliss, like summer lightning, flies:  
 Oh! who would rank or splendour prize,  
 Compared with thee, my Mary?

It is a joy to hear  
 Soft music on the waters,—  
 A sight, like home to seamen, dear,  
 The glee of beauty's daughters;  
 But never sound that bade rejoice,  
 Or vision light and airy,  
 Had half the witchery of thy voice,  
 And magic smiles, my Mary!  
 Thine eyes, thy smiles, thy voice, and mien,  
 Proclaim thee rapture's guileless queen;  
 Oh! who, that once thy charms had seen,  
 Could choose but love thee, Mary?

GEO. MOIR BUSSEY.

## A DILEMMA.

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 SKETCH FROM LIFE:—BY M. L. B.
 

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“Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,  
As proofs from holy writ.”—*Shakspeare*.

“Honesty, is the best policy.”

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“To AVOID the appearance of evil,” is an admirable rule, and should always be acted upon when circumstances permit; but events will sometimes occur, so stupidly cross-grained and provoking, that, having defied precaution, they involve really innocent individuals in the dark clouds of guilt; so did it happen with the Forrester family, in the *dilemma* I am about to relate.

Mr. Forrester was a widower with several handsome, and charming daughters, who resided at a small country town, called Limepits; he was frequently absent from home, and the young ladies not choosing to associate on equally intimate terms with *all* their town neighbours, had the beautiful qualities of “meanness” and “pride,” liberally attributed to them, by those with whom they stood on distant terms; whilst the fortunate few who were better acquainted with the Misses Forrester, became much attached to, and warmly interested in them.

Amongst the latter, Mr. and Mrs. Camelford were conspicuous, who resided at Snowdrop Rise, a pretty villa residence, within a mile of Limepits; and to this, their elegant abode, the Misses Forrester, to the amazing envy and astonishment of their town neighbours, had unlimited access; what then could *they* do in return, but open their own doors as hospitably wide to Mr. and Mrs. C.? thus it happened, that after awhile, the two families seldom passed a day without communication with each other, and this communication was frequently lengthy, inasmuch as a morning call might last till nearly evening, or merely prelude what is correctly termed “spending a long day.” Mr. Camelford, a lively, good-humoured man, in the golden and healthy autumn of his days, was still youthfully fond of society, and particularly the society of the young and fair; having passed the greater portion of his life in active pursuits, which had also thrown him much among his fellow men, and being unblest with sons and daugh-

ters, he found a country life rather solitary, and from its monotony very depressing to the spirits; he had carried, as so many men do, his metropolitan tastes into the country, felt a vacuum because they could not be gratified, and above all, lamented the woeful lack of *society* in Limepits. That the engaging daughters of Mr. Forrester should, under these circumstances, become his principal associates, (almost his adopted nieces) is not astonishing; nor, that as an old married man, and an elderly gentleman to boot, he thought himself privileged to call upon, and walk out with the young ladies, even when domestic duties, visits to the poor, etc. prevented his excellent partner from accompanying him. No—this was not astonishing; at least it did not astonish Mrs. Camelford, who had no idea, until the sagacious and good-natured ladies and gentlemen of Limepits, put it into her head, of interfering with her liege lord's amusements, and of seeing the least impropriety in his friendly visits to the Misses Forrester.

Mrs. Camelford had always considered herself, and with justice, a truly happy wife; but if

“Lo’e steals in, where it dare na weel be seen”

*Jealousy* alas! too often intrudes, where there is not the slightest excuse for its shewing its horrid physiognomy; and if the tittle-tattle of a few idle, mischievous, meddling, and spiteful neighbours, be not enough to make a devoted wife foolishly jealous, I don't know what will.

The lamentable truth then, is, that poor Mrs. Camelford, thanks to the officiousness of the Limepits gentry, became intolerably *jealous*; and her husband, ere long discovered, that his liberties were abridged, his conduct and proceedings, under a strict system of domestic espionage, and that if the doors of Snowdrop Rise were still open to his fair friends, he must be cautious how he entered theirs in the town.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a fine sunny afternoon in spring; one of those rare delightful days, when the overflowing heart carols in its joyfulness, the words of the old song:—

“The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,  
And the small birds sing, in every tree;”

and when the feelings, responsive to the voice of nature, pronounce it “a sin and a shame,” not to go abroad, and enjoy her beauties.

It was on this lovely afternoon, that Catherine, Emma, and Henrietta Forrester, came out of their house to walk, and inno-

cent of evil intent, agreed to go to Snowdrop Rise, and call upon their good friend Mrs. Camelford. In one of the streets of Limepits, they perceived approaching, Mrs. and the Miss Bexley's, a family with whom they were upon visiting terms, but one of all others, the most inquisitive, precise, and censorious.

"Don't tell them, girls," said Henrietta, "where we're going; they'll only make mischief if they know it, or want to go with us."

"Well, young ladies," cried Miss Susan Bexley, and the keen gray eyes of the party were fixed in terrible scrutiny upon the countenances of the Forrester's; "what—you're going as usual to Snowdrop Rise; how *kind* of Mrs. Camelford to have you there so often; she's quite a mother to you all!"

"No—we're not going to the Rise, this afternoon," replied Catherine, with an aspect as innocent, and open, as she could assume; "we're come out for a long, serious, air and exercise walk, and think of going to Hetheram by the hilla, and home by the Disbro' road."

"I assure you," added Emma, who thought it necessary to support the falsehood of her sister, "*violets* have more charms for us, this fine spring-day, than wintry snowdrops; and

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;"

all in the Hetheram woods, and which can supply us with more than we've time to gather."

"Then," said Mrs. Bexley, "we will not detain you from a ramble so pleasant, and which you'll do well to accomplish ere night-fall;" and with an incredulous smile, she and her daughters bowed, and passed on.

"O Emma!" cried Henrietta, in a tone of pique, as soon as these dangerous acquaintances were fairly out of hearing, "how *could* you say such a thing! By your over-anxiety to vindicate, you have only betrayed us to those ill-natured slanderers."

"How so?" asked Emma.

"Why, by giving them to understand we were going violet gathering, with not a basket among us to receive the produce of your *very productive bank*. Didn't you notice them stare, and laugh, after you'd said it, as if they didn't believe you?"

"That was an oversight, truly," said Emma, "but I'll remedy it. Betsy Mason shall take the Bexley's a bundle of violets to-morrow morning, and they'll then think, we merely gathered what our hands could carry."



"That may do," rejoined Henrietta, "but, ten to one, it does not; for the Bexley's possess a mysterious art of always finding out just what one wishes them by no means to know."

"For my part," observed Catherine, "I detest concealments and deceptions, but what can one do with gossiping, and scandalizing neighbours, who are ready to make mischief of a simple 'good morning' or evening; and who force us to be as cautious in the innocent act of calling upon the Camelford's, as if we were stealing out to commit murder."

When our party arrived at Snowdrop Rise, they were ushered into an empty drawing-room, and requested by the footman to wait a few minutes until Mrs. Camelford, who was somewhere about the grounds, should be apprized of their visit; so the three girls sat down, and turned over books, and *bijouterie*, *pour passer le temps*.

Time passed; Mrs. Camelford did not make her appearance, and many ladies would have got up, and gone away; but our fair friends had no necessity for conforming to this etiquette, because the liberty had been accorded them of resting in the villa drawing-room, after a walk, when they liked, and as long as they liked, whether one or other of its possessors was at home to receive them or not. Nearly an hour had elapsed, when voices were heard without; and Miss Susan Bexley, in a loud tone exclaimed—

"Oh! but I'm *sure* she's at home; the man must have been mistaken; let's step under the verandah, and peep in at the drawing-room windows, and see."

The three fair Forrester's staid not to hear another syllable; up, simultaneously they started, made a rush to the drawing-room door, and scampered off like wild Arabians, in three different directions, to conceal themselves from the Bexley's prying eyes.

Those amiable ladies, neither expecting, nor desiring, to find Mrs. Camelford in her drawing-room, thought it good to open one of the long windows, and enter.

"Dear me!" quoth Miss Susan, in a tone of pique, and disappointment, "*nobody here!*"

"All solitary!" echoed her sister Charlotte. "Lost!—I wonder where they *can* have hidden themselves."

"Hidden!" exclaimed Mrs. Bexley, "why—as I told you, they never came; or, if they did call, finding Mrs. Camelford not at home, they went on with their walk, though"

"O Mama! mama!" exclaimed both ladies in a breath, "how *can* you say so!"

"I'll forfeit my eyes," said Charlotte, "if those girls weren't the Forrester's, and up to this house they came!"

"And I," added Susan, "will forfeit my next quarter's allowance, if they be *not* at this moment *somewhere* on the premises!"

"Who, or what, are upon the premises," enquired Mrs. Camelford, entering the room at that moment from the garden, "without my knowledge, and permission? I've heard of no arrival in the solitude of the grounds, and must entreat you to name these bold intruders, and help me to find them, and turn them out."

"Oh! they're only your friends, the Miss Forrester's," carelessly observed Charlotte Bexley, "if indeed they be here, but, as I don't see them, probably I mistake."

"Oh! no mistake at all," quoth Miss Susan, "I'm *certain* those girls *are* here; and I dare say, Mrs. Camelford, if you go and look in Mr. Camelford's study, *there* you'll have the pleasure of finding them."

"*There?*" In Mr. Camelford's study? his sanctum, into which he'll scarcely allow *me* to enter?" cried poor Mrs. Camelford, in a hurried, distressed manner. "Why, he's *there* himself, at this very moment; and I will *not* believe, that the Miss Forrester's have so little sense of delicacy, and propriety of conduct, as to call upon *my* husband, and"—

Susan Bexley, wickedly amused to see how successfully she had worked upon the weak side of one of the most excellent of wives, and women, and determined to tease her still more, replied—

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Camelford, I did not intend to say, or to insinuate, that all *three* were there; probably, only *one*, so don't make yourself uneasy."

"Uneasy! *I* uneasy! And why should I be uneasy, Miss Susan, if there were a dozen ladies in Mr. Camelford's study?" quoth Mrs. C. fidgetting about, like a bear learning to dance on red-hot iron.

"Why should you indeed, dear Madam?" remarked Charlotte gravely, "for of all men I ever saw, your husband, considering his merry, sociable disposition, is the most steady. I must say, I've no opinion of the great bulk of *man*kind, but Mr. Camelford—ah!"

"And," urged Mrs. Bexley, in a tone, and with a manner, which will easily be imagined when I say, they implied a meaning the very reverse of her words. "And, the Miss Forrester's too; such charming, well-conducted, modest girls;

now, don't you think them, my dear Mrs. Camelford, *the—most—delightful* young women, you ever met with? quite an acquisition, I often say, (don't I my dears?) to Limepits!"

"I'll go, and find them directly!" exclaimed Mrs. Camelford, unable longer to bear the good-natured insinuations of her visitors, and out of the room she flew, leaving them in fits of laughter, at "the horrid fright" into which they had had the ingenuity to throw her; for it must be explained, that at so humble a standard did the lady of Snowdrop Rise, rate her own personal attractions, and mental qualities, that all "charmings" and "delightfuls," bestowed upon others of her sex, seemed a depreciation of herself—especially with reference to her husband, and his dearly valued affection.

"Well! who'd have thought," cried Susan Bexley, "of that little plain woman, being as jealous as Juno! how she has fired up about the Forrester's! and now, if they *should* be found—in—in—in any place where they've no business to be—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"He! he! he! hé! an improper situation!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Charlotte, you're so funny!"

Long and loudly, did these ill-natured people laugh at their malicious wit; and possibly they may, to this very day, do the same, for the poor girls whom their impertinent espionage had obliged to fly, and conceal themselves where they could—were absolutely found, to the triumphant delight of these firebrands, "where they'd no business to be;"—Catherine Forrester, Mr. Camelford's special favorite, in that gentleman's study. Henrietta, in his dressing-room; and Emma, in a closet in his dormitory!

Ere three days had elapsed, all Limepits was possessed of more than three editions of "the Forrester story," with "additions, enlargements, and improvements," but no "*corrections*;" the simple tale of those, who certainly knew best about it, was not credited, because the Bexley's took care to inform everybody of their dereliction from *truth*, in the first instance; that very dereliction, which had caused them their *dilemma*, and its troublous issue. It is easier to get into the mire than to get out of it; and the unfortunate heroines of my narrative, find it utterly impossible, (though their kind friend, Mrs. Camelford, is now quite satisfied, respecting the manner in which the misadventure occurred,) to entirely re-establish their good name in Limepits.\*

\* There is no merit in this sketch as a *tale*, but the anecdote is *true*, and the writer thinks, not without instruction to her own sex.

## THE VILLAGE COQUETTE.

JULIA DOMVILLE was the daughter of a private in the army, who lost his life in rescuing his officer, Colonel Harrington, from the hands of the enemy. Julia's mother dying some short time afterwards, the child became an orphan, and the colonel took her under his protection. At this time, he had retired from active life, and was residing on his paternal estate at Weldon, in Northamptonshire, where the little Julia soon made herself the greatest favorite belonging to his domestic establishment. Julia was extremely pretty, and as she grew to womanhood her attractions increased. Her bright sparkling eyes and lively manners won the hearts of all the swains in the village; and the homage which she received from them excited her vanity to such a height, and afforded her so much gratification that she soon became a perfect coquette. But, although the chief defect in her character was vanity, it was not of that heartless description which is so generally found among the coquettes of the metropolis. She delighted in plaguing her lovers and exciting their jealousy, but there was one amongst them, to whom, though she trifled with his feelings more than the rest, she was deeply and sincerely attached. This youth was Edward Archer, the son of a farmer in the village, one of Colonel Harrington's tenants, and who, though poor, was highly respected, and by no one so much as the Colonel himself. Farmer Archer was, in fact, a very great favourite of his; they were both men of eccentric manners, and each sympathized with the others peculiarities. Often would the Colonel stroll down to the farmer's in the evening, make some trifling purchase of stock for his farm, and spend a delightful hour or two with him over divers jugs of the best home brewed ale. Edward was always employed to take these purchases home, and being never allowed to return without having partaken of a meal with the domestics, there was no chance of his escaping Julia's fascinations. He was a handsome youth, of an exceedingly vivacious disposition, and quite a pet of the petticoats, qualities, which Julia could not withstand, and she soon made herself the object of his attentions. Edward's visits became more frequent; he soon made her an offer of marriage, but the giddy coquette, although secretly delighted, and intending eventually to accept him, replied, with an air of mock gravity, that "marriage was a very serious thing, very serious indeed, and

she must have time to consider; perhaps she shouldn't marry at all, and, if she did, out of so many lovers it was very difficult to know which to choose." The unhappy Edward pressed his suit with great ardour and perseverance, but never could obtain a more favorable answer.

It was the birth-day of Florimel Harrington, the Colonel's only daughter, who was shortly to be married to the son of a military officer, and an old friend of the family. On the present occasion, a large party were assembled at Harrington House, and all the Colonel's tenants had been invited to a supper, and a dance upon the lawn. Old farmer Archer not being inclined for such pastime, sent his son in his stead. It happened, that evening, that Julia, though usually the first to be present on such occasions, was not able to join the dancers till rather late, and when she came on the lawn, she found Edward dancing with a girl who had often been heard to speak of him in terms of warm admiration. Already vexed at having been hindered from joining the sports earlier, she was in no humour to bear this fresh mortification, and on her hand being asked for the next dance, she gave it to the first who sought it. She took her place in the set, and almost opposite to her stood Edward Archer. He coloured, and hurriedly expressed his regret at her not having joined the party earlier; "quite early enough," replied Julia, coldly, and the dance being then led off, nothing further was said. At the end of the dance, Julia ran into the house, and Edward speedily followed her. He hoped, he said, that she was not offended—he had been compelled to stand up in the set without waiting for her arrival. Julia, though she felt very much hurt, assumed an air of surprise at this apology. She said she should have been exceedingly sorry had he waited for her an instant, and was glad to find him engaged to so interesting a partner. "Will you dance with me now?" enquired Edward; "I am already engaged," replied Julia, and she ran hastily back to the lawn secretly resolved upon inflicting vengeance on her lover. Accordingly, for the remainder of the evening, she gave her hand to one of Edward's rivals, a conceited young fellow who believed that no woman could resist his attractions, and felt certain that Julia really loved him. To annoy Edward the more, she assumed an air of excessive vivacity, and not only laughed and romped with her partner in such a manner as to attract general attention, but came up to the table at which Edward was seated, and told him she hoped he had spent a pleasant evening. Mad with vexation, he hastily quitted the spot and repaired to a neigh-

bearing public-house, where he spent the night in carousing with a party of recruits, who had, that evening, entered the village.

The next morning, this party paraded the village, and Edward was the first among them. Julia was standing at the Park-gate as they passed—her lover glanced wildly at her; with an air of mockery, he gave her the usual military salute, and passed on. The poor girl buried her face in her hands, and leant against the wall for support; her hopes of happiness were gone for ever, and as the sound of the fife and drums gradually died away in the distance, she could not help reproaching herself for being the cause of so much misery. Surely the Colonel will save him, thought she, and she staggered towards the house in search of some of the family. The first she met was Florimel. "Good heavens!" exclaimed she, "what has happened?" "Oh! Madam," replied Julia, bursting into tears, "save him, pray save him!" "Save whom?" enquired Florimel, "Edward, my Edward," sobbed the unhappy girl. Florimel led her into her own room, and there listened to her story. She had often heard of Julia's coquetry, and had repeatedly remonstrated with her upon the subject, but she now forbore making any painful remark, and promising instantly to see if she could not persuade her father to obtain Edward's discharge, quitted the room for that purpose. The Colonel was at breakfast when Florimel entered. "My dear father," exclaimed she, "pray do what you can to save young Archer; he has enlisted." "The devil he has! and what made him play that fool's prank?" Florimel related the particulars. "Ah!" said the Colonel, "that little hussey is always causing some mischief among the men; it was but the other day that those two blockheads, Maydew and Summers, fought until they couldn't see, because one of them caught the other trying to kiss her, and now here's another simpleton going to get himself shot because she chooses to trifle with him; but I'll tame her now, I'm determined." "And will you get young Archer off, my dear father?" enquired Florimel, coaxingly. "Not I, indeed," replied the Colonel, "let him go—there'll be one fool less in the village, that's all." Mrs. Harrington joined her entreaties to those of her daughter, but without effect, and that night Edward left the village with the rest of the recruits.

Julia was almost heart-broken, and became so unwell that she was obliged, for several days, to keep her bed. When the Colonel heard of her illness, he exclaimed, "Ah! she'll soon be better, I warrant; I'll cure her, if nobody else can." This

was said in his usual, dry, eccentric way, so that nobody could guess what he really meant. Mrs. Harrington was hurt and perplexed; she knew that her husband was naturally of a kind-hearted, generous disposition, and she thought his present conduct extremely inconsistent. All further entreaty, however, proved unavailing, and not a word more was said upon the subject. It was well known that Edward's father was too poor to provide the means of obtaining his son's discharge, and therefore the youth must meet his fate. Julia recovered, and though still ill at heart, resumed her accustomed duties. She repeatedly met the Colonel about the house, but he never took the least notice of her.

One beautiful summer's morning, about a fortnight after the foregoing occurrence, a merry peal of the village bells announced the arrival of Florimel's wedding day. The bride was up early, busily engaged at her toilet, and Julia was giving her assistance; "There Julia," said Florimel, surveying herself in the glass, "I think Henry can hardly find fault with my appearance, so now do you go and put on those things I have had made for you, and be ready to accompany us to church; it is my father's wish, and I'm sure you will like to be present at my wedding, won't you?" "Yes, madam," replied Julia, with tears in her eyes, "and I wish——" "I can tell you your wish," interrupted Florimel, "but you must try to forget that now; pray, go and get ready; in half an hour, you know, we must be at the church."

At the expiration of that time, the respective parties with their several friends, stood before the altar. All were happy but one, and that one was Julia. By the Colonel's orders, she was seated in his pew. She heard the service performed; and her thoughts reverted to the lover she had lost, and to whom, but for her own folly, she might long since have been united. The ceremony was over—the bride and bridegroom had left the church, and indeed no one remained except Julia, Colonel Harrington, and the rector. As she sat, absorbed in painful thought, she was suddenly aroused by the Colonel, who, good-naturedly tapping her on the shoulder, told her that she was wanted, and bade her step into the rector's private room. She hastened to obey, and on opening the door, suddenly beheld Edward Archer standing before her. She almost sank with agitation, but her lover instantly folded her in his arms, and entreated forgiveness for the anxiety his absence had caused her. Julia was too much delighted to attempt disguising her feelings any longer, and an explanation ensued, which ended in

Edward producing his discharge, obtained by Colonel Harrington, under a promise of his remaining absent from the village until that morning, and also a marriage licence in the respective names of Julia Domville and Edward Archer. "Now," said the Colonel, opening the door, "are you two ready! Come, my lad, don't keep the rector waiting." Edward took Julia's hand and led her, trembling, to the altar. In a few moments, the happy pair were united, and amid the festivity which reigned that day, throughout the mansion, soon forgot the pangs they had mutually suffered.

Shortly afterwards, the eccentric but kind-hearted Colonel Harrington, put them into possession of a neat little public house on Weldon Green, and made them a present of a new sign-post and board, on which was inscribed, "THE VILLAGE COQUETTE."  
S. H.

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### LAY OF THE DESERTED.

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They tell me the dream which enchain'd thee has vanish'd,  
And the smile I so lov'd will beam on me no more;  
That the world, and its cold heartless pleasures, have banish'd.  
The mem'ry of all that thou cherish'd of yore.  
They tell me thou breath'st in the ear of another,  
The same honey'd tale which thou *once* told to me;  
And I seek 'mid the crowd each wild feeling to smother,  
But my sad heart, the while, clings all-changeless to thee.  
Oh! Love, thou'rt as frail as yon flowers which are wreathing  
Their delicate chains, where the sunlight is shed;  
For though radiant now, the night-air will be breathing  
Its low mournful sigh o'er the beauty that's fled.  
I know that the rose from my *wan* cheek has faded;  
That the bright glow of joy has deserted my brow;  
I feel that my spirit a mist has o'er-shaded,  
But my *heart* never lov'd thee more warmly than now.  
I sigh!—but they heed not the deep shroud of sadness,  
Which steals o'er my brow, like the darkness of night:  
I weep!—and they hasten to share in the gladness  
Of hearts that bask only in sunshine and light.  
But though the bright glow of the dream hath departed,  
The pure spell of memory hallows it yet;  
And though through the future I stray, lonely-hearted,  
'Twill live on till the sun of existence shall set.

MARIE.



## THE FRENCH PEASANT GIRL.

" Mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt almost as instantly."—MOORE.

AFTER a season of festivity and dissipation, the very enjoyment of which satiates, Mons. and Madame Villeret, came down to a retired village in France, to taste for a few days the holy influence of nature and solitude. It was in the summer time, the country was picturesque and beautiful, and they still retained a portion of that early romance which is so inherent in our nature; and which leads us back with a syren smile, and a charmed voice, to the pleasures which delighted our childhood, and makes us love to sit under old trees, to listen to the voice of birds, and to gather wild flowers, "others yet the same" as those which we plucked and wreathed into chaplets in days of yore.

During one of their solitary rambles they came suddenly upon a young girl who was drawing water from a well, her back was towards them, and they paused for a moment to admire the simple and classical elegance of the young cottager. Her dark shining hair was gathered up into a low knot at the back of her head, and confined with a silver pin, which was the only ornament she wore, the rest of her dress being composed of the simplest and coarsest materials. Though labour and exposure had somewhat stained the whiteness of her hands and arms; their beautiful symmetry could neither be altered or concealed. She appeared thoughtful, and leant against the side of the well in silent abstraction. Unwilling to disturb her, they were turning into another path, when their steps were arrested by a strain of rich and untutored melody, which arose in the still air like enchantment; the words were simple, but the sweetness which thrilled through every note surpassed anything they had ever before.

"*Dieu!*" exclaimed Madame Villeret, "it is that peasant; she must be ours. Such a voice with a little cultivated, would win all Paris, and make our own, and the girl's returned and entered into conversation with the young man, the result of which is not difficult to guess. Pauline

Durant was poor, but innocent and happy. She only felt sad when she looked on the bowed and wasted form of her old father, and reflected on her own utter helplessness. It was on the evident love which she bore this tender parent that Madame Villeret worked; she represented to her in how short a time, by the exercise of her talents in cultivating that gift of song which God had so graciously bestowed on her, she would be enabled to raise him from a state of indigence to one of comparative affluence, and comfort; and Pauline was more than half-persuaded.

During their interview at old Durant's cottage, there was one among the group who stood apart, with his arms crossed, and his lips compressed. He marked all that passed with a stern and vigilant glance, listened to the specious arguments of the lady with a contemptuous sneer, and watched the struggle between visions of grandeur, and a deep rooted love of her own simple home and habits which rent the breast of Pauline, in silence. He longed to speak but did not, he was determined that she should choose for herself. She did so, and Madame triumphed in the success of her oratory. But the young girl turned away from her congratulations and promises, and for the first time, perceived who had made one of her audience. "You here André," she said, "Oh! I am so glad!" and then she paused, for there was nothing in the expression of his countenance to make her glad. "You think I have done wrong," she eagerly continued, "I know you do, and are angry with me. But it is not too late, only say the word, and I will not go." "And could you bear to stay here and share my honest poverty, after all the golden promises that have been made you?" asked the young man, doubtingly. She leant her head upon his shoulder, and looked up silently into his eyes; there was no need of words, he felt the deep devotion of that look. "And yet Pauline, you would like to go?"

"I confess, I should. Only think André, in a few years I should be quite rich enough for our happiness. I will then return and dwell with thee for ever!"

"Let me consent to her departure," said M. Durant, "even in the great city to which she is going, the remembrance of a father's love, and the lessons of a sainted mother will shield her from harm. My grey head will not be bowed in shame and sorrow to the grave, but I shall hold it erect, and while listening to her praises, to her triumphs, remember with pride and glory it is of my daughter they speak!"

With a full heart the young girl knelt down to receive her

father's blessing, a blessing not of the lips, but of the heart. André was moved against his feelings and better judgment to consent, and pressing his lips on her white brow with passionate tenderness, he said in a scarcely audible whisper—

“Pauline, no other kiss must efface this first, this pure pledge of our mutual affection, until we meet again.”

The blushing girl wept her vows and promises upon his bosom.

Three days after, the chateau of M. Villeret was again to let, and all was silence in those woods and vales, through which the voice of the peasant girl was wont to echo, like the singing of birds.

Months rolled on, and Pauline in the confinement of a crowded city, and in the intense course of study through which she was obliged to pass, as a preliminary step to the triumphs Madame Villeret anticipated for her, found a sad change. But the thought of her old father, and of the ultimate happiness she was preparing for those she loved, buoyed her up; and though the rich colour faded from her cheek, leaving it pale and wan as the face of a denizen of the city usually is, the joyousness of her spirit remained all unquenched and unbroken. Mons. and Mad. Villeret were both kind to her, but there was a worldliness in their fondness, a hollowness in their love, which formed a painful contrast with the affectionate friends she had quitted; and she could only regard them as instruments, by the means of which she was to work out a path to wealth, happiness, and André Ludolph.

The time now approached when she was to make her first appearance before a public audience. Much was anticipated from a pupil of Madame Villeret, nor were those anticipations disappointed; Pauline made a splendid *début*, her patroness was quite satisfied, and the simple girl dazzled and bewildered by flattery and adulation, began to think it was a blessed day when the French lady paused to listen to her as she sat singing by the ruined well. After a short, and highly successful season, M. Villeret proposed a journey to Naples, where he had accepted a lucrative engagement in the name of his young protégé. Pauline offered no objections; she only stipulated that they should make the cottage of her father in their route. The old man received her with rapturous delight; he looked younger and better than when last they had parted. The cottage was simply but neatly and comfortably furnished, and as Pauline moved around her, she remembered that these comforts she already procured for her parent. André was absent, but

she left a thousand kind messages for him with her father, who told her that the fame she had acquired had already reached this remote village, and formed a theme of wonder and conversation amongst her old companions, but that such reports had only served to render André more than usually gloomy and dispirited.

"He has not yet learned to trust me then," thought Pauline. "Well, no matter, another year, and all this doubting and fearing will have passed away and I shall be all his own."

Alas! who shall dare to say what one year may produce, to what ages of joy or sorrow it may be the forerunner. God only knoweth the future! This visit was necessarily a brief one, but her former companions all followed the carriage for some distance on its route, offering their simple flowers, and their heart-felt wishes for her speedy and happy return. Affected by their love, Pauline leant back in a corner of the carriage and covering her face with her hands wept long and silently; such tears, shed for such a cause were indeed a luxury.

A lapse of several years must intervene before I again commence my narrative, nor will we enquire what were Pauline's pursuits in the interim. It is a painful task to trace too minutely the process of demoralization and vice; to mark the plague-spot of sin and misery, gradually deepening and spreading over the once innocent and young heart, until every trace of its early purity is effaced. I shall abstain from doing this, and return to our heroine, who was now in a full career of what men call glory, and angels sin!

On the evening to which I would refer, she stood before a crowded and enthusiastic audience in the theatre at Naples, and their tumultuous murmurings of applause, flushed the pale cheeks, and kindled the bright eyes of their universal favourite. That night she had been even more than usually effective, and the people held their breath lest one note of that sweet melody should be lost. Suddenly the songstress paused, and the air was abruptly terminated by a wild shriek; there was music even in that shriek; it was the voice of human agony. Many thought it but the startling effect of premeditated art; but those who were near enough to mark her livid brow and shuddering frame, felt it to be the language of irrepressible emotion. She was borne from the stage to her own dressing-room, where she soon recovered, at least the outward appearance, of composure.

"Vanvitelli," she said, in a whisper to the handsome young Neapolitan, who was bending anxiously over her couch, "Re-

turn instantly to the theatre and seek out the young man who wore a green jerkin, and scarcely took his eyes off me the whole evening."

"I saw that you noticed him."

"You must bring him to me, I would speak to him in private."

The count hesitated, and Pauline perceiving the frown which gathered over his brow, laid her white jewelled hand upon his, and added with a persuasive smile—

"It is an old friend, a countryman of mine; I would but ask if my poor old father is yet alive!"

Subdued by the tears which dimmed her beautiful eyes, the count bowed, and withdrew to fulfil her request.

The following morning as Pauline sat sad and alone in her desolate yet splendid apartments, the door was suddenly flung open, and the accents of a never-to-be-forgotten voice thrilled to her very soul.

"I have brought the stranger you desired to see," said Vanvitelli, and drawing nearer he added in a whisper, "let your conference be a short one, I shall return in an hour."

She did not look up—she dared not! The door closed, and she was alone with her first love! Neither spoke for several minutes, and wrapt in gloomy abstraction, the young man was unconscious that the gifted, the beautiful, the idol of Naples was kneeling at his feet.

"Pauline!" he said at length, and the memory of early innocent days came back to her with the sound of that voice.

"Pauline, mine own love! why this position to me? It is I who ought to kneel for having dared to doubt your purity and truth. But fearful rumours reached me in my far-off home, and almost drove me mad. I have travelled hundreds of miles to hear them contradicted by your own lips; and now I ask not one word. It is enough to gaze on thy young face. There is no shade of sin on that high pure brow."

He bent over her with all the long hoarded affection of years, but Pauline sprang from the ground, and avoided his embrace.

"Oh do not, do not curse me!" she exclaimed wildly. "It is all true that you heard of me, all! I am indeed fallen, I am unworthy of you!"

"And this palazzo?" asked André, gazing around the splendid apartment with the bewildered air of one who dreams.

"Belongs to Count Vanvitelli, he who brought you

are his wife—his countess. God grant that his

love may be able to recompense you for that which you have scorned and despised."

"No—no!" interrupted the agonized girl, while a burning blush crimsoned her neck and brow; "it is worse, even worse than that. Although the mistress of this splendid mansion, I am only Pauline Durant, if one so lost dare assume a name till now unsullied."

The young man rudely snatched his cloak from her frenzied grasp, but she flew to the door, and extended her snowy arms to prevent his leaving her, exclaiming—

"But one word more! Oh! in mercy André, tell me of my father."

"He is dead! Return thanks to God, wretched girl, that he lived not to see this day."

The heart-stricken Pauline uttered one low cry, and sank lifeless on the ground. In the delirious fever which followed this sudden shock, Count Vanvitelli sent for Madame Villeret to take charge of her late pupil, and their united care and attention in time restored her to health. But a change seemed to have passed over her, the still small voice of conscience had been awakened, and refused to slumber again, and both the caresses of Madame and the love of the young Count was become hateful to her. After a long interval occasioned by ill health, the re-appearance of Pauline Durant was announced to take place in a few days, and a crowded audience assembled to welcome back their favourite. But they came in vain! after waiting some time the manager made his appearance before them, and informed them that there was every reason to believe Mademoiselle Durant had secretly quitted Naples. Vanvitelli was like one distracted. He offered rewards for any intelligence of her, and dispatched messengers in all directions, but without success; Pauline was lost to him, and to the world for ever.

It was at the close of a beautiful sabbath evening, concluded, in a way which may appear strange to our English prejudices, by a dance on the green turf, that a female form was discerned, moving onwards with feeble and tottering steps; it paused repeatedly, as if overcome with fatigue, and dropped down at length with a heavy groan. The dancers suddenly paused, and gathered anxiously around the stranger.

"Surely I should know that face?" exclaimed a young girl, pressing eagerly forward. "Can it be Pauline Durant?"

"Fanchon," said the wanderer in a feeble voice, "do not

forsake me! You all loved Pauline once—for the memory of those happy days then, do not scorn me!"

Her young companions wept, and kissed her pale emaciated hands in silence. There was but one sentiment in every breast—pity for the unfortunate; and they said among themselves, "we all know that she was once innocent and good; but we cannot in our ignorance of the world, conceive the power of those temptations which have led her to fall. God forbid that we should judge harshly of her, or scorn her, now that she is ill and unhappy." This was simple reasoning, but it was the language of the heart—and worth all the philosophy in the world.

At his request, they bore her in their arms to the cottage of André, and laid her on his rude couch. Life was ebbing fast, she could not speak, but the heart of her lover was not proof against the mute eloquence of her looks: he supported her head on his bosom, and wiped away the damp which gathered over her pale brow. At that moment, years of past sin and misery were blotted out, and she was again his own, his pure—his first, and only love!

Suddenly Pauline lifted up her pale wan face from his bosom, and shook back the damp and dishevelled masses of hair which had half concealed it. Her mind was evidently wandering to the past, her eyes shone with intense lustre, and she sang. It was an air from the opera in which she should have made her re-appearance at Naples. The notes were beautifully, touchingly sweet, and the peasant girls clung to each other, and listened as though under the influence of a spell. The strain terminated abruptly, and a thrilling cry from André proclaimed, that the soul of the vocalist had passed away in its sweet, but unholy melody.

E. Y.

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### ON A FROZEN TEAR.

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Gem of crystal brightness,  
Thou'rt sad, and lovely still;  
There's beauty in thy whiteness,  
There's sorrow in thy chill!

So human gladness ceases,  
And grief is pleasure's bier!  
So friendship's coolness freezes,  
Its icicle—a tear!

T. S. EVERETT.

## ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is in retirement that sensible minds look for real, heart-felt satisfaction. It is in woman, as the friend and companion of that retirement, that selfishness is exalted into social enjoyment; and that the sweets of friendship, and the luxury of confidence, leave us nothing to desire but their stability and their duration. How does the most distant prospect of such a state, amidst the toils of labour, the wrinkles of care, and the agonies of disappointment, charm the most elevated and penetrating mind! How often has it administered courage to the hero, eloquence to the senator; and how equally do the monarch and the peasant court it as a relaxation from their toils! The tender interview of Hector with Andromache, immortalized by Homer, and the modest, timid shrinking of Astyanax from his helmet, are pleasures which the purest virtue may acknowledge for her own; and which the greatest scholars, generals, or politicians, need not blush to accept as a recompence for their fatigues! How pleasing to resign the sceptre and the laurel for the softnesses of such an intimacy, the caresses of such a friend; and to forget, in the affection of a virtuous woman, tumults, conflicts, disappointment, and the world!

But let not fancy dream over all the bliss of such a scene, to be awakened only in disappointment. The present education of women blasts this prospect, and destroys such a hope. Sensible men, if they be determined to form this connection, must do it often to a disadvantage; they must, in general, marry *females merely*. They must not always expect in their associates or friends. The union of knowledge and talents with frivolousness and insipidity cannot be agreeable. What is not agreeable will not be lasting. The heart can feel no durable attachment where it knows no esteem. Without the secret concurrence of the heart, there cannot be enjoyment. Marriage is nothing more than a bare, ceremonious union of hands. This seeming paradise of sweets will roughen, as we approach it, into a wilderness of thorns. The senses are soon palled. Disgust succeeds to satiety; quarrels to disgust; where the soul has no fresh graces to expand, and there remain no new and unexplored treasures in the understanding.

Though this subject is of so immense a magnitude, and so intimately connected with the first and dearest interests of society, as to deserve the attention of any monarch or legislator in the



world; yet, in a free and opulent country like our own, where education cannot be made a public concern, and where any particular edicts of a prince would be esteemed a gross infringement on the liberty of the subject, it is only in the power of parents or guardians to remove or palliate so malignant an evil. If there be a specific, it is a better and a more rational education of women; and, if that education is to be better and more rational, it must not be left to a vain, a superficial, or mercenary governess, but planned by the wisdom, and executed by the zeal and affection of those mothers, who, under Providence, have given them existence.

In estimating the talents and natural endowments of women, we may incur the censure of their superficial adorers and panegyrists; but these observations are founded on nature and experience. Among the inferior animals, the males are observed to possess greater strength, courage, vigour, and enterprise; females superior beauty of form and proportion, more delicacy and softness, but withal a higher degree of timidity and weakness. The same analogy prevails in the human race. Vivacity, fancy, sensibility, are found among women; the high exertions of genius and intellect belong to the other sex. But female influence and power is founded on this constitution of nature. That quickness of apprehension, and inquietude of imagination, which debar women from the higher attainments of science and learning, compose the life and essence of their graces. They are the very medium by which they please. If they were constituted with masculine firmness and vigour, they would want their native and strongest attractions. They would cease to be women, and they would cease to charm.

But let not the sex suppose us their accuser or their foe. If we have not wholly mistaken the method, we mean to be their advocate and friend. We have left them the seeds of every thing that pleases and captivates in woman. Their brows were not intended to be ploughed with wrinkles, nor their innocent gaiety damped by abstraction. They were formed perpetually to please, and perpetually to enliven. If we were to plan the edifice, they were to furnish the embellishments. If we were to lay out and cultivate the garden, they were beautifully to fringe its borders with flowers, and fill it with perfume. If we were destined to superintend the management of kingdoms, they were to be the fairest ornaments of those kingdoms, the embellishers of society, and the sweeteners of life.

If we consult scripture, we shall discover that such was the original intention of Heaven in the formation of the sexes. The

sentence of subordination obviously implies that man should have the pre-eminence on subjects that require extensive knowledge, courage, strength, activity, talents, or laborious application. Women were not formed for political eminence, or literary refinement. The softness of their nature, the delicacy of their frame, the timidity of their disposition, and the modesty of their sex, absolutely disqualify them for such difficulties and exertions. Their destiny of bearing and nursing children; the necessity of superintending domestic concerns; and the peculiar diseases to which they are liable; leave them little time for such public undertakings, whilst the humble offices in which they are engaged, confer a blessing and a benefit upon society, that are infinitely beyond the coldness of knowledge, and the apathy of speculation. The wife, the mother, and the economist of a family would unfortunately be lost in the literary pedant; the order of nature would be totally reversed, and the population of the globe preposterously sacrificed to the cold, forbidding pride of a studious virginity. The woman of the cloister would want the graces of a citizen of the world. In that ardour of understanding which rouses emulation, she would lose that soothing manner which conciliates and endears. The world would be deprived of its fairest ornaments, life of its highest zest, and man of that gentle bosom, on which he can recline amidst the toils of labour, and the agonies of disappointment.

So far as the qualities of the heart are concerned (and this has sometimes formed a part of the question) we think the sexes will not bear a comparison. Women, in this respect, have every claim to a marked superiority. If their retired, domestic life did not of itself lead to more innocence and contemplation, their natural dispositions are certainly more favourable to piety and virtue. Their strong sense of weakness prompts them to supplicate the protection and assistance of a superior, invisible power; whilst their exquisite sensibility powerfully disposes them for all the energy and ardours of devotion.

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SONNET.

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Oh! hast thou sate on the sea-shore, at e'en,  
 And view'd the feathery surges as they creep,  
 Like softly-whisp'ring lovers from the deep,  
 Kissing the fair white sand? and hast thou seen

The far-off ocean, vested rich in green,  
 Gold-tinted by the moon ; and lull'd in sleep,  
 Like some huge giant whom a fay doth keep,  
 Beneath the influence of night's magic queen ?

'Tis this, and such-like scenes, that cause the mind  
 To swell with high ideas, beyond controul :  
 'Tis then we feel those things that lie enshrined  
 Unutterable there—and undefin'd ;  
 Yet filling with delight the ravish'd whole,  
 The true and real poetry of the soul.

W. B.

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### THE ORPHAN GIRL'S SONG.

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BY J. E. CARPENTER.

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*Author of "Lays for Light Hearts," &c.*

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They tell me I should take the wreath  
 Of roses from my brow,  
 And deck the clusters of my hair  
 With cypress branches now.  
 Why should I fling the roses by,  
 The cypress wreath to wear ?  
 I would not others should be sad,  
 Whatever I may bear.

They are the roses that I love,  
 I pluck them from the tree,  
 From which my gentle mother oft  
 Has cull'd a wreath for me ;  
 And some moment of her love,  
 In ev'ry leaf I find,  
 That never in my beating heart  
 Can cease to be enshrined.

They tell me I should weep, because  
 My parents are not here,  
 Who never yet would see me sad,  
 Nor let me shed a tear.  
 But oh ! they chide me wrongfully,  
 Who thus my heart condemn,  
 I never shall have cause to weep,  
 While I remember them.

## THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

NINETEEN years had rolled over my head, when I left the paternal roof to learn the *humanities* in the village of Withycombe. *Why*, I was thus old, before I was inducted into the verbs in *mi*, is nobody's business; and if it were, I would not tell them. My wise and worthy father little knew all I was to learn; or, I fancy, he never would have sent me. I learned to conjugate *amo* in more ways than one. *How* that could be done, I need not say; because, to those who have learned, it is a tale already told; to those who have not, it is a sweet and beautiful mystery. To me, it is still a well of gushing waters in a desert of wasted years.

The village where I was placed was lively and beautiful, even among the pleasant towns of Somerset's county. It lay upon the margin, between a ridge of cultivated hills, and a stream wending its way through woods and meadows. The town consisted of one long street; and for more than a mile you would pass, at proper distances, house after house with the same neat and quiet aspect—the same white front and picket fence rising in succession. But the dwellings were not all of equal size and cost. Some were stately mansions; and the Corinthian pillars here and there raised their gorgeous capitals above the diminutive pilastres of a neighbouring domicile. During my residence there, I became well acquainted with all its precincts, and do not remember to have met with either idleness or its results, indigence or intemperance. Every thing was thrift and happiness. Yet this town (village if you will) contained many of what some folks, simple souls indeed, are pleased to call *aristocracy*. There were families there, who by the industry of preceding generations and their own vigorous talents, had accumulated wealth and intelligence, which gave them a commanding influence over the town; and there were barriers in the social circle, which could not be broken through. In such society, I learned to respect that species of aristocracy, if so it may be called, which is based on virtue, talent and industry.

“Long may it nobly self-dependent stand,  
A wall of fire round our much loved land!”

Levelling cannot destroy it, till, like a second expulsion from Eden, all that is ennobling in the ruined constitution of man is extinguished for ever.

Well, into this *locale* I came, to study under one of those excellent men, whom Edinburgh College has established all along shore, as a sort of exterior department to itself. He was a ripe scholar and a good man, and moreover, a deacon of the church. He was tall and aquiline, and in the prime of manhood; yet his countenance was as grave as the young lady of old, who was turned into a magpie from her great propensity for incessant clacking—for so Ovid tells us. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, pepper-and-salt-coloured suit of broad-cloth, and a coarse thick jacket. In this apparel he came to breakfast one morning, heard me recite some passages from the Bible, at 9 A. M., Cicero's orations at 2 P. M., and drove the cows home at night; for, let me inform ye, readers, my worthy tutor was a sturdy farmer, possessed many quadrupeds, and was withal, deeply versed in the breeds and crosses. Now, the manner in which he drove the cows home, was curious. He lived at the upper end of the town, and the cows spent their days at the lower end; and when the sun went down behind the woods of the hill-top, and cast its last beams upon the green meadows and sparkling waters of the vale beneath, deacon H. with a sturdy cudgel, took up his line of march for the herd's headquarters. By and by, the feminine cattle were seen wandering their way up the street, with the deacon trudging on behind. Immediately, the intellectual part of the master would triumph over his corporeal tabernacle, and he would become deeply immersed in the doctrines of Calvin, or the Commentaries on Longinus. Then the cows, who have not a small propensity for grass, would wander off—one through Colonel G.'s broad avenue, another on the church green, and a third down the river's side.

"Why! Mr. H.," says a boy, "see where your critturs are runnin to!"

"Why—holloa Sukey—yes—what—run after'em, good boy!" And down went the boy to the river, and off went the deacon to the common, and out came Colonel G. to drive the offender from his premises; and soon were the unruly cows in the order of march again. Thus glided the days along; I studying the *Aumtivities*, and the deacon studying agriculture. Under his administration I learned some Greek, more Latin, how to talk to the girls, and how to play cards. I loved to dwell on

"——— Tully's voice,

And Virgil's lay, and Livy's pictured page."

ore I loved to gaze upon the beaming eye of frolic-loving

girlhood—the soft down of cheeks untouched by the rough frosts of this world;—to commune with minds which glanced from earth to heaven—with hearts, which knew no guile; and there were plenty of them there. The brothers had gone to seek for gold and fame—some on the ocean; some under the burning skies of mere southern regions, and some to that “far west,” where the rocky mountains look down upon an unknown world: but the girls had clustered around their homes, like rich grapes round a stem, when the autumn winds have scattered the leaves.

One morning, a grave and respectable gentleman requested the pleasure of my company, on the following evening, to meet his daughter and some of their young acquaintances. Now, for various reasons this was the severest shock my nervous sensibility had ever met with. In the first place, he who made the request, was the great lion of the village, and bore a name known to its fame and history. In the next place, though I had seen abundance of people and gatherings at home, yet I had never been abroad to a *party*, nor formally introduced into good society. And thirdly, I possessed an antiquated feeling, yclept modesty; which, however, I have since fortunately got rid of, and am happy to learn it is by no means fashionable. Oh! modesty, is an awkward sensation; it not only displays itself at such inopportune times, but makes one feel all over uncomfortable.

Besides all this, I really thought that a young girl, sending forth the pure thoughts of an unperverted heart, with the diffidence of untutored manners and the early bloom of risen beauty, was, in fact, the personification of a descended angel; and, if that picture has proved a dream, and the flowers and fruits with which I had decorated it have been borne away upon the tide of life, I will not say it was the fault of woman, or even of mine; but, that the clouds and darkness, which even in the morning of creation obscured the destiny of man, have continued to cast their shadows upon his path below.

But I must hurry, and go to the party. Diffident as I was, there was no escape. So I took out my nicest linen, and carefully folded up a large white cambric cravat, and made my boots shine finely. Then, I put myself into a new blue coat, and rolled out my straight brown hair with the most fragrant pomatum; and lastly, I drew upon my *manus* a pair of white silk gloves, and placed my handkerchief so as carefully to show a projecting white corner, a circumstance, which I have always observed to be an infallible sign of a gentleman. Thus I went

forth, and at the door of the mansion, I was met by Miss P. herself, who had come to relieve me of a portion of my embarrassment. By the way, I am sure if Rhadamanthus unfolded the gates of Elysium for the good woman who made her husband nine thousand cheeses, the aforesaid lovely Miss P. could present as indisputable claims to be admitted into Paradise.

Luckily, one of my fellow-students had also been invited, which saved me from a state of entire loneliness. We were ushered in, and to my utter confusion, introduced to a row of eighteen damsels—for I afterwards counted them—arrayed in robes of unsoiled white, and placed in an unbroken circle round the room: a single gentleman, who stood by the fire, and my companion in distress, were my only refuge from despair. I have since been in strange, and sometimes in terrible scenes—have courted and married, been sick and in danger, been tossed in stormy waters, and stood on that wild precipice where the cataracts pour their everlasting floods sublimely down; yet “on my conscience,” I never felt such a sensation. Glasses, chairs, tables, pictures, and glasses floated before my dazzled sight in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. Miss P. called off a catalogue of names, and I made at each sound, what was meant for a how, sometimes to the chairs and sometimes to the fire, and at the conclusion dropped into a vacant seat with the velocity of a popped corn. How long I continued there is uncertain; but I had an acute perception of one of those angels in white near my side, casting a side-long glance of malice; and of the gentleman before the fire, talking with great *nonchalance* to a lady before him, while his eye was resting with suitable gravity upon me. I looked at the fire, till I had stared it out of countenance; then drew up my feet and crossed my knees; then took out my white handkerchief and folded it thereon; and lastly, without looking, observed, “a very fine night, Miss.” The rain was then pattering on the window—“Yes, Sir—particularly to walk out in.” Then came a dead pause, which lasted till some compassionate girl asked me “How I liked their town?” and so passed the evening. When the circle broke up, I had an indistinct notion that it was imperative on the young men to go home with the young ladies; so I threw out my elbows, without saying a word, to the first two that came along, dashed through the avenue and down the street, somewhat like a cat tied to a tin canister.

Such was my unpromising entrance into the world of galtry; but it was only the summer's cloud. I found in that cleft the rich, the beautiful, the witty, the gay, and the good.

They welcomed me with warm hospitality to their social pleasures, and made my hours of seclusion and study pass happily along. Many a night, in the long winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the clear cold moon

“ Was riding near her highest noon,”

did our sleighs move swiftly along to the merry bells without, and the happy song within: many an evening did I go to see some lone damsel, when the father and mother would, with great discretion, go out and leave the young folks alone;

“ Oh! the days have gone when beauty bright,  
My heart's chain wove.”

Many an hour were we found, along the banks of the clear bounding stream, plucking the wild flowers that grew upon its shaded edge.

The time came, however, for me to leave these scenes for others, in which the tide of life moved more boisterously and roughly along; and I thought—it might be only fancy, that the tear gathered in more than one eye, as the bashful boy bade their village farewell.

REMINISCENT.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S FAREWELL TO KENSINGTON PALACE.

BY S. T. HUNT.

Farewell, dear royal shades, a long farewell,  
Thou art to me, like some enchanted bower,  
My childhood's fairy home—thy gentle spell,  
Will hold its mastery to life's latest hour.

'Twas there my trembling accents first were taught  
To hush a mother's sweet, and sacred name,  
Whose nurturing care, with holiest fervour fraught,  
Enwreath'd our hearts in one undying flame.

'Twas there my spirit flew on wings of bliss,  
Ne'er with the weight of adverse fortune bow'd;  
My joys were sweetened by a parent's kiss,  
My cares were fleeting as a summer cloud.

Ah! though my heart must bid thee now farewell,  
The charm of earliest days thy shrine endears,  
And oft in memory's dream, thy soul-lov'd spell  
Will claim the tribute of my fondest tears.



## ON THE DIFFERENT CONDITIONS OF YOUTH AND AGE.

THE different conditions of youth and age, with regard to this world, their enjoyments and views, I have often made the subject of much pleasing contemplation.

The glow of warm blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination, have ever represented to my mind the morning of life like the morning of day; where every thing is fresh and cheerful, inviting enjoyment, and contributive of great pleasure; love, pastime, and even business, are pursued with high delight. Every thing appears charming, as in the season of spring, inspiring us with rapture, and inviting us to bliss. But as all sublunary transports have but transitory existence, the edge which tasting gives to our appetites, a full meal is sure to blunt; therefore, those who seek no higher enjoyments than from their passions, will be sure to experience satiety in their indulgence; nature having doomed us to weariness in all the full gratifications of our senses.

Those only continue happy, who are so precautionally prudent as to lay in early a stock for true permanent satisfaction; which is of a nature less violent, but infinitely durable. This store must be composed of virtue, wisdom; and their fruits; which are knowledge, temperance, and propriety, the needful instruments of felicity.

Youth, therefore, to be happy, must acquire some of the attainments of age; to attain which, reason will have recourse to the experience of grey hairs. It is in the dispensing of wisdom that age appears venerable; and without the power of doing it, it forfeits its high dignity; for a head grown hoary in follies is a woeful object of derision.

Our passions in youth are very powerful seducers; they hurry us into hasty enjoyments, which have often their ending in very long and fruitless repentance. Against these imminent evils, which have their foundations in early life, we have no kind of defence, but in the experience of later days, which those are the most happy who soonest acquire and regard.

The long-practised in life have found the futility of all rap-  
tures, and know that none are worth purchasing at the price of  
great hazards. The lover's dream of extacies, and the predi-  
cations of high delight, are equal delusions practised by passion  
reason; for in rational enjoyments only duration is to be

found. We grow speedily sick of what we only admire, but are often lastingly gratified with what we reasonably approve.

Thus must youth, to be happy, acquire some of the qualities of age; and age, to be comfortable, must retain some of those of youth. The strong passions and affections of both æras are alike deceitful; as, in one stage we have not attained to the vigour of sound judgment, and in the other we have past it, and got into the date of second dotage, without the benefits of restraints that were our securities in our first childhood; and we are apt to continue full in the pride of experience, when the powers of reason are all decaying, or become lost.

Age pictured in the mind, is decrepitude in winter retiring in the evening to the comfortable shelter of a fire-side; where, secure from the rage of elements, and weary of vain pursuits, it can please itself with prattling of evils overcome, and pleasures that it has parted with the enjoyment of without regret; seeking nothing but to wear down the last stage of life with ease, and leaving bustle and folly to those to whom by nature they belong.

The greatest wisdom that can ornament hoary heads is, to quit the crowd with a good grace, and voluntarily to leave giddy society before they become forcibly excluded from it. Infirmary must take shelter in the kindness of true friendship, and that is not to be expected from the many, but the few.

Talkativeness is the foible and gratification of old age, and has been so distinguished, by observation, from Homer's days to the present time. A cheerfulness retained from youth gives a gracefulness to this humour, and recommends even its imperfections, if not to common approbation, at least to particular good-will.

If youth has its advantage of high spirits and fond pursuits, old age can boast its comforts of composure and resignation. One stage of life is to be represented by the pleasurable appetite with which we sit down to a meal: the other, by the satisfied indifference with which we are sure to rise from it, and the willing disposition we make after it for rest.

It is folly in youth to place too strong a reliance on long life; it is weakness in age to be over solicitous about it. In the former case, the expectation is indulged with uncertainty; in the latter, the desire is attended by anxiety, because the chances of probability are entirely against it.

All that we are sure of in this life is, that we must quit it, we know not when: and all that it most behoves us to do is, to be prepared for that call, which wisdom and virtue are our com-

stant admonishers to. It little matters how long we live in this world; but it greatly does, in what manner we live in it. We have a full right, while we are here, to all rational enjoyments; and it is our fault, if we suffer other pursuits to become our deluders into disquiet. We should in all things be the seekers of our own peace and welfare, and the promoters of those of others. While we make such the rules of our conduct, we shall be certainly good and happy; equally ready to continue with life, and ready to resign it.

Youth has no more bliss than sober reason can insure to it; nor has age more unhappiness than indiscretion brings upon it. All depends on our acting right parts in those different stages of our being; our credit and felicity being such as we ourselves make them: so that it is not Providence, but perverseness, that makes us otherwise than happy.

A. B.

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## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER. No. I.

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### WILLIAM PENN.

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THE most distinguished of their (the Quakers) converts was William Penn, whose father, Admiral Sir William Penn, had been a personal friend of the king, and one of his instructors in naval affairs. This admirable person had employed his great abilities in support of civil as well as religious liberty, and had both acted and suffered for them under Charles II. Even if he had not founded the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as an everlasting memorial of his love of freedom, his actions and writings in England would have been enough to absolve him from the charge of intending to betray the rights of his countrymen. But though the friend of Algernon Sidney (*Clarkson's Life of Penn*, l. p. 248,) he had never ceased to intercede, through his friends at court, for the persecuted. An absence of two years in America, and the occupation of his mind, had probably loosened his connexion with English politicians, and rendered him less acquainted with the principles of the government. On the accession of James, he was received by that prince with favor, and hopes of indulgence to his suffering brethren were early held out to him. He was soon admitted to terms of apparent intimacy, and was believed to possess such influence, that two hundred supplicants were often seen at his

gates, imploring his intercession with the king. That it really was great, appears from his obtaining a promise of pardon for his friend Mr. Locke, which that illustrious man declined, because he thought the acceptance would be a confession of criminality. (*Clarkson's Life of Penn*, l. p. 433-438.) He appears in 1679, by his influence on James, when in Scotland, to have obtained the release of all the Scottish Quakers who were imprisoned; and he obtained the release of many hundred Quakers prisoners in England, as well as letters from Lord Sutherland to the Lord Lieutenants in England for favor to his persuasion, several months before the declaration of indulgence. It was no wonder that he should be gained over by this power of doing good. The very occupation in which he was engaged, brought daily before his mind the general evils of intolerance, and the sufferings of his own unfortunate brethren. Though well-stored with useful and ornamental knowledge, he was unpractised in the wiles of the court, and his education had not trained him to dread the violation of principle, so much as to pity the infliction of suffering. It cannot be doubted that he believed the king's object to be universal liberty in religion, and nothing further. His own sincere piety taught him to consider religious liberty as unspeakably the highest of human privileges, and he was too just not to be desirous of bestowing on all other men that which he most earnestly sought for himself. He, who refused to employ force in the most just defence, felt a singular abhorrence of its existence to prevent good men from following the dictates of their conscience. Such seemed to be the motives which inclined this excellent man to lend himself to the measures of the king. Compassion, friendship, liberality, and tolerance, led him to support a system of which the success would have undone his country, and afforded a remarkable proof that in the complicated combinations of political morality, a virtue misplaced may produce as much mischief as a vice. The Dutch minister represents the arch Quaker, as travelling over the kingdom to gain proselytes to the dispensing power. Duncombe, a banker in London, and (it must in justice, though in sorrow, be added) Penn, were the two Protestant counsellors of Lord Sutherland. Henceforward it became necessary for the friends of liberty to deal with him as an enemy, to be resisted when his associates were in power, and watched after they had lost it.

Z.

## DEATH OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

The curfew had rung, and the night-cloud flung  
 A gloom on the landscape far;  
 The sun was at rest, and faint, from the west,  
 Rose the lonely vesper star.

When an aged man, with his travel wan,  
 Pass'd over the mountain's brow,  
 His hair stream'd white, in the breath of the night,  
 And his beard was like the snow.

The moon shone dim—she smil'd not on him,  
 The last of a reverend race;  
 His harp was unstrung, and his songs unsung,  
 And the tear bedew'd his face.

He laid him alone, on an ivied stone,  
 Near a mould'ring castle wall,  
 And thought on the hour, when his minstrel pow'r  
 Had rung thro' that ruin'd hall.

But the time was o'er, he would sing no more—  
 His harp was unstrung for aye—  
 And the hour was nigh, when the owner should die,  
 And his high soul quit its clay.

The moon gleam'd bright with a silvery light,  
 The stream of his life ebb'd fast;  
 One passing thrill—and his heart was still—  
 The minstrel had breath'd his last!

The mists were grey, and the dawn of the day  
 Broke fresh o'er his pallid face:  
 In the friendly tomb, they made him a home,  
 The last of a hallow'd race.

W. B.





Drawn by J. M. Wright

Engraved by J. Mitchell

# THE DYING BABE.

## THE DYING BABE.

FAREWELL, farewell, thou guileless babe! upon thy fair young  
brow,  
Death's shadow steals—all faintly throbs thy little bosom now;  
The laughing eyes so lately bright with mirth's ecstatic beam,  
Are softly closed, as if thou wert wrapt in a placid dream.

It is a dream whose holiness will never pass away;  
A dream, will close thy pilgrimage, thou beautiful! for aye,  
A deep repose comes over thee which knows no waking hour;  
A slumber all alike must sleep, the bud and full-blown flow'r.

It hovers o'er thee, stealthily;—life's pageantry is past;  
The pangs which shook thy fragile frame, are sweetly balm'd  
at last;  
The languid pulses flutter yet, as if around thy heart  
The life-blood wander'd lingeringly, reluctant to depart.

Above thy lowly cradle-bed, thy gentle mother leans,  
And from the changes on thy brow, first hope, then sorrow gleams;  
She scarce can deem so bright a thing hath blossom'd but to fade,  
Till *now* the sunshine of her heart hath never known a shade.

Young mother! think upon the woes that wait on ripen'd years;  
The thorns which strew life's checquer'd scenes; its storms, its  
frowns and tears,  
The thousand blights of human weal; thy grief is deep and wild,  
But oh! these pangs, death's dreamless rest, will spare thy fairy  
child.

The partner of thy bosom mourns, with grief's most deep excess,  
The cloud which o'er thy hopes hath come, thy rifled happiness,  
The while a father's tenderness, thrills through his aching breast,  
To which, in *life*, that lovely one will never more be prest.

Sweet mother! in some far-off year, perchance thou'lt seek the  
grave,  
Where softly sleeps the lov'd, the lost, and spring's first off'rings  
wave;  
Then turning from the world's cold smile, thou'lt bless the early  
doom  
Which shrined thine infant's happiness within the silent tomb.

MARIE.

U



## THE ORPHAN.

"Daughter of mind! how oft is this thy fate,  
 To dwell in lonely brightness, desolate;  
 To win the homage of a servile train,  
 Yet lose the only heart thou sigh'st to gain."

"You must wait a few minutes, Miss," said one of the attendants, to a young female who was standing by the counter, as Lady Ellersly entered the library of Mr. P. in — street, and throwing down a roll of paper, the hireling, changing his tone of insolent indifference, to one of the most obsequious politeness, begged to be honored with her ladyship's commands.

"I am in no haste, sir," returned the lady, almost contemptuously, "that young person's time is probably of more consequence than my own, and I should prefer your waiting on her first."

"There is no necessity for that, I assure your ladyship," rejoined the man with ill-concealed importance; "she is only an authoress; a poor poetess, or something of the kind, who has brought a manuscript for my inspection."

"Your inspection," said the lady, with a smile of such infinite meaning, that the dandy egotist quailed beneath it; "then I am to understand, you hold a high official situation in this respectable establishment?"

"Why, yes!—a-hem—certainly, as you say my lady—a-hem—a high official situation," he stammered out, deeming it necessary to support the assertion *vanity* had so trippingly made, "but poetry, as I was remarking, your ladyship, is a mere incumbrance to our shelves, positively not worth the publishing; nobody reads it now-a-days, and I reject volumes daily."

"Probably to the injury of your worthy employer," calmly remarked Lady Ellersly: "well! I had given Mr. P. credit for selecting men of talent as caterers for the popular taste, and I could wish he were present now for that poor girl's sake."

Finding the flimsy veil which covered his self-constituted importance, completely drawn aside, the discomfited man, of books, gladly withdrew to seek a volume her ladyship required, and she then had an opportunity of contemplating the being who had caused so unusual a colloquy. Lady Ellersly looked on her with mingled sentiments of admiration and pity; she was young—perhaps not more than twenty or twenty-one; her figure graceful and commanding, even amid the disadvantages

of evident attenuation; her pale, yet beautiful features, were deeply shaded by a large straw bonnet, but it could not conceal the traces of sorrow that were on them. Her complexion was fair, and colorless as marble, until the earnest gaze of the lady tinted it with a flood of carnation, and her black hair, arranged smooth and plain over her forehead, imparted a resigned expression to her Madonna-like countenance, which none could look on without interest. Her dress was simple in the extreme, but its homeliness could not conceal the native elegance of the wearer: and interested beyond expression, Lady Ellersly lingered in the shop long after she had completed her errand.

"Am I to understand these cannot be rendered subservient to Mr. P's. purposes, then?" faltered the young female, laying her hand on the papers.

"Why—no!" said the man, "translations, except from very able hands, don't take, and"——

"Then I am undone; oh! my mother, what will become of you!" interrupted the poor girl; and wildly clasping her hands, she burst into tears and sank on a chair. Lady Ellersly flew to her side, and supporting her throbbing temples on her bosom, endeavored to tranquillize her. "Poor girl!" she said, while her own tears flowed fastly; "your sorrows have indeed commenced early, and must be of an uncommon nature: compose yourself I entreat, and remember that the Almighty never lays more affliction on His creatures than they are able to endure. If you require a friend, I have both power and inclination to become one."

The young female raised her large dark eyes, glittering with tears, to the face of the lady, and after a slight pause, said, "A *friend*; do I indeed once more hear that hallowed word: I thought never again to listen to the accents of kindness, for I am desolate, oh! so desolate." And the convulsive sobs seemed to agitate her whole frame.

"This is no place for explanation, my poor child!" said the benevolent Lady Ellersly, "my carriage is at the door, it shall convey you home and there—but lean on my arm, I will assist you."

Overcome by excitement, she became passive as an infant, and was lifted into the carriage, which immediately proceeded in the direction she requested it might.

"I should have said to my own residence," added Lady Ellersly, "but you named your mother, my dear, and she is perhaps anxiously awaiting your return."

"Oh! yes, so anxiously; she is ill, madam, very ill; but

alas! I have now neither medicine or nourishment to offer her, and even the faint hope I this morning left home with, has faded."

"Well, well, my dear, we will not advert to that now, but think of the best manner in which to relieve your suffering parent. May I ask your name?"

"Ellen Mowbray, madam, the only child of a widowed mother, who is fast sinking into the grave."

"Nay, do not indulge in such melancholy anticipations; remember, the same hand that chasteneth is all-powerful to save, and under His guidance human aid may do much." Fain would the grateful girl have poured forth the overflowing of a heart sarcharged almost to bursting, but Lady Ellersly forbade a word on the subject, and the carriage soon after drew up to a mean cottage in the neighbourhood of Kensington. A homely-looking, but neat young woman came to the door, with an infant in her arms, and after regarding the party with an air of vacant astonishment for a few seconds, replied to Miss Mowbray's enquiries, that her mother was worse, and Lady Ellersly followed the weeping girl into an inner apartment, where, on a lowly bed, coarse but clean, lay the expiring sufferer. She did not appear to have seen more than forty summers, but sorrow had been busy with that once beautiful countenance, and the hand of death had now cast its filmy shadow over eyes once beaming with unequalled lustre, yet they lighted up with an unearthly brightness, as Ellen's agonized cry of "Mother, dear mother!" fell on her ear, and called her spirit back to the frail tenement from which it was so fast fleeing. Medical aid was instantly procured, but it was in vain; sorrow and sickness had overstrained the fragile cords of existence, and they snapped, but not until the departing mother had been made happy by the assurance of Lady Ellersly, that she would become the protectress of the orphan Ellen; and in the blessed hope of re-joining the lost one in a world of undying peace, the spirit of Mrs. Mowbray passed calmly from earth.

We will pass over the occurrences of the next few weeks; the agony of the bereaved Ellen, the utter loneliness of spirit which succeeded the last sad separation, and the tears of gratitude that were shed, as her benefactress welcomed her to the splendid mansion which was henceforth to be her home. Lady Ellersly was herself a widow, and a childless one: possessed of immense wealth, she added also the rarely united inclination to share it with objects less bountifully endowed with this "world's goods," and she reaped a plentiful reward for so

doing, in the satisfaction and peace thrown back on her own heart. Still in the prime of womanhood, gifted with both mental and personal graces, and worshipped by the little world she had drawn around her, it was often made a matter of surprise that her ladyship had never formed a second choice, but she had been so perfectly happy in her first marriage, that she did not care to sully the purity of its remembrance, and her affections still clung, like a halo, around the grave of her early love. Such, then, was the woman to whom Providence had committed the gentle Ellen Mowbray, but it was some weeks ere she learned the series of misfortunes to which she was indebted for so invaluable a charge.

It will better serve our purpose of brevity, simply to relate that our heroine was the only child of a wealthy and highly respectable merchant, and the splendid talents she early manifested had been fostered with such expense and care, that she eventually became as much the glory, as she had ever been the pride of her parent's hearts. Gifted with beauty, wealth and talent, the youthful Ellen early became the cynosure of the circle in which she moved, but amidst all the adulation, the homage; the almost idolatry paid at the shrine of her perfections, she preserved unsullied that purity of thought, gentleness of manner and singleness of heart, which had from childhood been her distinguishing characteristics. And it was well she did so, for scarcely had she burst into the brightness of womanhood ere some speculations in which Mr. Mowbray had extensively engaged, proved visionary, which together with the subsequent failure of a foreign house, with which he was closely connected, involved his affairs so inextricably, that total ruin was the result. Ellen struggled to support her fortitude under this severe ordeal, that she might not add to the sufferings of her parents, and well she succeeded; but it was bitter to see the very beings who had formerly scattered incense in her path, now turn away as if fearing to encounter some noisome reptile, where roses only had formerly bloomed, and disgusted with the worldings, for a space Ellen's pure heart closed itself against all, save those two loved ones, who seemed to exist only in her. But the bolt of affliction had sunk deeply into the heart of Mr. Mowbray, and a few months beheld him the lone inhabitant of a darksome tomb. Mrs. Mowbray drooped beneath the sudden blight, and for months the whole time of Ellen was devoted to soothing and administering relief to her suffering parent, her mental energies and physical exertions, alike fettered. During this period of accumulated affliction they were compelled to part

with the few valuables they possessed, and at length, Ellen, with a heavy heart, felt necessitated to draw from her portfolio, even the drawings which had been so often hallowed by the fond glance of eyes now closed for ever; she wept, but the sacrifice must be made, and they were consigned at half their intrinsic value, to a neighbouring bazaar. Then did she bless the beneficence of that God, who had bestowed on her talents, which might now be rendered subservient to a parent's support, but alas! materials she had none to execute more, and she turned over the few remaining contents of her portfolio, with a kind of mechanical motion, which told the utter absence of all hope. At length she laid her hand on some papers, which in the bitterness of her trials had been forgotten; they were some poetical pieces of her own composition, and a translation or two from the French and German, the amusement of happier hours, and her eyes lighted up with a transitory radiance as she rapidly scanned the pages; her heart beat high as she read on, and the glow on her lofty, intellectual brow deepened; she felt this might be a source, probably, both of present and future relief, and then, again, the tales she had been told of the thorns which goad the literary devotee, flashed on her mind, and her cheek paled as she recalled the thoughts of a poet, on the subject, who himself fell an early victim to intense study.

"And, oh! for what consumes the watchful oil?

For what does he thus waste life's fleeting breath?

'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toll,

'Tis for untimely death."

"Her mother!" those simple words decided the struggle with self. She immediately set about translating some selections from a popular German author, preferring it to the perhaps less arduous task of original composition, for she felt, (and oh! how truly!) that however the world may prate of intellectual powers being fostered and developed amid the frowns of adversity, yet, like the rose, they never glow so radiantly, or give forth such richness of perfume, as when surrounded by the genial sunshine; it were vain to expect sallies of mirth from a sick heart, and it is few to whom the effusions of a "mind diseased" are acceptable. It was under such impressions that Ellen executed her task, and weary with application, and trembling with alternate hope and fear, proceeded with her script to the shops of several publishers in the vicinity of residence. Many were the impertinent observations she med to encounter; many the unfeeling remarks elicited by youth and apparent loneliness; some derided the pale

and woe-worn girl, not deigning to examine the work which would have retorted their contempt on themselves; others, (who, had wealth and title graced the authoress, would have hailed her as a radiant star in the literary horizon) coolly declined associating themselves with *poverty*, although surrounded by the glorious halo of surpassing talent, and almost heart-broken, she at length, entered a shop, smaller than the rest, but the owner of which regarded her with a look of pity, and spoke in that tone of kindness which falls on the wrung spirit like the dew of heaven on the perishing flower, and with as reviving an influence. Encouraged by his urbanity, Ellen entered into a slight detail of her situation, beheld her labors approved, and had the satisfaction of receiving the first sweet reward, which was to be consecrated by becoming the support of a suffering mother. Month after month she toiled, but still Mrs. Mowbray drooped, and was evidently fast sinking to the grave; when their last money being exhausted, Ellen hastened with a throbbing heart to her friend with a newly finished article, but alas! even there misfortune awaited her; the shutters were closed, and he was no more. Impelled by necessity to fresh exertions, she decided on an application to Mr. P——, and it was there Lady Ellersly first beheld her, writhing under the pangs of accumulated agony.

With the instinctive kindness inherent in a gentle nature, her ladyship strove to soften the recollection of the sorrows which had overshadowed the day-dreams of Ellen's existence; she taught her to look for a brighter future, and to seek in the inspired pages of Holy Writ for that "peace which passeth understanding:" she won her gradually to emerge from the cloud which enveloped her energies, and induced her, by a talismanic fascination of manners, peculiarly her own, to develop the rich mine of poetry and romance, which lay in the deep recesses of her spirit, but she did not tease her to join in the fairy circle of mirthful revellers, which so frequently assembled at her ladyship's residence, for she knew in the existing state of Ellen's feelings it would be but mockery, and she trusted the oblivious hand of time would eventually remove those difficulties. Under the soothing attention of her kind protectress, Miss Mowbray's health soon began to improve; her form recovered its symmetry, her eyes some portion of their wonted brilliancy, and she could trip with a more elastic step along the garden terrace, but still she shank from mingling in the society of strangers.

"I am not lonely, indeed I am not," she would reply to Lady Ellersley's remonstrances, "if you knew how happy I am

when engaged in the pursuits I so love, you would not wish me to seek the scenes of mirth I cannot share in. The memory of the past will sometimes intrude," and tears shone amid the smile she endeavoured to force, "nor could I wish to banish it, for the picture must ever possess pleasing although melancholy associations, which is hallowed by the semblance, however unreal, of my lost, my sainted parents."

"And would you wish, my dear Ellen, were the power even bestowed on you, to recall them from their present purified state of being, again to become denizens in a world of corruption and sorrow, once more to bear the sad heritage of all of mortal birth?"

"Ah! no, dearest lady; could I do so I were indeed selfish. I have so clear, so very distinct a conception of the ineffable peace of their beatified spirits, that I sometimes think it would be bliss to resign existence, yes! to die a calm and holy death, could I know *mine* pure enough to join theirs in that 'high world,' where sorrow is but a name."

"Do not talk so, Ellen; you pain and grieve me by the expression of such wishes; they ill befit one so young, so gifted as yourself. I shall, I trust, yet witness the glow of mirth and health mantle on your cheek, and the light of happiness dance in your eye, although so long shadowed by care."

"I sometimes think that time will never come; it is so long, so very long since I was truly happy. *Once* I was gay and careless; I thought of the present only, because, surrounded by wealth and luxury from my infant days, sorrow was to me, as an unknown word; but there was a dark future in reserve, and *that* future has taught me many a bitter lesson, many a saddening truth."

"Yet let us hope, dear Ellen, it has not been without its benefits; remember what our immortal bard has said;

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Yet wears a precious jewel in its head."

"And he was right, sweet lady, that mighty master-spirit. Yes, it has taught me truths that will cling to me even unto death; it has shown me the utter instability of all human things, my own weakness and insufficiency; the vanity of earthly hopes, the fleeting nature of mortal friendship, the falsehood of some hearts, the angel-like attributes of *one*, but above all, has it taught me to *feel* that there is a God to whom the weary in spirit never sue in vain, and who hath not lightly promised to be a 'very present help in the time of trouble.'"

"And this alone is worth whole years of trial, my Ellen; treasure the conviction in your inmost soul, enshrine it in your heart of hearts, and so shall you glide peacefully and holily through the world, unmoved either by its smiles or frowns."

Lady Ellersly arose, and imprinted a kiss on the marble brow of Ellen, and even as she did so, she shuddered involuntarily, for although far removed from superstition, a presentiment, which had often occurred to her, passed across her mind, that the fair girl was not doomed long to be numbered among earth's creatures; she was so pure, so holy in every word and action, that it seemed almost sacrilege to confound her with sublunary things, yet as she beheld the soft glow steal over Ellen's cheek, her ladyship almost laughed at what she felt inclined to term her own "absurdity."

The summer was now in its beauty, and Lady Ellersly determined to spend a portion of it at a beautiful villa she possessed near Bath, and Ellen with pleasure heard the plan proposed, little supposing, however, her health was the only inducement for her kind protectress to visit it. Fairy Vale, (the name of the estate) having been the favorite residence of Lord Ellersly, the scene of their short-lived happiness, and of his death, it can scarcely excite wonder that its associations involved feelings and remembrances, of a nature the most trying to her ladyship; and she could never bring herself to visit it without those melancholy recollections rebelling against her fortitude, in an exquisitely painful degree. To Fairy Vale, however, they went, accompanied by two or three select friends whom Lady Ellersly thought likely to amuse her young favorite, and win her from the sad thoughts she too frequently indulged. It was indeed a lovely place, a perfect paradise, and Ellen fancied, as she wandered through the deep shade of its groves, that she could spend a life there in peace, nor sigh for the haunts of men. She was entering on scenes, of which her rich imagination had often dreamed, her poetic pen often pictured, but never before had they met her enraptured gaze; the utmost limit of her country wanderings, had been amid the grounds surrounding her father's villa at Brixton, for in him the habits of business were so strongly implanted, that it seemed they were almost entwined with his existence; and absent from his counting-house, the time wore heavily and wearily away, so that his amiable wife and daughter, ever ready to sacrifice their own inclinations to his, felt perfectly satisfied with the comfort of a habitation which afforded the best facility for gratifying his wishes. Thus was Miss Mowbray entering, as it were, on a



new world; she now beheld in all their own beautiful reality, those lovely scenes for which her spirit had often panted; the book of nature lay spread before her in its own gorgeous seeming, and her eye perused its pages and absorbed its beauties, with all the ardour of an enthusiastic and romantic disposition. She cared not for the fleeting vanities of the gay city; her retiring nature induced her to shrink from the admiration which attended her wherever she went, even while unconscious that she awakened such feelings; she felt she was observed, but knew not why, and she shrank from the keen gaze of the crowd, as the modest lily from the blighting northern blast.

"I like it not, dear Lady Ellersly," she replied to her ladyship's entreaties, that she would accompany herself and friends to the rooms; "I do not feel comfortable under the espionage of so many strangers, for I fancy every eye is bent on me with a peculiar expression, yet what it conveys I cannot define; perhaps they think the unportioned dependant on your ladyship's bounty, has small claim to mix on an equality with rank and wealth—but no, I will not entertain so ungenerous an idea."

"That is right, my love, bid it avaunt, and think kindly of all as you are wont. I know the source of the observance you complain of; you have yet to learn it, and wear the laurels fame would gladly wreath around your pensive brow; but, retain that blush, dear Ellen; it looks so like the rose of health I fain would see grace your cheek."

"But I may stay at home now; only this once will I claim the boon?"

"Well then, on those conditions, I consent. Alas! it is with a heart ill calculated for joyance that I go forth; far rather could I stay and gaze on yon memento of perished happiness, although the memories it awakens are vain as they are sadly soothing," and her ladyship, as she kissed Ellen's cheek, raised her tearful eyes to the portrait of Lord Ellersly, which was suspended over the mantle-piece: she left the apartment, and Miss Mowbray stood long gazing on the manly and elegant form, the original of which had early mingled with its kindred dust.

"Dear Lady Ellersly," she softly sighed, "thine is no mockery of woe, but real widowhood of heart; oh! would that the destiny of one so good, so pure, had been more propitious." And the sympathizing girl wept over sorrows which were irremediable.

MARIE.

(To be Continued.)

## THE YOUNG BETROTHED.

"INDEED, you cannot love me yet!" timidly said an interesting girl of fifteen, her voice quivering with the agitation of her young heart, and her eye beaming an expression so soft, so tender, so confiding, she seemed rather the creation of some beautiful fancy, inwoven with the magic of a dream, than a palpable, *real* being of the earth. "You cannot love me yet, I am so young!"

"And why not love you? 'So young!' Is affection confined to the blossom alone, while the bud is to be left untended, uncared-for? Do not the tears of a mother's love dew the cheeks of her unconscious babe? Why looks she not coldly on it? Passing it to the arms of a stranger, regardless of its wants; unmindful of its comforts, why hears she not of its health or its sickness, its growing strength or decaying weakness, with the same callous, unmoved look? Why bends she not over its cradle or its coffin, without a smile for the one, or a tear for the other? And if questioned on her unnatural conduct, why exclaims she not! 'It is so young!'"

"But you do not feel for me the affection of a mother!"

"True; but affection is affection, in whatever relationship that affection is displayed. There is no difference in its nature, though the object be different. The same tenderness, the same fondness, the same anxiety which characterize the mother's love, equally characterize that of the husband. Watches not the husband over the bed of his perhaps expiring wife, with an anxiety, a sorrow, as deep, as intense, nay, far deeper, far intenser, than that of a parent over her offspring? How many soul-thrilling memories bind *him* to the pale form he gazes on! How many heart-rending associations rise in painful array before him, each planting a poignard in his breast! Their early love—their exchange of those silent tokens which drew closer the bonds that still unite them—their mutual pledge, afterwards consecrated and ratified by Heaven's sacred rite—their constancy, when the too-often transient professions of courtship had died away, but which in their case had only melted and consolidated into the firmness of *feeling*—and now in the midst of happiness so unmixed, to lose this fairest treasure!—Oh, Marian, think you there is not even *more* affection in the husband than in the mother? and the early love of two betrothed ones contains the germ of *this*!" And her hand folded in Edward's, as he spoke, responded with a gentle press to argu-

ments she could not have confuted, if she would, and would not, if she could. Nor let her be blamed by rigid prudishness, because she shrunk not from his proffered kiss, and even ventured to return it; for it was a guileless one—a holy seal Heaven stamped on its white tablet of love; and ere registered, it was blessed!

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The stern discipline of prudence separated them. Edward's father wished him to make a tour of the south; and he was thus banished from the presence of her he loved so ardently: and "the exile of love," as he was wont to call himself, often breathed an aspiration to the winds, or wafted a kiss across the wave, to his Marian. The heavy wings of existence now flapped dully by. Often would he wander through the sombre placidness of a southern eve, or, gliding in the noiseless gondola, feel solitude too solitary: then, mid the gay and brilliant throng, where so many youthful hearts beat high in the enjoyment and reciprocation of pleasures denied to *him*, he would feel yet more lonely—his eye would be for a moment dim—it might be, *he wept* unseen;—then again through his darkened perspective would gleam a hope of happier days—his glance would light up with a fitful brilliance—the "exile" would rejoin the happy, and seem to smile.

Five years had elapsed since the conversation we have introduced to our readers; and though he had addressed Marian several times, she had not acknowledged the receipt of one letter. 'Tis true, he accounted for this by supposing some maternal prohibition deterred her from replying. Still it was strange that all-ingenious love had not devised some method for at least assuring him she was still *his* Marian. He had ever pursued the most honourable conduct towards her: all his communications had been inclosed to her mother; and if Marian had chosen, there could have been no indelicacy in an inquiry after his health—nay, such, however formal, would have been better than blank silence. He resolved to revisit England.

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Marian had entered her nineteenth year, and was on the eve of being brought out. An introductory party or two had been given by the Hon. Mrs. De L'Ancy, her mother, to a few select friends; and they failed not to remark an air of *ton* in our heroine, ere she had been initiated into all its arcana. On one of these occasions, the Dowager Lady Marcheline mentioned "favorite young friend, Captain Amesby," who had been "*distingue caballero*," during a short trip she had taken;

while on the continent. Accordingly a card of invitation to the next party was forwarded to the Captain; and on the evening appointed, he was introduced by Lady Marcheline to Mrs. De L'Ancy—but particularly to Marian. His refined manners, his easy and yet brilliant wit, his never-to-be-exhausted fund of adventure, amusing or pathetic; but above all, his enthusiastic admiration of "her favorite, Petrarch and Goethe," rendered him a valuable acquisition to Mrs. De L'Ancy: and who knows not that a mother's approving glance is the signal-flag for the surrender of the daughter's heart? Amesby hailed the signal with a smile, that seemed to compress within its small limits a whole Mahomedan paradise; and with an elegant *nonchalance*, addressed his conversation to Marian, till her sparkling eyes appeared to swim in liquid delight. Yet often in the midst of some fascinating narration, he would pause, his countenance would fall; then, passing it off with a half smile, he would resume. Nor was this unobserved by Marian. In an under-tone she bantered him about "his lady-love," whom he had left to wander and weep through the groves of some southern arcadia. But he answered with a forced indifference, that, while it prevented further allusion, failed to satisfy the observant Marian.

Why did she wish to fathom the depth of Amesby's soul? What was it to *her*, if he had left a harem of houris, to stray through their groves, and mingle their tears with the crystal streamlets? Could it be, that Marian had forgotten the absent Edward? Could it be, she *loved* Amesby?

The Captain now became almost an inmate of the Hon. Mrs. De L'Ancy's town residence. Every evening he passed in Marian's society—either her attendant to the opera, or standing over her while she was running through some lively rondo, or hurrying into the entrancing compositions of Weber; or singing some simple melody so sweetly, that new beauties breathed in every word, and vibrated to the heart of absorbed Amesby.

His sanguine anticipations already assured him he was the favored suitor for the heart, hand, and fortune of faithless Marian. An approaching ball afforded him another theatre for speculation; and imagination might paint him dropping into the elysium of slumber, while plotting some fresh design of attack on her too-easily surrendering heart. The evening of the ball arrived. Captain Amesby called for Marian, and Mrs. De L'Ancy, and of course secured the hand of the former for the first set. And as they traced the dizzying mazes of the dance, many an involuntary tribute to her beauty and his gracefulness, burst from the lips of an admiring group.

Returning from the ball, Amesby requested an interview with his "charming Marian," the following day. Of course she refused; but there was such an evident "Yes!" disguised under her "No!" that he persevered till this identical "No!" threw off its mask, and discovered itself the very columbine of his heart. And never did harlequin so gracefully receive one, or seem so happy.

Maternal curiosity will be pardoned if, on the announcement of Captain Amesby, and the light tripping of Marian to receive him, Mrs. De L'Ancy applied the external orifice of her auditory organ to the somewhat less complicated orifice of the key-hole:—not that her auditory organs alone were called into requisition; for ever and anon she resorted to the *demonstratio oculi*, and her optical faculties were further assisted by a pair of crystal pebbles, and a gold-mounted eye-glass. We would not have opened the door, and discovered the venerable lady, were it not to account for the very sudden intrusion of that lady on the scene passing within.

After the Captain had seated himself near Marian, and taken her unresisting hand, he forthwith proceeded to pour into her ear some of those melted diamonds (in the shape of compliments), which perhaps Cleopatra sighed for, instead of liquified stones: and these pearly thoughts were kept so "*entre nous*," that all the stretchings and strainings of Mrs. De L'Ancy's auditory nerve were totally incapable of catching anything except a stray sigh from Marian, or an impassioned exclamation from the Captain. Soon he rose from his seat, and kneeling to the empress of his heart, vowed the eternal and the infinite most prodigiously, and in such rhetorical rhapsodies that it might have been questioned, whether the fire of Demosthenes, or the sober eloquence of Cicero, were not equally infused into the kneeling Amesby. And what can woman do, when manhood kneels? So thought Marian; and as he kissed her hand for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, and wast just about making up the thousand, she whispered something about her mother, which whisper was audible to the beforementioned organs of Mrs. De L'Ancy, who forthwith opened the door; and dropped in quite accidentally for a volume of—*what*, neither the Captain, Marian, nor herself, could divine. But this interruption was not to be allowed to entirely *break* the chain of the Captain's proceedings. He led Marian to her mother, and with a flourish of figures sued for her approval of her daughter's choice, and solicited "the exuberance of her maternal blessing over their anticipated union," &c. &c. Now this was precisely

the point at which Mrs. De L'Ancy wished to arrive; and she was not long therefore in completing the apparent happiness of Amesby: but his eye again dimmed. Strange this, at the very moment of consummation! He roused—led Marian to a chair, and took her hand. A pause ensued. The old lady attributed it to his excess of feeling, and was about to withdraw; he waved his hand, and she remained. Mrs. De L'Ancy was right in her conjecture. It *was* excess of feeling; so struggling was his emotion, he could scarce find language, or power of utterance. A heavy sigh broke upon the silence. "Marian!" at length he exclaimed, "you know *how* I have loved you; how *long* I have thus loved, you probably know not. It is now some time since I had the happiness of first being introduced to you, and you may have forgotten it—it was but a trifling circumstance!"—With his handkerchief he hurriedly brushed away a tear, and proceeded. "Since then, I have visited the continent, and mixed in its motley society; still did I love you. No beauty, no charms, excelled, nay—even equalled yours. The tinsel of foreign elegance was disregarded—sometimes, loathed—when placed in contrast with the ever-fresh portrait of memory, where I again gazed on her whose features were so impressed on my heart, that absence could not efface them. When I was again introduced to you, it was the same bud, but opened into blossom! You were still Marian, and *Edward* still loved you!"—Marian shrieked convulsively, and sank almost senseless into his arms. "Not hearing from you once during my five years' absence, I determined to visit England; and retained my travelling name of Amesby, (under which I was introduced to Lady Marcheline), that I might see you at first *incognito*, and ascertain if the bark, to which I had intrusted the dearest hopes of life, had indeed wrecked, and left me hopeless—desolate! Before seeing you, I purchased a Captaincy, resolving, were you still true, to resign the commission, and share my fortune with you; or had you, as I feared, forgotten me, to enter foreign service, and leave England for ever. My fears are realized! Marian, I *cannot* accept your hand as Captain Amesby, and I *will not* as Edward! But I intrude on your patience. Marian, farewell!" He left. Marian was sobbing violently.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lady of the Hon. Vincent Orford was alone, in her drawing-room. She appeared unwell: her head was cushioned on the sofa; and her fevered eye contrasted horribly with her pale cheek. Had she been weeping? "Why comes he not? Where

is Vincent?" feebly inquired the invalid; but there was no one to answer, and her head drooped again, pained by the effort. Quarter after quarter struck, and then rolled gloomily away; and she still lay on her lonely couch. It was now two hours past midnight:—presently, a step was heard—then another—and they were unsteady—it was not Vincent's usual step! He was returned from his midnight debauch, in a state unfit for the kitchen—far less for the bed of his sick wife. Yes! she *was* sick. She had given untimely birth to a lovely but weak girl. She named it not Marian! that name was embittered by too many sorrows! It was called Emma; and Emma was withering, like her parent-stem. They might repose in one coffin! And Vincent!—she could not retire to him. She preferred remaining there in solitary quiet. Her slumber was not deep! the least noise disturbed her. At dawn, she rose, and walking feebly to the window, sat at the open casement. A paper attracted her attention. The subject of death was present to her mind. She paused over the deaths. The name of Amesby caught her eye. She eagerly read. "Captain Amesby, late of the 7th Fusiliers, died of a lingering consumption, at Malta, on the 13th inst." She gave one shriek, and fell. When the domestics entered, she had ceased to weep! She was no more! Orford was roused from his stupor—he staggered into the room, and hiccuped something over her lifeless remains; while, peaceful now, and happy, slumbered THE YOUNG BETROTHED.

T. S. EVERETT.

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## LINES

*On hearing a Child Repeat a Hymn.*

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Sweet is the sound from guileless lips  
 Of holy love and grace on high;  
 Of a Redeemer's sacrifice,  
 One who for men vouchsafed to die.

Dear infant, may the pious strain  
 Wake in thy breast the gladdening thought;  
 That he, who sinners died to save,  
 Their pardon with his blood has bought.

MOTLEY.

## A LEGEND OF THE PERIS.

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“ Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling place,  
 With one fair spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And hating no one, love but only her !  
 Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted. Can ye not  
 Accord one such a being ? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot,  
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot ? ”—BYRON.

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It was one of those sweet and calm summer evenings which seem almost too bright and pure for earth, infusing into young spirits a portion of its beauty and sublimity ; when the legendary tale startles not the sense, but harmonizes with its passing dreams, and the wild improbable fiction, listened to amid the solemn stillness, and magical beauty of nature, appears almost truth. It was in such a frame of mind as I have been describing, and on such a night, when

“ All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,  
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there,”

that I wandered forth with a young and intelligent Persian, with whom I was then residing. He pointed out to me with enthusiasm the rich tints that illumined the sky, the thousand flowers that covered the earth ; he made me pause to listen to the low sweet songs of the many-coloured birds that flew around us ; he showed me through the green trees, far-off glimpses of his gorgeous and beautiful city ; he was proud of her, and he well might be. At length we seated ourselves by the borders of a silvery lake, and as we looked down upon the fleecy clouds and the sinking sun that lay mirrored in the waters at our feet, Azim began to speak of heaven as it had been pictured to him ; peopled with all that exquisite and voluptuous fancy could depict or conceive. Flowers that fade not ; Peris with eyes like the midnight stars, and voices like air-harps ; all the lovely things of earth here rendered imperishable, and enduring for ever ; open to the true believer only. But catching the incredulous, and half melancholy smile with which I listened to this rhapsody, he paused suddenly.

“ To you, all this is then but a vain dream,” he said.

I did not reply, for the creed of the young idolater harmonized so well with the increasing stillness of the hour, that I longed



for him to speak again. The sun had by this time wholly disappeared, and its last lingering rays of glory fell upon the lake like a sheet of gold; Azim turned suddenly to me and offered to tell me the legend of one, who like myself, had not believed in the existence of the Peris. I shall not attempt to describe the rich glowing language, or the impassioned enthusiasm, with which he related the following tradition of the

Loves of the Peris I

Myron was a young Greek; he professed Christianity as it was then first introduced. He broke the idol before which his forefathers had knelt, scoffed at the Persian's creed, and remonstrated with them on the folly, and impiety, of neglecting the great Creator of all things and worshipping an element, the creation of His divine power. But in defiance of his rhetoric the red fire continued to burn and glow in their temples, and the Persians still did homage to it. The young Greek, disappointed in his object of diffusing through other lands the beams of that light which was beginning to dawn in his own, shunned all society, and in the stillness of solitude communed with the depths of his own spirit. Myron was then in the prime of manly beauty; his form was tall and majestic, a profusion of short dark curls clustered around his high intellectual brow, the stern proud glance of his flashing eyes was tempered by the long dark lashes which swept his cheek, and imparted a softness to his otherwise haughty but expressive countenance.

The Peris, who keep a constant vigil over all the earth, had long noticed this scornful unbeliever, and burned to number so vigorous, and powerful a mind among the train of their worshippers. The very difficulty of the task rendered them but the more anxious for its accomplishment. It is one of the infirmities of human nature, and it appears in this instance of divine nature also, to long most eagerly for those things which are most unattainable, as if the very fact of a thing's being within our reach lessened, or destroyed its value. Meanwhile Myron, unconscious of the myriads of bright eyes that kept watch over him, continued to pursue his solitary walks and meditations; entering into controversy with the first Persian sages of the age, and always succeeding in charming by his eloquence even while he failed to convince by his reasoning.

The Peris at length became weary of waiting for the things of earth to work the conversion of the unbelieving Greek, and held council in Paradise on the best means of rescuing him from error, and reclaiming him to themselves. Myron was

known to be inaccessible to the mere pleasures of the senses, and many a spell was proposed and rejected as not being of sufficient power to bind him. At length one of the Peris stepped from amidst her bright band of sisters, and bowing before the throne until the silken curls of her golden hair swept the ground, begged to be heard.

"I will undertake this task," she said, "suffer me to descend to earth for a season, and if I fail in bringing this proud Greek to prostrate himself before our altars, to believe and exult in our existence, then on my return do with me as thou wilt."

"And what magic will you make use of to effect this change?" asked one of her sister spirits doubtfully.

The gem-like eyes of the Peri glittered with the consciousness of her heavenly and perfect beauty, as she turned to one of the mirrors which hung around the council hall, and broke into a loud musical laugh.

The spiritual council pondered long on the strange project thus suddenly proposed to them, but ended by giving their full consent to the trial being made. They settled that the name by which the wanderer might be known on earth should be Ioli, and presenting her with a small golden harp, the chords of which were composed of the united hair of the sister-band, wished her every success in her mission and dismissed her from Paradise. The echo of their parting hymn fell sweetly on the ears of the adventurous Peri as she swept her downward flight to earth.

#### FAREWELL HYMN OF THE PERI.

Farewell to thee Ioli!  
A long and fond farewell!  
Thou art going to the green isle,  
Where cold hearts dwell.  
But for thee there is yet a land of love,  
Dweller on earth thy home is above!

We'll remember thee Ioli,  
When the nightly choir is ringing,  
We'll listen for thy silvery voice  
Still sweetly singing.  
Away! and wherever thy foot shall rest  
Be that green spot for ever blest.

Return to us, Ioli!  
But return as pure as now;  
Let not the heavy stain of earth  
Cling to thy brow!  
The voice of our prayers at eve shall come,  
And woo thee to thy far-off home.

Language is inadequate to convey the slightest idea of Ioli.

She was beautified as a dream! for glimpses of such rare loveliness visit us only in our sleep. Earth holds them not:—she conceals her ministering spirits from our eyes, even while we feel their cool breath upon our brows; and heaven is too far removed for our observation. We picture them to our fancy:—we love the ideal being which we have created, but the image is never realized; it haunts, it clings to us, contrasting itself with the cold realities of life, and rendering the heart a blank, a void capable of being filled by the imagination only.

Myron had oft indulged in such visions, as every young mind will do, more or less according to the predisposing influences. He had formed in his heart a being he could love—gifted her with beauty and soul—breathed into her with the breath of his own high thoughts and feelings; until she had become part of himself. A Peri descended from heaven, and realized the vision of the dreamer. Myron asked not whence she came, or of what country she was, contented to meet, to converse with her in his wild solitary haunts, to listen to the music of her voice, and watch the witching smile on her bright countenance; he yielded himself up unresistingly to the spell of beauty, and the Peri exulted in her easy triumph.

But although some time had elapsed since her descent to earth, she yet lingered on irresolute and unwilling to break up the intercourse which had become so delightful to her. It might be that something of the devotedness and power of a human passion had infused itself into her heart, that the deep affection of Myron was not altogether unfelt or unreturned by her who had excited it. Be this as it may, the young Greek yet knelt at the altars of Christianity; yet laboured, and struggled, and prayed, for the spread of its spirit over the whole world; and Ioli had found other themes to converse on than the errors of his creed.

One night as they wandered together by the borders of the lake, Myron pointed out to her the columns of flame which rose up to the dark sky from the altars of the Fire-worshippers.

"If thou art a Persian," he said, almost bitterly, "thou darest not gaze on yon red light, and not fall prostrate on the ground."

The Peri turned instantly towards it, and the reflection fell on her pure angelic face, but she moved not.

"To Peran!" shouted the Greek exultingly, as he pressed a burning kiss on her brow; "Thou art mine then—mine own in heart and spirit!"

The Peri shrank from the caresses of her earthly lover, and

cloud-obscured the sunshine of her countenance. "If I bow not to yonder flame," she said, evasively, "may it not be because I worship not, but am among the worshipped?"

"It may," replied the Greek, vehemently, as he knelt at her feet, and clasped her hands in his; "and who would not hasten to pay their vows—to adore at such a shrine!"

Now was the decisive moment. Now, when lost in a delirium of passionate love, she might have moulded the heart of Myron to her wishes. But the Peri suffered it to pass away, she could not bear to awake him from a dream so exquisite. Once when she had attempted to shake his belief in that faith in which he trusted, and to which he clung as to an everlasting rock of strength, though she spoke with such winning accents, such a witching smile, he had turned coldly and sternly away. At that moment, the early tales of his boyhood had flashed across the mind of the Greek, and the echo of that traditional song, with which they had soothed him into slumber when a child in his own beloved Greece, came over him like the memory of a dream.

#### THE LAMIE.\*

They come in their beauty, mortal beware!  
Flee away—flee away from that dangerous smile;  
A deep, a dark meaning lies shadowing there,  
Good spirits watch over and save from the snare,

From the Lamie's spell  
May they guard thee well,  
Who lure but to beguile.

Beware of their voice tho' sweet it be,  
And breathing of love and joy;  
Fly far from its melting witchery,  
Turn not, tho' it haunt thee ceaselessly:

For the Lamie sing  
As their spells they fling,  
Which mortal life destroy.

Away, for thy safety is only in flight,  
But one glance on that beautiful face will undo thee;  
Will haunt thy existence by day and by night,  
In a semblance of heavenly pureness and light.

Oh! wake from thy dream!  
They are not what they seem,  
To their darksome abodes would the Lamie lure thee!

These superstitious remembrances were however soon dismissed from his ideas, and Ioli strove to banish the train of

\* The Lamie are supposed to be spectres, who under the form of beautiful and graceful women, attracted young men to devour them.  
*Acts of the Greeks and Romans.*

feeling which had given rise to them. Myron soon began to speak of returning to his native land, but always under the full conviction that she would accompany him: he would then introduce her to his mother, his mild gentle mother, and as he dwelt on the concentrated happiness of a home endeared by her presence, and a religion in which they might become fellow worshippers, the Peri would turn aside to conceal the tears that even angels sometimes weep. Sadly would she recall to mind her own bright bower in Paradise, and the pure sister-band who loved her so well, and were even now looking out for her coming. Sometimes she would kneel in agony of spirit, by the lone sea-shore, or in the trackless woods, and lift up her voice in supplication and prayer.

"Surely," she would exclaim, "all this has been fore-known, fore-doomed. Thou didst not believe, oh! great spirit! that I could become a dweller upon earth, without partaking of its sympathies? That I could associate with such excellence without being irresistably led to love, to imbibe it, to adore its spirit. If this be a sin forgive it I beseech thee. Sacrifice me not to thy justice, but look on me with mercy! Pure sisters, judge me not too harshly, because I have fallen from my high place, and yielded to the power of a temptation, which secure in our far-off homes we smiled at in pity and derision, but rather plead for, and pity the lost one!"

In such lamentations she sought in the absence of Myron to tranquillize her mind; in his presence she had no fears, no misgivings, for what was even the bliss she had forfeited, compared with such devoted such unchanging affection.

Ioli had long lain aside and forgotten her magic harp which the Peris had given her when she quitted them; but one evening, being alone and in a melancholy mood, she took it up and began to sweep her white hand over the strings. But as she awoke its sounds, she started suddenly back in fearful wonderment, for the voice of a sister Peri spoke in every chord, and uniting into one strain of exquisite melody, called on her to return to them. At first they used persuasions only, conjuring her by every holy and blest remembrance, by the memory of their sisterly love, by the purity of her spiritual nature, to return; but gradually the strain became one of command, and threats of eternal punishment if she carried longer on her mission, and heeded not the warning voice thus sent, mingled with Ioli with a frantic gesture flung the charmed instrument from her, and it fell into the sea, but the echo of its last notes yet fell murmuring on her ears.

That night when Myron spoke to her of his mother, and of that fair city to which they should soon be journeying, he was startled by the expression of agony depicted on the features of Ioli; features which he had seldom before seen unilluminated by a smile, and strangely did the shade of earthly care contrast with the brightness and purity of that transparent brow.

"Ioli," said the young Greek, tenderly, "what has caused this change? Thou hast surely no griefs which Myron may not share, or try to soothe away!"

The Peri shrank from his touch, and shook forward the profusion of her radiant curls, until like a veil they almost concealed her from his sight, but she did not reply. She however, was the first to break the long silence that ensued.

"Myron," she said, "there has already been too long a mystery between us; it is full time that you knew me as I am, or as I was ere the passions of this world became mingled with my spiritual nature."

She flung back her luxuriant hair, and standing erect in her pure and angel-like beauty continued to speak, while every word and action flashed conviction on her auditor.

"My home is in Paradise, I am one of the Peris whom thou scornest to worship, and whose very existence thou dost not believe in!"

Involuntarily the young Greek sank upon his knees and bowed down before her. But the exultation which thrilled through the heart of Ioli was transient, for rising suddenly, as if ashamed of the momentary weakness he had been betrayed into, he was departing from her presence, when that voice, whose gentle accents he had so long dwelt on with delight arrested his steps.

"Whither wouldst thou go?" demanded the Peri.

"To the uttermost parts of the earth, so that I escape from this temptation, while yet I have power to fly."

"Are the vows pledged on earth, then, so easily broken?" asked Ioli, with a witching but melan: holy smile. "Is this to be the final termination of all the joyous hours we have spent together? Must we who have loved so long, so purely, so passionately, part thus and for ever?"

"For ever!" repeated Myron, but he averted his eyes from the beautiful face of the Peri. "Our spheres are indeed widely different, and the sooner that each enters their opposite course, the lighter will be the dreadful trial of separation. Ioli, I confess it to be a trial, a temptation that shakes the spirit of my faith to its very centre, but uproots it not. Farewell! Re-

turn to thine own bright bowers—forget me, and be thou forever blest!" As he spoke, the majesty which had almost awed him, faded from the countenance of the Peri, and flinging her white arms around him, she again prevented his departure.

"Myron," she said, "you have told me that the maidens of Greece, when their affections are once given, change not, but are content to yield up life itself rather than that love which has become a part of their existence. Shall I, who am of heaven, love less devotedly than these daughters of earth. Myron, thou dost not yet know me, if thou thinkest this can be. No—from this moment I dare the wrath of the Peris, I consent to forfeit my place in Paradise, but not to lose thee, my earthly love!"

The young Greek strained her to his bosom, with feelings which were too deep for words, and as he gazed on the pure angelic beauty of her who clung so trustingly to him, a thousand wild thoughts and plans whirled through his dizzy brain.

"Ioli," he said at length, "my beloved, my own Ioli! selfish indeed would be my passions if I could for a moment dream of accepting this generous self-sacrifice. No! if there must be a victim let the doom fall on me, for having dared to lift up my thoughts to one so much above me, for having cast a shade on thy bright existence, which, but for me would have been all sunshine."

"Myron," whispered the Peri, raising her beautiful eyes pleadingly to him, "there need be no victim. Bow night and morning, in heart and spirit before our altars, for the space of twelve moons, and we are both blest." Long did she continue to speak, and the witching melody of her words fell only on the ears for which they were breathed, until the Greek was won, and sealed her victory on her brow and cheek.

That night the Peri returned in triumph to Paradise. The prize was won! and her sisters welcomed back, with smiles and rejoicing, her, whom they had so long mourned as among the lost.

The following day, how much were the Persians astonished, to see the haughty Greek prostrate himself before their altars, and mingle in their worship with wild and delirious zeal.

Why did his gentle mother lift up her voice in a far-off land to mourn over her apostate child; he continued his unceasing vows until the appointed time had expired, and then the goddess summoned him away to receive his promised reward in Paradise.

He ended the young Persian's tale; and when I remem-

barred that other lands have possessed cradles as wild, visionary and baseless, though less beautiful, I scoffed not at the superstitious errors and delusions of the Fire-worshipper.

E. Y.

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A SONG.

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Thine eyes are glancing brightly,  
 Yet saddened all the while, love!  
 Thy bosom heaves, but lightly;  
 Thou weepest with a smile, love!

I've seen thee look such sweetness,  
 'Twas heaven to be near, love!  
 I've marked thy pleasure's fleetness,  
 And caught thy jewel-tear, love!

But now a mingled feeling  
 Seems melting on thy brow, love!  
 'Tis joy o'er sorrow stealing;  
 The cloud—but with its bow, love!

The beauty of a flower,  
 The sharpness of its thorn, love!  
 Like sunbeams through a shower,  
 That gloom, while they adorn, love!

'Tis pleasing, though of sorrow!  
 'Tis painful, yet divine, love!  
 And even grief can borrow  
 A charm from such as thine, love!

T. S. EVERETT.



## MISS ALEXANDRIA FARFETCH.

MISS ALEXANDRIA FARFETCH had been in her youth a comely sort of lass, one capable of gaining many admirers, and had she been disposed, many lovers. She lived on year after year, beholding scores of handsome men, with handsome fortunes, kneeling at her feet, and vowing to her eternal fidelity; but this inimitable lady gazed triumphantly upon them all, and always took time to consider what she termed *well*, ere she entered into a state upon which her happiness relied. Years rolled away in rapid succession, and as time invariably destroys beauty, plucks the bloom from the sweetest flower, and not unfrequently plants a thorn in its place; it behoved her to take a more comprehensive view respecting her present dormant condition, ere too late. She began to think of the future, the time when she should need the doting husband. She began also, for the first time, to speak of children as blessings, inasmuch as they greatly contributed to the happiness of their parents.

After she had been no less than five years pondering upon that somewhat solemn word, *matrimony*, she came to the important determination that she *would become a wife*, provided she could meet with a gentleman in accordance with her views, to marry her under certain stipulations. Now at this time Miss Farfetch was what the cockneys would denominate, "no chicken," but as she was in receipt of a certain large sum of money annually, she was even at this remote period, a lady not to be *overlooked*, and there were many "souls in arms and eager for the fray." She daily took her accustomed walk and eyed every young man who passed, with a peculiarity that to any intelligent mind would have been "conviction doubly sure," as to the intention and desire of the lady. Evidently she wanted what she ought to have taken years ago, a husband. She had walked morning after morning, and ridden afternoon after afternoon, successively, for upwards of twelvemonths, through all the principal streets in the metropolis, and found herself still in a state of "single blessedness," without the hope of ever altering her condition. In vain did she sit on a summer evening at the front window with a book in one hand, and her head reclining upon the other, inhaling the fresh air, and ever and anon, casting a birds-eye glance at every passer by, without meeting any better fate; and she at last began to despair of ever being made a wife. She had no time to dilly-

daily about now. A peculiar sensation came over her, she must, she would be married! But how to get a husband she knew not. She looked upon her servant "John," but no—her pride forbade it; she could never behold her friends again if she so degraded herself. She upbraided her own stupidity in neglecting the many golden opportunities which she had had. She almost shed tears at the "thought of other days;" and during her embarrassed state of mind, she opened a large book covered with sheep-skin, or it might have been calves-skin, upon which was printed in large gold letters, "Family Bible." Unfortunately, the part she had opened made her acquainted with the year, hour, day, even the minute of her birth. Could it be possible! She was two years older than she *really* imagined. Although she never acknowledged herself to be more than twenty-eight, she found by the holy register that she had passed her fortieth year. She ran to the mirror, and discovered age had taken some *little* notice of her, but she nevertheless imagined that she still retained some attributes to claim attention. Again she took her accustomed seat at the window, reading the last new novel; a gentleman passed, her eyes were off the book on the instant—he looked up and bowed! Could it be possible? he looked up again, and lo! their eyes met—the lady blushed and retired from the window, with the full conviction, that she had made an indelible impression upon his heart. "Thank God!" she exclaimed, "I am at last noticed." A double knock was heard at the door—who could it be? and before she had time to soliloquize upon the sound of the knocker, the servant ushered in the unknown gentleman. They were both stupified, they knew not what to do or say, it was confusion worse confounded. The gentleman after a short pause broke the ice, and began with a degree of confidence wholly unparalleled.

"I trust madam," said he, "you will pardon the liberty I have taken in making bold to claim an acquaintance in so singular a manner." And here he paused—pulled out of his breast pocket a white handkerchief and applied it to his nose.

By this time the lady had partly recovered from her stupor, and begged the gentleman would be more explicit, as his language was perfectly incomprehensible.

"I have lately, madam," proceeded the gentleman, with tears in his eyes, "had occasion often to pass your house, and having observed you frequently at the window, and your beauty having created a sensation in my breast, I was resolved on knowing my doom. I have three successive nights madam,

dreamt that you were a spinster. Would to heaven that the dream may be realized!"

His tenderness was too much for Miss Farfetch, she was fainting, and had it not been for the sagacity of the gentleman, would have fallen on the floor, and done considerable damage to her somewhat portly person. The gentleman rang the bell, the servants ran up and found them as the newspapers would say, in an "interesting position." Water was called for, by the gentleman and instantly brought, and through the medium of a second christening she began fast to recover. During the process of damping her "marble brow," the gentleman impressed upon her maiden cheeks various soft kisses, which the lady was not altogether unconscious of. After she had sufficiently recovered, the gentleman very tenderly enquired if she *felt better*. "Perhaps the fresh air," said he, "would be of service to you. Will you allow me to accompany you round the garden? the evening is most fine, and the salubrious breeze will greatly tend to call up your usual bloom."

The lady could not resist the temptation, she knew not who the gentleman was, but his manners, combined with his gentlemanly appearance, were amply sufficient to prove him to be a man of honour, a man of integrity, and one that would not deviate from the path of virtue. They walked round the garden—they talked of *love*. They walked beyond the garden—they talked of *matrimony*; and it was late ere they returned. They supped together and alone! The hours passed away in rapid succession, and it was after midnight ere the thought of quitting entered the gentleman's head. At last he looked at his chronometer, and thought it time to depart. The lady rang the bell for *John* to get the carriage ready, the gentleman would not consent to it, a coach would do; a coach was sent for. The lady saw him down to the street-door, a sweet "Farewell" issued from her lips, and (we have it from the authority of the servants) the sound of a kiss was distinctly heard throughout the house. His last words were, "I shall see you love to-morrow," and away rattled the coach.

The lady retired to rest pondering upon his last words, with the full conviction that ere long she should have a partner in her hopes and cares.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week had scarcely elapsed from the above period, before the following paragraph appeared in the newspapers, which created a sensation throughout the town wholly unparalleled.

"Captain Brindle has led to the Hymeneal altar, the lovely

and interesting Alexandria Farfetch, a lady of considerable property, both real and personal. The match appears to have arisen wholly from attachment on the part of the lady, as the Captain is well known to be *minus* of property of any description; and although we should be the last persons to throw a shade over the happiness of the fair bride, yet we cannot help thinking that there is more in it, on the part of the gallant Captain, than *pure affection*, if philosophy could find it out."

F. DUNCAN.

### A FAREWELL.

HOME of my infancy, farewell!—amid thy bow'rs,

I never more may hear the soft winds' sigh,

Fanning with perfum'd wing, Spring's radiant flow'rs,

And laden with the wild birds' minstrelsy :

I never more may thread thy tangled groves,

Sweet scenes of happiness in by-gone years;

Where lie enshrined the wreck of hallow'd loves,

Felt, ere time taught the bitterness of tears.

'Tis past!—and childhood's joys are vanish'd—now,

Life's fevered dreams throng darkly o'er my brow.

Home of my love, farewell!—the stranger-smiles

Which greet me now, fall blandly on my heart;

But ah! not with the warmth of those, whose wiles

Oftt soothed, and woo'd the tear-drop to depart.

There are no loves, no hopes, the world can give,

(Though soft and sweet their laughing witchery),

So dear as those which in my memory live,

Pure as the strain of some low melody,

Wafted upon the pensive wings of night,

Like spirit-breathings, from a world of light!

Home of my heart, farewell!—should fate e'er twine

Its coronal of joy to grace my brow;

Still would'st thou claim within my bosom's shrine

Thoughts, warm as those which hover o'er thee now.

Around thine old churchyard, the cypress trees

Wave mournfully; and oh! 'twere sweet to know

That I, when life, and love, and feeling cease,

Might rest with those, who there in peace, lie low,

Wrapt in the quiet of that dreamless sleep,

Letharg alike to all who smile or weep.

MARYE.

## ON CHURCH MUSIC.

IN a sermon lately published on "Vocal and Instrumental Music in the Church," the Rev. Dr. Rudge has some remarks to which it would be of great importance, were the singers, &c., in our national churches to attend. Every person, who is either an occasional or constant attendant at our country churches, in particular, cannot fail to make the remark, how very differently, to say the least, is that part of our public service conducted from what it should be, and how little calculated is it from the discordancy of the sounds, and the want of harmony between the voices of the singers, and the instruments of the performers, to stir up devotional feelings in the mind! The following advice, if followed by our rural choirs, would render this department of public worship as much a source of intellectual gratification, as of moral improvement. Dr. Rudge observes, "This passage of Scripture (Colos. iii. 15), contains an admirable rule; and, when its spirit has been thoroughly imbibed, it will be found invariably to influence the practice, and to lead the singers to render this part of the public service as reasonable and improving as possible. For this purpose, they will endeavour to perfect themselves as much as they can in the tunes selected to be sung, in order that no discordant sounds may be heard—no inharmonious notes be produced, nor any serious disappointment be incurred. To avoid such effects, which defeat the very end for which vocal and instrumental music is introduced, they should meet together previously, either at some early hour before the service is commenced, or on some previous day of the week, when their several parts may be duly arranged, and (to perfect themselves,) be frequently rehearsed. No person, however gifted his powers, or transcendent his musical attainments, ever dreams of appearing in public without a previous study, and a frequent rehearsal of the part which he has undertaken; and if this be the practice with persons of the first-rate vocal or instrumental talent, it surely is one which ought to be invariably followed by the vocal and instrumental performers in our rural churches more particularly, whose opportunities of acquiring knowledge and science of music cannot be supposed to be so great, or such as are possessed by those, who have studied it as a profession, and have adopted it as a profession. This, then, is an additional reason for the observance of this practice; and more especially so when the place is considered in which their per-

formances are to be exhibited, or this their duty is to be discharged. And there is another rule which I would strongly recommend for their invariable adoption—never to select any tunes but such as are *plain and simple*, nor any psalms or hymns, but such as are *well known* to the congregation at large, upon every member of which the duty is equally obligatory and binding to take a part in this portion of the public service. This is the practice, of which I have spoken in terms of commendation in a former part of this sermon, and it is one of which, and I avow the sentiment without the slightest meaning to give pain or offence in any quarter.—I confess, I should like to witness, or hear of, the introduction into all of our national churches, that all and every one of the members, of whom each is composed, should unite with one accord, and join us with one voice, in singing to the praise and glory of God. And I do think, where this is done devoutly and universally, it gives every mind more the image of what takes place daily and hourly in the heavenly courts above, than anything besides that is to be met with, and heard in any of the musical assemblies frequented on earth."

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### THE DELUDED.

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I saw amidst yon gaily chequer'd throng  
 A lovely, young, and pensive maiden sigh;  
 No longer charm'd by music or sweet song,  
 A tear unheeded damp'd her radiant eye.

I saw her, lonely, at sweet evening's hour,  
 Wand'ring forlorn, beneath yon waving trees,  
 Where, hidden from the world's eye, she would pour  
 Her wild lament upon the passing breeze:

For she had been beloved; and she had loved  
 With a fond passion, too devoid of guile!  
 And she, in youth's unguarded hour, had proved  
 How fickle is man's love, how false his smile!  
 And the sad truth she labour'd to conceal,  
 Baffling her arts, would soon itself reveal!

E. C.

## VISION OF CHARLES XI.

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**CHARLES XI**, the illustrious parent of the celebrated Charles XII, was one of the most despotic, and at the same time one of the wisest monarchs that ever ascended the Swedish throne. He restrained the enormous privileges of the nobility within a certain limit, abolished the legislative powers of the senate, and concocted himself those laws by which his subjects were governed and kept in subjection: in a word, he changed the constitution of the country from a liberal oligarchy to an absolute monarchy. This daring autocrat was nevertheless brave, intelligent, and sincerely attached to the Lutheran creed; he was moreover inflexible in his temper, cold, stern, and of a decided disposition.

Queen Ulrique Leonore, the royal consort of Charles XI, was a lady as remarkable for the amiability of her manners as for the beauty of her person. Her husband was, however, indifferent to the force of her mental and personal attractions; and, reduced to despair by his harsh treatment, the unfortunate queen gradually pined away and died. This terrible loss was severely felt when it was too late; and the merits of his departed spouse were only appreciated by the hard-hearted monarch after her death. His mind became gloomy and desponding; a cloud gathered upon his brow, and he gave himself up to business, with an ardour, which alone evinced his eagerness to dispel the sad ideas that tormented his brain.

It was at the close of a fine evening in the middle of autumn, that the king was seated in his private cabinet of the palace, at Stockholm, before a cheerful fire that was burning in the grate. On his right hand was Count Brahé, the high chamberlain, whom the monarch honoured with his private confidence; and on his left was Doctor Baumgarten, one of the most celebrated physicians of the age.

The evening wore away with slow solemnity, and at a late hour the king still demonstrated no inclination to retire to repose. His head had fallen upon his breast—his eyes were fixed upon the bright fire in the grate, and he did not deign to break the gloomy silence that prevailed: etiquette, moreover, for some time prevented his companions from uttering a syllable. The king was wearied of the présence of his faithful servitors; but he was unaccountably loth to bid them withdraw. Once Count Brahé ventured to suggest, that his majesty might pos-

sibly be fatigued; and then the physician muttered something about "the king's health suffering from the night air;" but these observations failed to produce the desired effect.

It was evident that King Charles was in one of those gloomy humours into which he had been frequently plunged, since the death of Ulrique. Often, on such occasions, the king was soothed by conversing upon the merits and beauty of his late wife; and Count Brahé, literally fatigued with the monotonous silence that prevailed, and fancying he might divert his royal master from the sad reminiscences that oppressed him, resolved upon venturing a remark that would probably lead to a continuous discourse. He accordingly cast his eyes towards the deceased queen's portrait, that hung over the mantle-piece, and observed to the doctor, "how strikingly like her it once had been!"

"Nonsense!" cried the king, abruptly cutting short any farther conversation on the subject. "That portrait was executed by an individual, who acted the part of an adulating courtier rather than that of a faithful artist."

Count Brahé was thus reduced to a most mortifying silence; and the king, ashamed of his own austerity, rose hastily from the chair on which he had been seated, and paced the chamber with unequal steps. Occasionally he stopped, and looked forth into the dark night through the large casement-window.

The ancient palace at Stockholm, in which the kings of Sweden then habitually resided, was situate on a point of land called Ritterholur, and afforded a fine view of the great lake Mæler. It was built in the shape of a horse-shoe; and the king's cabinet was at one of the extremities, facing the spacious tenement wherein the representatives and senate of the kingdom invariably assembled, previous to the abolition of the Swedish oligarchy by the then reigning monarch.

While the king was in the act of gazing from his cabinet window on the building that had long been closed, a sudden blaze of light seemed to illuminate the interior of the identical apartment in which the states were formerly wont to meet. The astonishment of the king at this unusual occurrence was somewhat alleviated by the assurance of Count Brahé, that a page with a flambeau must be the cause of the light in the parliament-house. But a few moments convinced his majesty and his servitors, that the blaze was too great to be caused by even a dozen torches; and they all knew that no page could be possibly employed in the assembly-room at that hour of the night. Neither was it a conflagration; for the atmosphere was



clear and devoid of smoke, or anything indicative of a fire. The phenomenon was rather a superb illumination than aught beside.

Charles continued to gaze at the strange lustre for a long time without opening his lips; at length, in answer to a wish, expressed by Count Brahé, to the effect that it was requisite to despatch a page to enquire into the cause, he said in a solemn tone of voice, "I am determined to visit that apartment myself!" He had no sooner uttered these words, than his countenance became as pale as death, and his features expressed a species of religious terror. He nevertheless issued from his cabinet, and descended the staircase with a firm step, desiring his chamberlain and the physician to follow with wax-lights in their hands.

When they arrived at the gate of the parliament-house, they found the porter fast asleep in his lodge. Baumgarten hastened to awake him, and in the king's name, ordered him to open the doors of the state apartment. Notwithstanding his surprise at this command, the porter arose and dressed himself with all possible expedition. He then unfolded a large door leading into a long gallery, that served the purpose of anti-chamber. The king entered—but what was his astonishment when he discovered the walls of the corridor to be hung with black cloth!

"Who dared give orders to hang this gallery with those emblems of mourning?" demanded his majesty, in an angry tone of voice.

"Sire," returned the porter, "no one commanded me thus to arrange the gallery, nor was it done by my hands."

"Knowest thou by whom it was done?" enquired the king in a milder tone.

The porter replied in the negative, and the king advanced towards the door leading into the assembly-room. In vain did the Count and the physician endeavour to persuade their royal master not to venture his life in the midst of that which must be something more than natural.

"Go not farther on, may it please your majesty!" cried the old porter imploringly. "On my soul there is sorcery in this adventure; and since the death of our gracious queen—whom God assoilzie, they say she walks in the gallery by night."

"Stop, Sire—I beseech your majesty to retreat," interrupted the Count. "Does not your majesty hear that strange noise which issues from the inner apartment? Who knows to what dangers we shall be exposed?"

"May it please your majesty," said Baumgarten in his turn, "to allow me to summon a score of your guard-royal?"

"Forward!" cried the king, in a firm tone; "and you," he added, addressing himself to the porter, "dispatch with your keys, and open us this door," at the same time he struck the pannels of it with such force that the sound reverberated like the rear of a cannon throughout the gallery.

The porter's hand was so palsied with fear, that he was unable to put the key into the lock. The king perceived his tremulation, and cried, "What! an old soldier, to be afraid!" then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he added, "Count, open the door of that apartment."

"Sire," responded the Count, retreating a few paces, "command me to walk up to the mouth of a cannon, and I shall obey with readiness; but hell is too powerful for me!"

The king snatched the keys from the hands of the porter, saying, "I see full well, that this regards me alone!" With these words he unlocked the door, and entered the assembly-room, crying, "May God protect us!" He was followed by his three attendants, whose curiosity and dread of the king's anger partially overcame their fear.

The vast apartment was illuminated by an immense number of flambeaux, and was hung around with black drapery. A great crowd occupied the benches round the room, dressed in the deepest mourning. The four classes of the nation were placed according to their rank, viz. the aristocracy on the first tier of seats, the clergy on the second, the citizens on the third, and the peasantry on the fourth. The countenances of these preternatural figures were pale and ghastly, and the glare of light rendered them horrible in the extreme. On the throne, whence the kings of Sweden were wont to harangue the assembled states, was discovered a bleeding corse adorned with all the insignia of royalty. At the right hand of the throne stood a child, with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his grasp; and on the left hand was a venerable man, dressed like the ancient presidents or administrators of Sweden; before Wasa erected it into a kingdom. In front of the throne, around a large table, covered with sable cloth, were seated twelve grave-looking personages, dressed in black satin garments, and preserving a demure and imposing expression of countenance. In the middle of the room were a block and an axe, enveloped in black crape, and surrounded by saw-dust.

No one in that superhuman assembly appeared to notice the presence of Charles XI and his followers. When they first

entered, nothing but a confused murmur of voices fell upon their ears; in the midst of which one of the twelve personages—he, who appeared to be the principal—arose, and struck a mighty volume before him three times with his hand, upon which a solemn silence ensued. A side-door then opened, and a procession of young men, guarding with drawn swords one amongst them, whose hands were securely bound behind him, slowly entered the apartment. The prisoner advanced towards the block, which he regarded with a look of the most superb disdain, while the corse upon the throne trembled violently, and emitted a stream of blood from a ghastly wound that appeared in its breast. The young man, whose hands were tied, then knelt down, and laid his head upon the block: the executioner came forward—seized the axe in his hand—suffered it to fall on the neck of the condemned with apparently little force—and the head rolled upon the floor until it stopped at the feet of Charles, whose lower garments it covered with blood.

Until this moment, surprise had effectually paralyzed the tongue of the Swedish monarch; but at this horrible spectacle, he regained the power of articulation, and cried in a loud voice, while he addressed himself to the phantom that represented the president or administrator. "If thy mission be from heaven, speak! but if thou comest from the enemy of mankind, I conjure thee to leave us in peace!"

The phantom replied in a slow and solemn voice: "Charles—King of Sweden! that blood shall not be poured forth in thy reign—" here the voice became more indistinct—"but five reigns after thine!" The preternatural being then added, "Woe—woe—woe to the descendants of Warsa!"

The forms of the members that composed the numerous assembly, then became gradually less palpable, and at length appeared to be nothing but coloured shadows; in a few minutes they disappeared altogether. The flambeaux were also by slowly gradient degrees identified with the faint rays of the moon and the lustre of the wax-candles that the king's followers carried in their hands. The black drapery also disappeared—and a murmuring sound, as of distant music on the waters, fell upon the ears of the Swedish monarch, the Count Brabé, Doctor Baumgarten, and the old porter. From the moment that they had first entered the state apartment to that when they issued into the open air, about ten minutes had elapsed, according to the unanimous opinions of the four witnesses of this extraordinary vision.

Once more ensconced in his majesty's closet, the king and

his three followers drew up and signed an account of the whole transaction, the particulars of which, notwithstanding every endeavour to the contrary, shortly transpired through the *medium* of the indiscreet porter.

The prophecies represented by the vision were eventually accomplished. The bleeding phantom on the throne, was the assassinated corse of Gustavus III; the young man, who was decapitated on the fatal block, was the regicide Ankerstœm; the youth, on the right hand of the throne, was Gustavus-Adolphus IV, the son and successor of the murdered king; and the old administrator on the left hand of the royal seat, was the Duke of Sudermaïe, uncle to Gustavus-Adolphus, and subsequently Regent of the kingdom at the deposition of his impotent nephew.

PARISIANUS.

### SONNET.

In thy pale beam, fair pilgrim of the night,  
There is a secret and a magic spell,  
That leads the soul to contemplations bright  
Of Heaven, and sainted spirits there that dwell.

Oh! as I gaze with soul entranced delight  
On thy blue track, unclouded now, and now  
In one brief moment hid from human sight  
By clouds fantastic—forming o'er thy brow

A wreath, that scarcely veils thy modest light,  
Which shines serenely thro'—thy rays bestow  
A balm of healing to the breast of woe,  
Which pictures in thy silver crescent's glow  
The steady light, that lends a sure relief  
To every mortal care—to every human grief!

EMILY BIRD.

### A PASTORAL.

"Sweet be thy dreams, my young and lovely one!"  
Whisper'd an aged shepherd, as he leant  
Upon his crook, and o'er his daughter bent,  
Who slept upon the turf, screened from the sun.

Again he whispers—"Pleasing be thy dreams!"  
And down the mead he slowly wends his way  
To where his browsing flocks unnumbered stray,  
And blest with which, himself he happy deems.

Long time he waited, but she came not yet;  
 Then to the spot again he doth repair,  
 His silv'ry locks slow waving in the air.  
 Then a vile serpent did his way beset;  
 And coming to the shade, in wild despair,  
 A swoln disfigured corse alone beheld he there! E. C.

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## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

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BY J. E. CARPENTER.

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*A new National Anthem, written in Honour of  
 Queen Victoria.*

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God save our gracious Queen,  
 Long she our hope hath been,  
 God save the Queen!

Long may she, happy reign,  
 All in her wide domain,  
 Sing with one voice the strain.  
 God save the Queen!

Oh! Lord alone who sees  
 Our future destinies,  
 Oh! save the Queen!

Victoria, good and great,  
 Mild and affectionate,  
 Meek, amid pomp and state.  
 God save the Queen!

May no discordant band  
 Rise in this happy land,  
 God save the Queen!

Ne'er may foul factions' sway  
 Round our Victoria play;  
 May all her laws obey.  
 God save the Queen!

## THE CORONATION ROSE.

POETS have designated the Rose as "the flower of love," and, without making an ostentatious display of learning to prove the correctness of such designation, we proceed, at once, to narrate an incident in real life of itself sufficient to entitle this favorite flower to the very high rank in which our poets have placed it.

We have forgotten the day of the month, age, and even the year, nor have we an almanack at hand to refer to, but, doubtless our readers remember the Coronation of George the Fourth. We were there, and so was—but gently; we must introduce our heroine with all due ceremony.

Emma Donville was the daughter of a farmer, in very humble circumstances, residing near the delightful little village of Brockham, in Surrey. She had just attained her twentieth year, and possessed, in a high degree, those bewitching charms which nature has been pleased to bestow on the greater portion of Eve's fair daughters, whether they be descended from prince or peasant, patrician or plebian. Emma, hearing, in the little village, of the grand procession which was to form a prominent feature in the entertainment provided for the public on the day of the Coronation, and having a relation who lived in London, near the Abbey, obtained her father's permission to visit the metropolis, and, on the morning of that memorable day, she and her sister left their uncle's house with the intention of trying to procure seats from whence they might witness the procession.

It was yet early; and the soldiers ordered out for duty were reclining listlessly upon the carpeted platform which formed the means of approach from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. The officers were lounging about, some together, others alone, casting inquisitive glances up at the crowded roofs and scaffoldings, and then among the crowd below, as if endeavouring to ascertain how many handsome or pretty women had ventured to expose their delicate complexions to the freckling power of a merciless sun. Among these idle and inquisitive gallants, was one Captain Edward Thornhill, a dashing young officer, apparently about two-and-twenty, whose handsome features and elegant figure were sufficiently striking to cause a very reasonable doubt whether his conquests would be entirely confined to the field of Mars, or whether that mischievous little monkey, Cupid, would not compel him to enlist under his banner. Now it so happened that, by the mere force of attraction, the eyes of

Captain Thornhill and Emma met, and they continued gazing at each other for several seconds, until, at last, Emma became suddenly conscious of the impropriety of her behaviour, and blushing deeply, turned away her head. Captain Thornhill still stood gazing, in hopes that the maiden would cast one lingering look behind; but alas, those beautiful eyes were obstinately turned in another direction, and he presently saw the girl and her companion make their way out of the crowd. They were soon lost to his sight; and he was vainly endeavouring again to single them out, when a sudden beat of drum summoned him to take his place with his regiment in the Abbey. Here were assembled almost all the beauty for which this favored land is so justly celebrated, and it may very naturally be supposed that Captain Thornhill soon forgot the features of the humble villager, but we beg it may at once be plainly understood, that he did not do any such thing. Many there were, then present, maidens, wives, and widows, whose beauty was really perfect; but none could touch the heart of Thornhill, or even for a moment excite his attention. He witnessed the imposing ceremony with almost perfect indifference, and, when it was ended, and he once more found himself quitting the Abbey, his thoughts were entirely occupied in anticipating another gaze on those lovely features which still haunted his recollection. Having left the Abbey, he was proceeding slowly along the platform, gazing intently on the crowd below, when suddenly two or three females rushed up some steps which he was at that moment passing, and hastily endeavoured to gain possession of one of the roses which had been strewed upon the platform by the maidens, who headed the procession. Before any one could reach the flower, they all perceived his approach, and instantly retreated; he picked up the rose, and advancing to the steps, handed it to the girl who stood nearest to him—their eyes met—it was the same sweet face again! The maiden blushed, curtsied, and received the gift tremblingly, while the crowd immediately around clapped their hands, and shouted "bravo!" to evince their admiration of Thornhill's gallantry.

Once or twice, as he quitted the maiden, he was almost tempted to turn his head and take another glance, but pride stepped in the way, and bad him not let it be suspected that he felt any sort of admiration for one whose rank placed her so considerably beneath his notice. He left the platform, and joining his brother officers, proceeded with them to Westminster Hall, where they took their seats at the banquet, provided for all who had played a part in that day's ceremony. His majesty

quitted the hall early, and most of the guests followed their monarch's example. Thornhill was glad to escape from a scene in which he took but very little interest, and quitting his companions proceeded homewards. He was quickly overtaken by some young men, who had laid hold of two females, and, in spite of every remonstrance and entreaty, were dragging them along. "What a beautiful rose!" exclaimed one, snatching it rudely out of the girl's hand, "you don't want it, do you?"

"I desire you'll let me go, and return the rose directly, sir," replied the girl, attempting to take it from her persecutor, but one of his companions instantly snatched it out of his hand, and declared she should only have it on payment of a kiss. Thornhill followed close, watching their conduct and endeavouring to get a glimpse at the features of the two females, one of whom, finding her struggles and entreaties quite ineffectual, and hearing the tread of footsteps behind, turned round and intreated Edward to interfere in her behalf. He looked in her face—it was the girl to whom he had given the rose, and those beautiful eyes were now fixed imploringly upon him. "Let this young woman go, sir!" exclaimed he, "or I'll soon make you!"

"Ha! ha!" shouted one of the youngsters, "you think you're on parade, giving your orders, don't you? Go home Captain, and mind your own business; these young women are going with us," and, so saying, he clasped our heroine round the waist, and attempted to kiss her. Thornhill, in a rage, instantly sprung upon him, and while with one hand he effected Emma's release, with the other he seized hold of her assailant by the throat, and, tripping him up, dashed him violently on the pavement. His companion, a very powerful young fellow, immediately turned round, and knocked Thornhill down. In falling, his head came violently against the edge of the curbstone, and he lay apparently dead. On regaining his senses, he found himself in bed, in a neat little chamber, which he had no recollection of having ever slept in before, and attended by an old woman who was seated, half asleep, by his bed-side. With some difficulty he succeeded in waking her, and in reply to his enquiries, she informed him that he was in the house of Mr. Arthur Domville, in Queen-street, Westminster, whose nieces he had protected from insult a few nights previously, and while so doing, had received a severe injury—a concussion on the brain, which had thrown him into a delirium ever since. Thornhill now recollected the whole particulars of the affair, and enquired after the two Miss Domville's. "Oh, they are



very well, thank you, sir," replied the nurse; "they would have gone back to Brockham, only Emma—that's the one you gave the rose to—said she would not leave you until the surgeon had pronounced you to be out of danger, and so here they are still. Emma came creeping in just now to see how you were—poor thing! she seems very anxious about you."

"Perhaps I shall see her when she comes in again," replied Thornhill, "but, if you see her before I do, tell her I am better, and hope soon to thank her, in person, for all her kind enquiries."

The nurse complied with Thornhill's directions, and he was delighted at receiving a message from Emma, expressing her joy at hearing of the improvement in his condition. The next day, Mr. Domville paid Thornhill a visit, attended by the surgeon, who now pronounced his patient to be out of danger. Every attention was paid to him, and, in the course of another week he made his appearance at the breakfast table of his delighted host and hostess; judge, however, of his disappointment on being informed that Emma had returned to the country. He concealed his mortification, and coldly expressing his regret at not having seen her once more, began to enquire in what part of Brockham her father lived, as he had a friend, Sir Henry, whose mansion lay at the foot of Box Hill. Thornhill received the information he requested, and secretly resolved to pay his friend Sir Henry a visit, in order that he might take an opportunity of seeing Emma again. The fact is that our young hero had fallen desperately in love. In a few days, he became well enough to venture out, and intimated his intention of taking leave of his host and hostess, at the same time requesting to be informed of the amount due to them for expences incurred during his illness. This request was received with much surprise; and a positive refusal to accept any pecuniary return either on account of board and lodging, or medical attendance, "because," said Mrs. Domville, "the injury you received was in consequence of your protecting our nieces from insult." Thornhill tried to overcome this objection, but in vain, and he was at last compelled to take leave with merely a verbal acknowledgment of the obligation he conceived himself to be under.

As soon as he was able to bear the fatigue of travelling, he left London on his proposed visit to Sir Henry, who had been already apprised of his intention, and, in a few hours, arrived at his friend's house. "Oh! I see!" exclaimed the baronet, when he heard Edward's account of the accident which had caused his illness, "a little affair of gallantry, eh?—devilish

pretty girl, I suppose—you soldiers are lucky dogs, you know where to find her, I dare say, eh?"

"I have no doubt I could find her if I was to try," replied Thornhill, "but—"

"But," said Sir Henry, taking up the word, "you think that it would be rather too bad to take advantage of the poor girl after the very handsome manner in which you have been treated by her relations." Edward made no reply, but immediately changed the topic of conversation.

Captain Edward Thornhill was a young man of high honour, but, the beauty of Emma had taken such firm possession of his fancy that it almost threatened to overpower his sense of moral rectitude, especially since he felt fully convinced, from what the gossiping nurse had told him during his illness, that Emma had formed a very favorable opinion of his merits. She was much too beautiful, he thought, for the sphere of life in which she had been born; but then he could not marry her, and seduction was a crime of which he had never yet been guilty. Must he then abandon her? He hesitated to call at her father's, and determined to reflect further upon the subject.

Thus wavering between love and honor, he passed nearly two whole days in the neighbourhood, without endeavouring to find her. Strolling one evening, over Box Hill, he suddenly perceived a very picturesque little inn situated in the valley beneath, and was so struck with its appearance that, descending the hill, he hastened forwards, and presently found himself seated in a delightful apartment, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding scenery. Here he sat, till dusk, unable to turn his thoughts from the beautiful girl who had taken so strong a hold upon his imagination. At last, he prepared to return home, and having paid the waiter, enquired of him, as he was leaving the room, whether he knew one Farmer Domville. "Oh yes, sir," replied the youth, (a handsome young fellow, about nineteen,) "his daughter is bar-maid here; do you know her?"

"Why, my friend," replied Thornhill, somewhat staggered with the information he had received; "I had the pleasure of seeing her once or twice in London, while I remained for a short time in the house of her uncle, confined to my bed by an accident I met with."

"What?" exclaimed the youth, "are you Captain Thornhill, who fought so nobly for my Emma? How glad I am to see you!" and with these words, forgetting all genteel behaviour, he seized hold of our hero's hand and shook it most

unmercifully. "I beg pardon, Captain, for being so bold, but you'll not think me rude. I am overjoyed to see you—and so will Emma be—she's in the bar; do come and speak to her;" and opening the door, he led the way down stairs.

"Who the deuce can this fellow be?" muttered Thornhill to himself; "her brother, perhaps." Arriving at the bar, the first person he saw was Emma herself—there was the same lovely countenance, but the lustre of those eyes had faded, and the maiden looked pale, thin, and care-worn. She coloured, and seemed much confused, but was evidently delighted to see him. He ordered wine, and spent the remainder of the evening in the landlord's private parlour, where he soon managed to win the good opinion of the family, among whom Emma was evidently considered as an equal. She retired to rest early, and as the Captain and his host sat over their last bottle, the latter informed him that his "pretty pet," as he called her, was desperately in love—(Thornhill flattered himself that he knew this already) and that the idea of losing her sweetheart was, he believed, the cause of her illness.

"And who is he?" enquired Edward, "do you know?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Boniface, "he is Emma's cousin, and at present acts as my waiter. His father is very poor, and he can't get employment, so he is going to sea: the vessel leaves the river to-morrow; poor girl! it will almost break her heart I believe; but there is no remedy, they must part." Thornhill helped his host to finish the bottle, and speedily took his leave.

The discovery he had made instantly dispelled the dreamy delusion into which he had fallen; Emma was not in love with him, though the silly old nurse had talked about her anxiety for his recovery, and though the maiden's blushes, whenever he spoke to her, had further confirmed his belief. On the contrary, it was but too clear that she loved another, and his generous feelings made him scorn the idea of attempting to thwart her happiness. He determined to return to London, and never visit Brockham again.

At break of day, the slumbers of the good folks at the Red Lion were disturbed by a violent ringing at the gate, and when our host descended and opened the door, a packet, directed to Miss Domville, and marked, "to be delivered immediately," was placed in his hands. Before any question could be asked, the bearer had disappeared. The packet was delivered directly into Emma's hands, and contained a short note from Captain Thornhill, requesting her acceptance of "the enclosed trifle,"—a twenty pound note—as some sort of acknowledgment for the

attentions he had received from a member of her family; and informing her that, if she wished to save her cousin from going to sea, his friend, Sir Henry, whose mansion was close by, would make a vacancy for him in his establishment.

A few weeks afterwards, the love-sick Emma was transformed into a happy bride, and took up her abode with her husband in the ivy-covered lodge, which stands at the entrance to Sir Henry's mansion. There was then nothing but the ivy to attract any notice, but now—roses, honeysuckle, and clematis, mingle with the glossy green leaves which cover the walls, and present to the passer-by, a beautiful picture, enlivened as it is, by the rosy countenances and sparkling eyes of two lovely little children who are, at times, to be seen romping on the grass plot in front of the porch.

S. H.

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## THE STRANGER MINSTREL.

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BY S. T. HUNT.

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### *A Legend.*

There was revel-rout in Sir Hubert's hall,  
 Where reigned the spells of dance and song,  
 The wizard pleasure's witching call,  
 Bade merry feet bound swift along,  
 Midst that bright band were looks exchanged,  
 Which shewed fond hearts are ne'er estranged,  
 Which oft in glowing hours reveal,  
 What lips try vainly to conceal;  
 No elfin troop, in fairy land,  
 Were blither than that starry band.  
 The minstrels fired their harps' sweet strings,  
 Till music flew on rapture's wings,  
 But there was one, sat still, and lone,  
 Who came unbidden, was unknown;  
 'Twas not with age that minstrel stooped,  
 Yet o'er his harp deep-musing drooped,  
 But when their wildering strain gave o'er  
 'Twas then his harp he softly strung,  
 And this sad lay did plaintive pour,  
 As if 'twas pity's self that sung.

ATR.

The sun in western clouds may set,  
 But still, again, at morning break,

It gilds each tower and minaret,  
And sweetly smiles o'er lawn and lake;  
But when love's visioned day is gone,  
O'er it shall beam no second dawn.  
The flowers may fade in autumn time,  
Like fairies that have early died,  
But still, again, in spring's fresh prime,  
Will bloom in all their vernal pride;  
But o'er love's flower breathe falsehood's stain,  
'Twill never, never bloom again.

"Cease, minstrel, cease," Sir Hubert cried  
With accents stern, and haughty pride,  
"Why give thy harp to sorrow's tone,  
Breathe blighted love's despairing moan?  
Know, 'tis Sir Hubert's nuptial day,  
Why mock it thus with mournful lay?"  
The minstrel, at the knight's rebuke,  
Gazed on him with life-withering look,  
While fell aside his bardic vest,  
And shewed, oh God! a maiden's breast,  
Who thus, the awe-struck knight address:  
"'Tis Ellen's spirit glares on thee,  
And curses thy fell perfidy,  
A fierce avenger now doth come,  
Bursting the bondage of the tomb,  
To mark thy fall—and breathe thy doom—  
Kneel, Hubert, kneel, thy race is run,  
'Tis retribution's fearful hour,  
Thou'lt never see to-morrow's sun,  
The grave will be thy bridal bower.  
Blam'st thou my lay—a dirge would be  
For one, more fitting minstrelsy,  
Who verges on *eternity*."  
No more, no more, could Hubert hear,  
His soul was shook with horrid fear,  
With step more fleet than hart or hound,  
Away he fled with trembling bound,  
And since that strange portentous hour,  
Has ne'er been seen in hall or bower,  
Tho' some aver, and some believe,  
His phantom-form, at dewy eve,  
Flits gibbering through yon castle dell,  
When moonlight weaves its *nuptial spell*.

## A FEW WORDS ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF SPA.

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PERHAPS there is no place, which in a comparatively short period, has so much declined in public estimation as Spa. About ten years ago, this spot was the favorite resort of the fashionables of all countries, but especially the English, but owing to the discovery of the springs at Schwalbach and other places in Germany, it has of late years been almost deserted. It is beautifully situated in a valley, almost entirely environed by a chain of hills, intersected by promenades, and commanding a perfect view of the town. The springs are the Pouhon, situated in the centre of Spa, where Peter the Great, having derived benefit from the waters, erected a building to commemorate his visit, which has since been beautified, and considerably enlarged. This is generally considered the strongest spring, and more patients drink the waters there than at all the other springs united. The others are the Geronstère, the Tonnelet, and the Sauvenière, each about a mile and a half from the town, in different directions, with a long avenue of trees leading to each. The painting on wood, first prepared by being dipped in the water of the Pouhon, is the employment of most of the inhabitants; the specimens are in some cases beautiful, and obtain a great sale by exportation. The Redoute here is a handsome building, where balls are given every Saturday night in the summer season, which formerly were well attended, but at present are only visited by the few English or Belgians passing through Spa in their way to the Rhine. The king and queen, Leopold and Louise have just left us; they remained here a week, on which occasion the streets were adorned with young trees, cut from the hills, and garlands of oak and roses. Even with this additional incentive, the place is no fuller; indeed the inhabitants seem to have no great partiality for either of their majesties. On the whole, Spa may be considered as a proof of the inconstancy of fashion, although possessing in itself the great advantage of a salubrious climate, moreover being in the direct line of communication between England and Germany.

MOTLEY.

## HOME.

BY EMILY BIRD.

Home! home! the exile's hope, the alien's thought,  
 The olive-branch to banished bosoms brought,  
 When, from the shut heart's ark of sorrow sent,  
 Sad memory's dove, on fruitless voyage bent,  
 Flits to the dreary past! Home! bliss, whose beam  
 Is as the fragile outlines of a dream,  
 Cheering us nightly, while afar from all  
 We love so fondly, and so oft recall!  
 Oh! when the wretch, by wasting sickness wrung,  
 Clings to the emerald tendrils, sweetly flung  
 By hope's kind hand around his aching head,  
 Bright aerial shapes glide softly near his bed.  
 He sees the mother, who in childhood prest  
 His infant head to pillow on her breast;  
 He sees the father, who with counsel sage  
 Pointed his path, at a maturer age;  
 He views the sisters of his youth, who glide  
 With noiseless steps to watch his couch beside;  
 And feels perchance a tend'rer, dearer breath  
 Kiss from his brow the gathering dews of death!  
 Such are the hopes of home, in visions sent,  
 Visions of bliss that fly as soon as lent;  
 For with the morning's blush their charms depart,  
 And we are exiled still in home and heart.  
 Home! home! thou fever cry, thou wished in vain,  
 Say, shall I ever taste thy joys again?  
 Again repose amidst the rustic bowers,  
 Where parents, sisters, friends, shed o'er my hours  
 The halo of content? Hark! from the tomb  
 A voice is heard:—" *This is thy proper home* "

India, 1834.







THE COTTAGER.

## THE COTTAGER.

The sun hath shot his farewell ray  
 O'er wood, and field, and strand,  
 And wends, afar, his golden way,  
 To light a distant land.  
 Soft twilight steals o'er hill and grove,  
 (Day's calm and holy veil,)  
 The bul-bul's wild, rich song of love,  
 Rings through the scented dale.

The distant sheep-bell's tinkling note,  
 Comes on the stilly air ;  
 And fairy music seems to float  
 From all things fresh and fair.  
 The butterfly has gone to rest,  
 Within the blushing rose,  
 The wild bee seeks the lily's breast  
 To lull him to repose.

Amid the still and peaceful wild,  
 Light hearts, and spirits gay,  
 The peasant and her fairy child,  
 Go on their pleasant way.  
 The light of youth is on her brow,  
 Health's blush upon her cheek,  
 And eyes, where mirth and beauty glow,  
 Of love unbounded, speak.

She, too, now seeks her lowly cot,  
 Affection's smile to share  
 With the lov'd partner of her lot,  
 Who waits her coming there.  
 Oh ! may life's radiance ever shine  
 Upon thy gentle head,  
 And Heaven, over thee and thine,  
 Its holiest blessings shed.

MARIE.

## THE PORTFOLIO.

(Continued.—No. II.)

BY JOHN CHARLES HALL.

*Author of Miscellaneous Poetry, &c. &c.*

## RELIGION.

There are few men so bold as to deny that time is bounded by eternity—that the soul exists beyond the tomb; that when the body ceases to exist, the tongue to speak, the lips to move, the heart to vibrate, the pulse to beat, the spirit dwells for ever in happiness or misery. For ever!! There is something awful in the word; count the grains of sand on every sea shore, the drops in every ocean's wave, the leaves on every forest tree, the blades of grass in every velvet lawn; add to them the stars that glitter in the firmament of heaven, the dead who sleep in every corner of the earth, the sum of these again and again together and reflect that even then eternity will not be ended. No, for ever we must be happy or miserable—we must rejoice in heaven, or wail in hell.

This being the case—admitting that upon our conduct here on earth our happiness in another world, our bliss or misery throughout the boundless regions of eternity depend, it becomes a matter of considerable importance how this heaven may be obtained? Many people, and more particularly the young, refuse to worship at the altar of their Creator, because they are led to consider religion as the extinguisher of every joy, pleasure, and amusement. Nothing can be more foolish than such an opinion,

“Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.”

There must have been moments in the life of the most hardened, the most thoughtless sinner, in which the gospel has shed its sunbeams o'er his darkened course; ask such an one the question, what was the happiest moment of your life? and we fear not to assert that he would answer, the moment I turned from darkness unto light, from the power of Satan unto God. Let the gay and thoughtless inquire of themselves daily, what advantages they have gained by sin and dissipation? and this truth will flash upon their minds—the drained cup of pleasure was loaded with a sediment, and we have swallowed the very dregs.

Let the thoughtless frequenter of every fashionable place of

amusement ask what have we gained? the answer will be nothing! what have we lost? Health! ah! would that the eye was again bright, would that the bloom again was upon my cheek!! I have lost my all, I have lost health. Yes! many a victim, when feeling worn out by a continued round of pleasure and dissipation, has exclaimed:—would that I could again commence life, would that I had not wasted so many hours in folly!!

But from the follies of others let us take warning; let us so far from following in their path, avoid it; avoid the road to ruin and to everlasting woe.

"There is one thing needful," that one thing is summed up in one word—Religion. What is Religion? Religion is the balm that alone can heal the broken heart, dissipate our sorrows, make us happy here on earth, and fit us for a place in heaven, a place in the kingdom prepared for all who love and serve God; whose garments have been dipped in the blood of him who *died* upon the *cross*—*died that we might live*—*died* blotting out the ordinances of handwriting, that were against us, that were contrary to us, he took them out of the way, nailing them to his cross—nailing them to his cross as useless—nailing them to his cross, that in his dying struggle they might be sprinkled with his blood and thus obliterated for ever.

Religion is the guide of the wanderer to conduct him across the wilderness of this world, his shelter from the storm, his covert from the tempest, the robe to clothe him, the bread to feed him, the water of life, of which he is invited to drink freely.

Religion may be possessed by all, it is not confined to the palace, the mansion, or the cottage, but it may be obtained everywhere; it may be possessed by the queen, the lord, or the peasant, it is freely offered to all, as freely given as the dew-drops that bespangle the lilies of the vale.

Religion is the friend in adversity, the solace of old age, the comforter when every earthly aid has fled, the support in every trial, the banner on which is inscribed "by me you shall conquer," the bright star that alone can lead us to heaven, to joy, to immortality and to bliss—bliss that shall last for ever, remain when time shall be no more, remain when time, as the spray dashed for a moment in the air to sparkle in the sunbeams, is the next lost for ever in the waves of the ocean of eternity.

It is now about six thousand years since the spirit of Abel winged its flight to heaven. During that period the earth has been shaken to its very centre, its map, its surface has been changed, and yet the spirit of Abel has never known a sorrow nor a care; it has reposed in peace, contentment and happiness

upon the bosom of its God ; awaiting the hour when the last trumpet shall sound, when the dead shall be raised in order that it may be re-united to the body that it has left, the body that has mouldered away in the caverns of the earth ; in order that it may if possible be more happy than at present and sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, at the marriage supper of the lamb, form one of the bright jewels bestudding the rainbow encircling the throne of him who hath " opened unto all the gates of everlasting life."

Seeing that the one thing needful is religion ; seeing that it can make us so happy, we must ask, secondly, in what does religion consist ? Simply in doing our duty to God and to man. We are told to love God with all our heart, with all our mind, and with all our strength ; that we are to worship him in sincerity and in truth ; for devotion consists not in the repeating a few prayers at certain periods : but prayer is the sincere desire of the soul, whether expressed or not, a hidden fire kindled in the breast, a torch lighted by the love of Christ, gratitude for the sacrifice he made for us, love for his daily care of us. Can any one dare to press his pillow without first thanking God for having watched over him during the day, for having supplied every want ? Can any one rise from his couch in the morning, without praising the great Jehovah for his care and protection during the dark and dreary watches of the night. How grateful are we to any friend on *earth* who supplies our wants, who removes any trial we are burdened with, who pours the balm of sympathy into the wounds of affliction ; and yet we ought always to remember that it is God who sends us this kind friend, this friend is only an instrument in the hands of God, by which he thinks proper to aid and to assist us. And what is prayer ?

" Prayer is the breathing of a sigh,  
The starting of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near."

Have the prayers, my dear young friends, that you have breathed ever caused the tear-drops of contrition to trickle down your cheeks ? have you ever sighed deeply for your offences ? have you ever repented, truly repented, of your sins ? and have you never broken the resolutions so formed, or paid no attention to them ? The above are questions of great importance, reflect deeply upon them in the silence of your closet, and if you cannot answer them favorably to yourselves, repent ere it be too late ; for perhaps before another day shall dawn you may be numbered with the dead, summoned to appear before an offended God,

your sins unpardoned, your garments unwashed in the blood of the lamb, the reproach of the Saviour "you would not come unto me that you might be saved" sounding forever in your ears."

Your duty to one another is contained in a very few words, "do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Think deeply and seriously on what we have written; we have not selected this paper from the Portfolio to damp your spirits, or to make you unhappy and sad; but in the hope of conducting you in safety along the narrow road to life eternal, to heaven, to that place eye hath not seen, to that paradise ear hath not heard the sweet strains of its song of joy, to that place where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is no more. This is bliss, this is joy, this is the happy, happy land we wish to bring you to, it is heaven; and would that every one of you may reach it whenever it shall please the Almighty to summon you from this world. For ever remember that

"There is a world above  
Where parting is unknown,  
A bright eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the righteous here  
Transported to that happier sphere."

(*To be Continued.*)

## A RECOLLECTION.

*Addressed to A. H. P. Esq. by M. L. B.*

"And hark!  
There is a gentle music in the air!  
This, is Elysium!"—CROLY.

Those notes, upon the evening air  
Came beautiful and low,  
As if the tender lips of flowers  
That only sigh at night,  
For once, to ravish mortal ears,  
Had bid their music flow  
Which is but breath'd to solitude  
And dim, divine, star-light!

Those sweet and softly sighing notes !

Oh ! if the fairy king,  
Hunting in lone, old, solemn woods  
Could ever roam astray,  
Such gentle, clear, and fluty tones  
His silver horn would ring,  
'Till wond'ring hinds went, charm'd, upon  
Their haunted, homeward way.

Those bird-like notes, *were* they from flowers ?

Or, from some elfin flute ?  
Or aught mere delicate, to urge  
My happy heart's delight ?  
Or were they from thy lips, dear friend,  
To make the bul-bul mute,  
And *me*—I knew I walk'd with thee,—  
*Forget that it was night ?*

## THE CITY OF THE SOUL.

*From the " Narratives of an Old Traveller."*

BY M. L. B.

" Son of Abu Ajeeb," exclaimed Aben Habuz, " thou hast been a great traveller, and seen marvellous things \* \* \*

" Discredit not O King ! the tales of travellers," rejoined the astrologer, gravely, " for they contain precious rarities of knowledge, brought from the ends of the earth."

THE ALHAMBRA.

Father Alva, here proceeds to detail a conversation, which passed in his presence, between a couple of German Illuminati, and the narrative, by which one of them strove to support his opinions :

" It is this," said the student Gottfried Von Altenburg, to his friend and companion Fritz, " that I would know ; how far the study of the sciences, fine arts, and elegant literature, how far, in fact, mere *mental cultivation*, could beautify, refine, and fit for another state of existence and society, the human soul, setting aside the knowledge afforded, and the duties enjoined by a divine revelation ?"

"An enquiry," replied Fritz, "singularly pertinent to the state of the world at present, and which methinks, "he smiled bitterly, "need not be pursued far, without convincing the most sceptical, that man, must tread the path of his salvation, by that graciously vouchsafed 'light to his feet,' the *Word of God*—and not by the glimmerings of earthly *knowledge*, (falsely so called) or the bewildering wildfires of a corrupt, and fantastic imagination."

"I will not," returned Altenburg, "dispute this point, but I should like to see it demonstrated by theory, or example."

"If you will condescend," said Fritz, "to cast your eyes on the state of the world in by-gone ages; if you will take a retrospective view of the several nations, who have at times flourished on the earth—nations, whose learning and refinement, has probably far transcended that of the present era, and yet, who have, for their monstrous luxury and impiety, been swept off the surface of the globe, 'like chaff before the whirlwind;' your doubts, will I think, be sufficiently resolved." Altenburg, though for some minutes silent, as immersed in deep thought, thus resumed his discourse:—

"Yes, Fritz; there I own you have the advantage of me; the Egyptians, Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Babylonians, Edomites, Greeks, Romans, nay, the chosen people themselves, have been all swept from the face of the earth, at least as far as is concerned their political existence; and, owing, it should indeed seem, either to their lack of instruction, in a divinely revealed, and instituted religion, their having refused to listen to, and be led by it, when vouchsafed, or their backslidings from ostensible professions."

"Exactly," said Fritz, "and you must cede to me your point, that, a high degree of mental cultivation is capable of making men religious, and of fitting them for a *divine* state of existence, since, you perceive, it cannot even guarantee their mere animal life, and the continuance of their national prosperity and power."

"But, do you not imagine, the high state of mental cultivation, of which we speak, to conduce greatly to *moral* perfectibility?"

"I have yet to learn," answered Fritz, "how *morality* can be erected on any other foundation than that of *religion*? I have yet to be taught, how the *branch* can exist, separate from its *root*?—But, Altenburg, I am quite ready to admit, that the cultivation of arts and sciences, particularly of the *fine*, or *beau-*



*tiful* arts, (in contra-distinction to the *useful*) tends greatly to the refinement, and amelioration of the human mind."

"Yes," replied Altenburg, "and is it not possible, think you, by means of this refinement and amelioration, progressing on, we will suppose, through countless years, to render man virtuous, happy and intellectual, without, what is termed—*religion*?"

"I'm positive, *it could not be done*!"

"I should like to make the experiment, nevertheless," replied the sceptical student."

"It was made," returned Fritz, "some years since, by theorists as wild as yourself, and failed—completely failed!"

"Hah?" exclaimed Altenburg, "by whom? when? where? how? and in what ancient authors can I find an account of it?"

"I know not," replied Fritz, "whether there be a *written* document of this singular circumstance in any *ancient* language, but, nearly as possible as it came to my knowledge, will I give it to you, and Senhor Alva, will, without doubt be delighted to hear the *tale* of a brother traveller:

"You are to know then, gentlemen, that my ancestor Hacho Ivolf Fritz, surnamed the *Traveller*, had intended to compile from the various, and circumstantial minutes he had made, of his sojournings in other lands, a volume, which he trusted would not prove unacceptable to the public; death, however, seized him, ere yet his journeys were over, and whilst his design was yet immature; whilst his journals too, written in the cramped hand of the times, and replete with abbreviations, ciphers, erasures, interlineations and blots, were left, if not utterly unreadable, at least so dark, doubtful, and unfinished, in many respects, that none of his descendants have ventured upon the task of transcribing them fairly, for publication; but, amongst much curious matter, my ancestor enters upon the details of an oriental tradition, which I will endeavour to give you, as nearly as possible, in his own words:—

"During my residence," says the Traveller, "at Tai-ou-ang, the capital of the beautiful and fertile island of Formosa, I fell grievously sick, from the quality of the waters, which I am told, are little less than poisonous to strangers. Having recourse, without avail, to various medicaments, in much repute amongst Europeans, my servant came one day to inform me, he had heard, through the people of the house where he lodged, of a very wonderful man, a self-taught physician, who possessed an infallible remedy for my disorder, and to whom most Europeans

applied for a cure, when made ill by the waters of the island. This put me into straits, as I feared to trust myself in the hands of an empiric, or of one, who jealously plotting perhaps, against the life of a stranger, might put a period to my sufferings by some poison, more active in its operation than that of the waters I had drank. Becoming however, daily and hourly worse, and feeling assured that from illness I must perish, if from nothing else, I at length conceded to the urgent and heart-breaking solicitations of my faithful servant, and ordered him forthwith to fetch Kian-tsee, for so was the leech of Tai-ou-ang called. Thrice, in the course of one day did I send to his habitation, but unavailingly; and each time was the same answer returned, he was out—engaged in his usual occupation, and would not be returned till the sun fell asleep in the sea. Now, what was the occupation of Kian-tsee? was he indeed no idle vagabond, half fool, half mad, who earned his livelihood by practising upon the credulity of mankind? was he indeed not one of those cheats, who between mere impudence, affected devotion, and the audacious assumption of supernatural powers, like most of the Brahmins, Dervishes, and Bourges, etc. of the east, contrived comfortably to maintain themselves, by robbing their neighbours? was he indeed no common-place juggler, but an honest, sensible, simple-minded, straight-forward, labouring man? one, who possessing a family recipe, against the noxious qualities of the Formosa springs, and rivers, contrived to add occasionally to his little daily pittance, by proving himself less ignorant than his countrymen? or, was he in truth, a government agent? a spy—and a secret *executioner*?—These, with a thousand other extravagant, alarming, and incoherent thoughts, passed hurriedly through my mind; my head ached, my heart and brain seemed wasted by a devouring fire, I thirsted to death, and yet dared not drink, and fevered and delirious, sank towards sunset, rather into a trance-like stupor, than sleep. From this state I was aroused, by the pouring of a liquid down my burning throat, indescribably cool, delicious, and odoriferous; it seemed an exquisite compound of honey, limes, roses, violets, the juices of the anana and mangusteen, and the aromatic essence of that most divine of earthly flowers, the nagacessara, whose blossoms fill the quiver of Camadeva, the Indian god of Love; to me, it was ambrosia, and as I slowly opened my heavy eyes, I almost expected to see beside me, a ministering angel from paradise. My gaze fell however, upon an elderly stranger, whom I guessed must be Kian-tsee, and whose benevolent, ingenuous aspect, immediately banished my previous

uncharitable suspicions. He addressed me in a mongrel dialect, of Spanish, French, Dutch, and Portuguese, willing perhaps to compliment a European with all the languages he had contrived to scrap, from travellers and traders to Formosa, and enquired how I felt, whether refreshed or not by sleep, bade me keep quiet, and assuring me I should be better in an hour, and that he would see me in the morning, he took his leave. Already had the work of convalescence commenced; a delightful coolness suffused my lately burning frame, my languid limbs, seemed momentarily to regain their wonted vigour, my thirst was gone, and with it, the acute pains, languors, and deadly heart-sickness, which had even caused me in the extremity of my mad anguish, to supplicate immediate death from the hand of heaven, rather than a prolongation of existence, under such sufferings! Freely I now breathed, and though the sun had long gone down, the soft, cool, richly perfumed air of flowery, beautiful Formosa, was permitted to bathe (Oh! most luxurious of baths!) my temples, stealing through curtains of silken net, stretched across windows, already trellised with the profuse and fragrant blossoms of night-blowing plants. I know not, unto what to liken my sensations at this period. From the long, weary, painful, sickening dream of mortal life, I seemed to have awakened in paradise; I felt, as if I could have flown, so light! so ethereal! and yet, I had not the will to stir in the slightest degree from the position in which I lay, lest a moment should dispel that beatitude, which I had some indefinite idea was but visionary. The joy of my poor servant was extreme; I saw it in his smiles, his sparkling eyes, the noiseless alacrity of his movements, and should no doubt have heard it too, in his volubility, had he not, after affectionately congratulating me on the marvellous effect of Kian-tsee's elixir, hinted, that in fairness his advice ought also to be followed, and therefore, that he should not speak to me until the morrow. Thus had I leisure to enjoy those delicious, and increasingly rapturous sensations, which I repeat, are indescribable, but which gave me the best type of Heaven's 'unspeakable joy,' which I should suppose poor human nature capable of receiving. Finally, in the midst of this supreme enjoyment, I sunk into a profound slumber, from which, at day-break I awoke, as I believed, perfectly recovered, and duly impressed with veneration for the extraordinary skill of my foreign leech, for whose reception I prepared. Soon after sun-rise, Kian-tsee entered my chamber, and to his cheerful enquiries, I replied in a manner which could leave no doubt on his mind of the extent of my obligations to him.

'But,' said he, 'you are not so well yet, Senor, as you imagine yourself to be, and which, were you rash enough to attempt to rise to-day, experience would prove; another draught of the cordial elixir of Mauri-ga-Sima, will restore you quite, and to-morrow you may resume your accustomed avocations.' So saying, he took from a little basket of Indian cane, two small cases of sandal-wood, opening which, he drew forth from one of them a whitish, semi-transparent cup, looking like an opal, or fire-stone, of curious but classical form, such as one might fancy the porcelain to be, at the building of Babel; from the other casket he produced, an equally curious bottle, made apparently of the finest rose-coloured crystal, though I afterwards perceived that its hue was occasioned by the balsam with which it was filled, being otherwise fashioned of one entire piece of rock-crystal, or, for aught I know, of diamond, colourless and transparent as light. The odour of the elixir when poured into the cup, was incomparable; all the flower-gardens of the universe, if united, could not, I believe, have produced its equal, or indeed anything resembling it; and the flavour! language fails me to describe what I found it, when now almost restored to the full enjoyment of every sense. What was very remarkable, the opal, or porcelain cup, though not bearing the slightest vestige of painting, or engraving, before it was filled, gradually developed, as the precious ambrosia rose within it, the most brilliantly coloured, and exquisitely executed devices of birds, flowers, insects, and fish, imaginable; these, I distinctly remarked, as Kian-tee presented the cup to me, but when I had quaffed the divine draught, and returned the delicate vessel to him, behold! it again became semi-transparent, of a pale blueish white, its highly glazed surface perfectly unornamented, and its texture fragile as the egg of the humming-bird! 'I see,' said Kian-tee, with a smile, observing my astonishment, 'that you have settled in your own mind, my right to the title of *magician*; the miraculous power of my balsam, and the inherent properties of this cup, almost indeed encourage the supposition, but, stranger—*natural causes* will often account for very marvellous *effects*, although I allow, to those acquainted with their arcana, they frequently afford a strong temptation to impose them, as supernatural, upon the credulity of the ignorant. Know then, my good master, that both the cordial and cup of Mauri-ga-Sima, are, to the best of my knowledge, the work of man, like ourselves, although of men who lived in so remote an era, that of them, oral tradition, and the relics which ocean sometimes disgorges, have only preserved records! Your asto-

nishment I see increases, and, as you are able this morning to bear a little conversation, if you have patience to listen to an old man's story, you may find yourself interested in the traditions it will please him to relate." Kian-tsee, without further prologue, commenced his narrative thus :—

" It is currently reported in this island, and others in its immediate vicinity, that many, many moons, before the great Con-foo-tsee gave laws, ethics, religion, philosophy, and science, to China; many moons indeed too distant for man's finite mind to compute, or for figures to number, it is, I say, reported, and believed, that at no great distance from Formosa, a large and exquisitely beautiful island was situated, named *Mauri-ga-Sima*. It is also asserted, that for a length of time it remained untenanted, and unknown, until at last, one Chetar, a mighty prince, but of what country is unknown, first visited it, and then, delighted with its bright loveliness, resolved to make it the emporium of his dominions. There was no person to oppose his scheme, for the inhabitants of the islands near *Mauri-ga-Sima*, were immersed in gross ignorance and barbarity, whilst Chetar possessed that power, which made them bow down unto him, as unto a god—the *power of intellect*, the power of a refined, cultivated, and mighty *mind*! He was from some fair, unknown land, which had already made extraordinary progress in the arts, useful and ornamental, of civilized life. Whilst the most ardent of the children of that land, in the pursuit, and acquisition of knowledge, Chetar had long desired to be the founder of a colony solely consisting of the *learned*, who, separated entirely from the mother-country, should in some spot, hitherto unknown and untenanted, pursue uninterruptedly their labors for the attainment of what *they* conceived to be the chief *good*, and, like the sun, which illumines and warms the universe, should thence diffuse over every country, the effulgent, and reviving beams of their immortal science, art, and general erudition. We know not how Chetar constituted his society, so that they contrived to escape the petty cares and annoyances of every day life, but we do know, that having discovered *Mauri-ga-Sima*, he determined to render that lovely island the scene, at once, of his experimental labors and triumphs, and then quitted it for a period. In those days, the life of man was of incredible duration, whilst his bodily stature and strength, and his mental capabilities, were proportionably vast, so that after an absence from his island of one hundred moons, Chetar returned, bringing with him in vessels of inconceivable dimensions, a mighty host of men of genius, and business, literati, artists and me-

chanics, with their wives and families, and all materials requisite for building the most superb city in the universe. We have no records of the progress made by this colony, in adding the adornments of art to those of nature, in the beautiful island of Mauri-ga-Sima, but it is certain, that in a short space of time, Chetar's City arose, in incredible majesty and splendour. The aspiring prince called it the *City of the Soul*, because he said, it proceeded at once from the intellect of man, arrived at its most mature and cultivated state, instead of having to undergo a slow and gradual progress towards beauty and perfection, like every other city on the face of the earth; because, also, it was expressly designed to be the residence of those who were already eminent in knowledge, or ardent in pursuit of it; and because the idle, and unintellectual of either sex were to be banished from this delightful place, whilst unto it, the wise and learned of every nation under heaven might resort, nay, were cordially invited to visit it. So exquisite was the City of the Soul, in its transcendent beauty, excellent delights, and its sagacious laws and arrangements, that of it was commonly said—"Its architects were Genii, its inhabitants—gods!" It had one hundred, forty, and four gates, composed of an unknown metal, the pillars of which, on either side, were mighty towers of whitest alabaster; and these portals, were entrances to long spacious streets, (lined with habitations, each of which, was a marble palace,) meeting in a common centre: viz, a garden of extreme magnitude, in which the rarest and loveliest fruits and flowers, that adorn the universe, were cultivated, and formed luxuriant groves of thickly interwoven, and unfading foliage; in the centre of this garden stood the palace of Chetar, an edifice, or rather another city, of such sumptuous magnificence, that imagination itself cannot picture what it must have been! Besides which, there were in the world at that period, many plants, animals, jewels, metals, etc. and many arts in vogue, now lost to us for ever, but which renders much greater the difficulty of conceiving the magnificence I would describe. The City of the Soul was decorated with marble, and metallic host of colossi, the magnified effigies of prince, statesman, poet, etc. for, in that soft ærial climate, the night-dews, and vapours from the sea, never tarnishing the brightest colors, or rusting minerals and metals; the finest paintings, and most extraordinary works in gold, silver, steel, brass, more than one unknown metal, alabaster, and marble, lavishly adorned the streets. Fountains, reservoirs, and baths, all public property, and of the clearest and coolest waters, were numerous, besides those which

supplied and adorned each private habitation; whilst trees and plants, bearing the richest fruits and flowers, were so profusely lavished over the city, that the palate and eye, satiated with their taste, and palled with their gorgeous beauty, suffered them to fall unheeded to the ground. The summer air was laden with odours, a thousand birds of gay plumage and delicious voice, flashed ever and ever through it, like living jewels, and rendered it heavenly, by the interfusion of eternal song; nor were the insect creation less beautiful, brilliant, and incessantly in motion; briefly, in the *City of the Soul*, all matter, animate and inanimate, seemed endued with *spirit*, or at least with a principle of life, elsewhere unknown! Poetry, was the natural language of its inhabitants; *poetry*, was the influence which emanated from, and was *felt* in all things there! in divine—immortal nature, and in unimaginably glorious art! Music also—music, like that which haunts the dreams of those, who in saddened, but holy youth, are passing from this world—music, which makes one sigh to track it to its far, ethereal source—music, which never yet was heard on earth, save in the delicious *City of the Soul*, and never shall be again, floated day and night through the luxurious air, through the mighty marble palaces and arcades, through the luscious interminglings of foliage, fruit, and flowers, and above all, through the hearts of men, until fast flowed unbidden tears, the cause baffling *their* philosophy to determine; for *they* knew not that the voice of such music, being essentially *holy and innocent*, the tears they shed in hearing it, and the host of indefinable hopes, and fears, and dim perceptions of—they knew not what, to which it gave birth, were but the heart's secret, and spontaneous aspirations, after that better land to which music owes its existence!

Beautiful was night, in the *City of the Soul*, inexpressibly beautiful! when nature and art, when mind, and feeling, assumed a cool, and chastened, a softened a subdued, a dim, grey, moonlight tone; when a melancholy, which was fresh delight, not grief—and a languor, which was the excess of tenderness, and bliss—not lassitude, pervaded the bosoms of those intellectual islanders, and seemed to characterise all around them. Then, ere the late hours of repose arrived, forth they stole from their magnificent homes, to relax from the long day labors of the understanding, beside the freshening waters of the blue, unresting sea; amid the luxuriant groves and gardens, of that *Peri paradise*; and beneath the glorious golden host of ever-burning stars, whose distances in the blue abyss of immeasurable ether, the superior powers of man's vision, might

then discern, though to us, less gifted, they appear but so many glittering points of various dimensions, set in a plain unyielding body of pure azure. Forth then sallied, at the coming on of night, the sage inhabitants of the City of the Soul, when all that they beheld, heard, and felt, was like a dream of unspeakable bliss! When the richest music flowed, when the divinest poetry breathed, when nectareous wines were poured from matchless vases, into jewelled cups; when the bosom heaved with affection; when rushed to the lips, a tide of rapturous feelings, which were vented in unpremeditated songs; when feast and dance, when artificial fires, and various exhibitions only to be contrived and executed, by the ingenious sons of science, wooed all ages to gladness, and sweet oblivion, for awhile, of their wearing intellectual exertions, at the same time that they gave them new energies, and excitements for fresh. Such, according to the faint outlines of dim tradition, was King Chetar's *City of the Soul*! such, that extraordinary, magnificent, delicious, and majestic abode, of which it is said, that none could enter it, without feeling as if coming into the immediate presence of some presiding, but invisible divinity; and thence, being instinctively compelled to bow down his head upon his bosom, in token of adoration; and that none, who once entered therein, were ever known to quit it, until called from it, by death!—Yet, *one thing*, the City of the Soul lacked—nor may we wonder, if, amongst a succession of numerous employments, and ever-new delights, neither time, nor recollection was allowed for the exercises of *religion*! Chetar indeed, is represented to have been an amiable man; but what can be said of his judgment, when, in order, as he *thought*, to secure the perfect tranquillity of his government, and the felicity of his subjects, (chiefly natives of different countries) he refused to sanction an *established* religion, but said, that every sect might erect a temple, and follow its own peculiar modes of worship, in *peace*! In consequence of this blind toleration, it happened, that ere long, these various religions afforded matter most excellent to the philosophers and logicians of the City of the Soul, for virulent theological discussions, whose effect was, to produce intolerable rancour between families and individuals, a mistrust of the dogmas of their respective faiths, which they had heretofore implicitly credited, and by which they had endeavored to regulate their lives; and this, as naturally induced on their parts, first, an indifference, and next, a perfect insolence of demeanour, towards their gods. The ethereal city was torn, by schisms and divisions; the banner of religious faction



was unfurled; the temples were forsaken, the altars no longer sent up the savour of burnt offerings to Heaven; distraction usurped the place of science, and literature, in private houses, and parties, whilst in places of public resort, continually ensued dangerous broils; a civil war threatened to destroy the beautiful city, its founder and inhabitants, altogether. In order to obviate these evils, Chetar, supported by the most sagacious heads of his administration, resolved to strike a home-blow at the monster, whose poisonous breath was destroying the fruits and flowers of his Eden; but aware that it would be vain to require men of various religions to conform to his own, he, by an edict, copies of which he caused to be written in all languages, and posted on the towers of the hundred and forty-four gates, prohibited as illegal, *all religion and worship whatsoever*; all discussions on religious topics in public or private; and all reference even to such, directly or indirectly, on any occasion, or in any place. Offenders were, for the first offence, to be severely fined; for the second, to be banished from the island without recall; and informers were to be handsomely rewarded! Chetar also caused the altars to be destroyed, the priests to abandon their profession, and choose a new one, if they wished to remain in the island; the statues and symbols of various deities, to be destroyed, defaced, or altered, and their temples to be converted, either into private dwelling-houses or into places of public exhibition and resort! From this period, the City of the Soul, became, whilst science, art, and general literature attained in it, to a pitch of inconceivable perfection, the sink of all corruption and iniquity! The shackles imposed upon the conduct of men, by even the external observances of decency and morality, all which, *are based on religion*, were cast aside, and each individual of that pleasant and magnificent city, freed from all restraint, took the liberty of acting as he pleased! but the female portion of the population became, alas! more profligate than the males, their thralldom having previously been greater! Chetar fell an early victim to the overwhelming tide of immorality he had brought in, being with three-fourths of his court, poisoned at a banquet, by his eldest son Nerbuhl, who had long sighed for the sovereignty of Mauri-ga-Sima, and who had moreover, been prohibited by his father from marrying his youngest sister Iryamena.

(To be Continued.)

## THE ORPHAN.

*(Concluded from page 298.)*

Time wore on, and Ellen became more than ever fascinated with her residence at Fairy Vale; she had been introduced also, to a companion of her own years, one on whom she could lavish the store of affection treasured in her heart, and find it amply reciprocated, for Annette Leslie was an amiable and gentle girl, in whose bosom each kindly feeling that adds lustre to the character of woman, had made its home. She was by nature unassuming, and reared far from the empty glare and grandeur of the city, her manners retained all the graceful simplicity of rustic life, yet polished by the true refinement a liberal and careful education seldom fails to impart. Annette was accomplished in the general acceptation of the term, but her chief charm consisted in the kindness of her heart, and as she was ever first in a work of utility or mercy, so did she always find herself welcomed and caressed by all. Often would she sit at Ellen's feet, in the retirement of the grounds, and with upraised eyes, gazing earnestly in her face, listen with wonder and admiration to the tale she would read or repeat. She seemed to regard her as a being of superior mould, whom it were impossible to know and not worship, and her young spirit hung entranced on each line that fell from her pen, as if it contained a charmed spell; perhaps it might be that poetry had hitherto been to her as a sealed volume, and its beauty broke on her like a dream, the remembrance of which no after-occurrences could efface. But most she loved to speak of her brother, her only and idolized brother, with whose existence her own seemed inseparably entwined; she was never weary of repeating his praises and dwelling on his merits, exalting him, in the warmth of her affectionate heart, to something more than mortal. She frequently excited a smile in Miss Mowbray, for so doing, and not unfrequently a remark.

"Really, my gentle friend," she one day said, after listening to a long eulogium, "it is fortunate the days of chivalry are past, or I might feel tempted to contrive an incarceration in some formidable castle, merely to excite the knight-errantry of this dear brother of yours, who, if he possesses the attributes your affection endows him with, would not surely refuse to succour a damsel in distress."

"Ah no! particularly if he knew how bright a smile would thank him for the deliverance his progress had achieved;" returned Annette, responding with an arch look to the mirth of her friend; then seeing the crimson blush mount to Ellen's brow, she cast her eyes down, and busying herself by demolishing a beautiful musk rose, she continued: "but in very truth, Miss Mowbray, I hope Lady Ellersly will not leave Fairy Vale, until you have an opportunity of judging, whether or not, my partiality has exaggerated Albert's merits. Papa told me but this morning, that his regiment is about to quit Enniskillen, and then he will return; oh! happiness. At present you know him only from the report of his sister, perhaps when you shall do so *in propria persona*, you may feel inclined to think as favorably as myself."

"Dear girl! I hope I have not offended or pained you by any unwitting remark; if so, I did not intend it, and can only express my sorrow as an atonement."

"You have not, you *could* not offend me," exclaimed Annette, and throwing her arms round Ellen's neck, she kissed her affectionately, and the subject dropped.

It was about a fortnight after this, that the family at Fairy Vale were invited to the residence of Sir James Leslie, to celebrate the return of his son, and Ellen's color deepened, she knew not why, as she wrote an acceptance in reply to Annette's invitation. It is needless to recapitulate the heart-felt glee with which Annette presented Miss Mowbray to her brother, but it is necessary to say, that before the evening concluded, Ellen had made ample allowance for all that the fond sister had advanced in Captain Leslie's praise; she even felt inclined to think his perfections under-rated, for never before had she seen or conversed with one in whom so many graces were concentrated. Albert Leslie had just completed his twenty-sixth year, and to personal attractions of no mean order, he added a mind highly cultivated both by study and observation: removed far beyond the licentiousness which the laxity of human principles not only admits, but tacitly encourages, among our military, often would he leave his brother officers to the celebration of their unhallowed orgies, or libertine pursuits, and read alone the page of history, of romance, and not unfrequently of nature, which last he most loved to peruse. Equally well versed both in the classics and the *belles lettres*, time never hung heavily on his hands, and he so improved it as to become at once independant of common sources of amusement, and the delight of every circle to which he was introduced.

Yet was not Captain Leslie destitute of faults: if he had escaped contamination from the grosser follies of his associates, he had others, perhaps more peculiarly his own, but not the less reprehensible. These were unknown to the million, because, disguised by the nicest art, they were unseen, and their effects felt only individually. With the gallantry common to his profession, he was a devoted admirer of the softer sex, and although the practiced betrayer of innocent confidence, was to him a term synonymous with infamy, yet he hesitated not to exercise the influence he possessed, although he won but to forsake, as the wrecked peace of many a fair girl attested. Such then was the being who leant on the back of Miss Mowbray's chair, drinking in with avidity every accent of her low musical voice, as she responded to the conversation he had commenced; he had been taught from his sister's panegyrics, to expect something superior in her friend, but he was little prepared to meet one so exactly corresponding to his fastidious ideas of perfection. From this evening Annette Leslie was again like a shadow by Ellen's side, and she seldom came unattended by her brother, or sometimes, when she was detained at home, she would depute him to conduct Ellen to her, and thus were they seldom separated. Lady Ellersly beheld with pleasure the deep devotion of the young soldier to her *protege*, for she deemed him in every particular calculated to form her happiness, and in consequence did not restrict their intercourse. Sir James Leslie and his lady ever received Ellen with the fondest affection; and happy in the smiles of all, the gentle girl gave herself up to the delicious enchantment which was weaving its spell around her; to be loved by such a being as Albert Leslie; oh! there was bliss in the very thought. Time flew on and Lady Ellersly began to speak of returning to town; Ellen's pale cheek turned paler, and her dark eyes filled with involuntary tears, she had not calculated on so sudden a removal, and she hastened into the garden to conceal her agitation. She leaned her head on the table of the pavilion, and gave way unrestrainedly to the bitter tears of anguish and uncertainty; not long, however, had she done so, when the door opened and Albert Leslie stood before her.

"You here, Miss Mowbray, and in tears too," he exclaimed, his first tone of pleasure changing to one of concern, as she raised her head—"tell me," he added, taking her hand and occupying the seat beside her, "whence this sorrow; what has occurred to distress you?"

"You will blame me for my weakness, Captain Leslie, should I do so."

"Nay, sweet Ellen, judge not so harshly of me; you have no sorrows in which I do not participate; the slightest cloud on your brow, overshadows mine also."

"A truce with jesting now. My kind protectress has just informed me it is her intention to leave Fairy Vale within a week or two; and its shades have become so endeared to me, that I cannot school my heart to relinquish them without a pang. This alone has called forth these foolish, weak tears."

The young soldier spoke not; he had not anticipated the probability of a separation, and his cheek turned pale, and his lip quivered as he gazed on the perfect features of the weeping girl; her black hair parted smoothly on the high white brow, and her clasped hands resting on her knee; she looked so pure and holy, that his resolution at once was taken. From this period Miss Mowbray was the affianced bride of Albert Leslie, and received as such in his family, with the most distinguishing kindness.

"Did I not prophecy you would eventually acknowledge my brother's merits?" asked Annette, laughing archly, but even her buoyant spirits were subdued when she beheld the carriage draw up which was to convey Ellen far from Fairy Vale and from her, at least for a time. It was proposed that ere long the Leslie's should remove to their town residence, not only that greater facility might be afforded for cementing the friendship between the families, but also for the purpose of introducing Annette to society, the ill-health of her mother having hitherto prevented the ceremony of a formal "bringing out." The heart of the unsophisticated girl throbbed wildly in the anticipation of expected pleasures, to which an increased zest would be given by the presence of her "dear Ellen," and under these circumstances, the friends parted with less regret than they otherwise would have done.

Lady Ellersly's return was hailed with enthusiasm by her friends, and Ellen no longer refused to join in the gaieties which welcomed them; the sad feelings of her heart had been ameliorated by time and sympathy, and their memory only came over her spirit at periods, like the shadowing of a distinct and painful dream. When she thought of her sainted parents, it was with a feeling devoid of selfishness; she no longer wished them partakers of earth's joys and sorrows, but submitted without murmuring to the dispensations of that Providence which had seen fit to remove them. A new existence had

dawned upon the orphan's heart; she had now something to love, with all the concentrated devotion

"Felt by the soul of minstrel fire alone,  
And to all others foreign and unknown."

To her the homage which attended her was as nothing, unless brightened by the smile which was her halo of happiness, the guiding-star to which she involuntarily turned; the one light gleaming amid a future's darkness. A correspondence was commenced between the lovers; how far different from the usual nature of such correspondences, may be easily imagined. In the absence of personal intercourse, letters are a kind of spell, a link in the silken chain of affection, which binds it yet closer to the heart, preserving it in all its pristine truth and holiness; many a pure and beautiful feeling is there revealed; which else were lost, since lips would fail to give it utterance; and many a hallowed benison recorded, which otherwise had sunk to eternal repose in the bosom that conceived it.

It was a happy day for Annette Leslie, when she first heard the rattling of her carriage-wheels on the pavements of the great metropolis; a still happier one for her brother and Ellen Mowbray. Albert gazed proudly on his betrothed, as she moved in her own unequalled grace through the illuminated saloons of luxury and wealth; herself the brightest gem in the coronal of beauty; and he listened with feelings of intense pleasure to the praise rendered her from every lip.

Annette Leslie was enchanted with all she saw; it seemed as if a fairy-land had sprung up to receive her, so novel and delightful was all around to her young and uncurbed spirits; she laughed, danced, and sang, in the unvitiated innocence of her heart, until she became the life of Lady Ellersly's mansion; and almost the inhabitant of it. Ellen was still her idol, and she longed eagerly for the fast approaching moment which was to make her in truth, as well as affection, a sister; a wish in which Captain Leslie heartily sympathized. But Annette's thoughts, were soon for a time, diverted from so frequent a recurrence to the subject, by the appearance of a companion who entered into the spirit of every enjoyment with her. Some relatives of Lady Ellersly, who resided in a remote part of Scotland, and whom she had not seen for many years, arrived on a visit, in consequence of her ladyship's repeated and pressing invitations. With them came their only child, a girl of eighteen, bright and beautiful as the early morning, ere a cloud has arisen to obscure its radiance. Yes! Jean Gordon was indeed the

palpable embodiment of a poet's dream, decked in all the graces of nature, and wild and timid as a gazelle. Lady Ellersly and Ellen gazed with mute surprise on the lovely Jean as she was presented to their vision, arrayed in all her native simplicity; her complexion was of the most brilliant description; fair, almost to transparency, one might have deemed her the creation of a sculptor's fancy, had not the rich bloom on her cheek and lips, and the animated light of her deep blue eyes, destroyed the illusion. She wore no ornaments save those which nature had imparted, and her long flaxen hair hung in luxuriant ringlets down to her waist; her form was small and sylph-like, rich in the unrestrained grace given by unlimited exercise; truly might it be asserted, the "poetry of motion" was there. Such was the being who now for the first time, left her native highlands to mingle in the pageants of a world, respecting which she had seldom hazarded a thought, less seldom an enquiry; but in Annette she found a kindred spirit, and they became inseparable. The beautiful Scotch girl was the theme of every tongue, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon beheld with pardonable pride the admiration excited by their mountain rose; the incense became the more acceptable since it was unexpected and unsolicited. Albert Leslie gazed upon the subdued and holy beauty of his promised bride, and then on the glowing and animated perfections of Jean Gordon, with feelings which he was at a loss to account for. Could it be that the one was unlinking the chain which the other had twined around his heart, and which he had a thousand times vowed should be enduring as life itself, and were it possible, preserved ever after in all its early sanctity; *could* it be that Albert Leslie was wavering in his choice? Alas! it was even so; but Ellen Mowbray knew it not; she was too pure-hearted, too devoted in her own love to suspect the frailty of another's, and she dreamed on in fancied security, only to awake to a fearful, a dreadful reality,

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"Miss Gordon is late this morning," said Lady Ellersly one day as the party drew round the breakfast-table; "we miss her bright smile at our fire-side."

"Our Jean is not wont to linger so," said Mrs. Gordon, and directed an attendant to summon her. The girl soon returned, and bursting into tears placed a slip of paper on the table, on which were hurriedly written the following lines:

"Father, mother, do not curse me; I fly from your hearts, your hearth, but I go not alone. Ah! what was that? nothing: oh! surely conscience is a fearful monitor; methought that

gentle girl stood beside me in her mild and pensive beauty, yet it was but fancy. Can it really be that Albert Leslie loves me, better than her to whom a few days would have united him; yes! it must; he tells me so, and *him* I dare not disbelieve. Oh! my mother, even now, as I recall her trusting smile, I *hate myself*, but when I remember *who* has taught me the lesson of ingratitude, I cannot forego my purpose, base as it may be. Mother, take her to your bosom, and forget your lost, unhappy  
JEAN."

Even in the bitterness of the moment which followed the perusal of the paper, Mrs. Gordon forgot herself, her child, all, save the pale, statue-like girl before her: no sigh, no sob, told the agony which anchored in that pure bosom; no wild, hysterical shriek broke that awful calm, no tears bedewed that marble cheek; it seemed as if their very source was frozen, and her eye was glazed in the silence of despair. Long did she continue thus, resisting every effort to dispel that fearful unconsciousness, more dreadful than the wildest expression of grief, until Miss Leslie, on hearing the facts, hastened to her friend, and in the unrestrained ebullitions of her feelings, succeeded in awakening the sufferer's attention. She wept, long and silently she wept; and then to the *world* all was over.

"Do not upbraid him my dear friends," she said, in a low voice, which betrayed the internal struggle for calmness, "it will but give me additional pain. Human nature is frail—and she was so beautiful!—We are warned of the folly of setting up earthly idols for our worship; mine has been my punishment, and for the future I shall know myself more perfectly. Annette, dear Annette, do not weep; see I am calm, the struggle is past; we can still be sisters in affection."

Again did Lady Ellersly live over her own sorrows in the sympathy she felt for the daughter of her adoption, the meek, uncomplaining victim of the darkest perfidy; with studious care she removed every vestige of preparation for the bridal, and aught else that tended to recall the remembrance of the past: Ellen's faint smile uttered the thanks her lips could not.

Bitterly as Mr. and Mrs. Gordon lamented the unfortunate infatuation which had involved the happiness of Miss Mowbray in its vortex, it was not in human nature to resist the pleadings of an only child for forgiveness, particularly when the victim herself joined her entreaties to that effect; nay, she did more; she represented the impossibility of one so young, so guileless as Jean Gordon, raising a fortress of defence against the fascinations of such a being as Albert Leslie, when he placed them in



array to subdue her; and the parent's hearts were won to receive the last remaining scion of their noble house. For this purpose they left London for their estate in the highlands, where Captain Leslie and his bride were directed to meet them. Sir James and Lady Leslie, too indignant at their son's heartless conduct readily to receive him to their home, refused to listen to any excuses he thought proper to adduce, and forbade him their presence, nor was it until many, many months had elapsed that they were prevailed on to alter the decree.

The gentle Annette was the constant companion of Miss Mowbray, for since her brother's apostacy had become manifest, her spirits had lost all their buoyancy, and she would gaze for hours with tearful eyes on the sister of her heart's adoption, and mourn in silence the devastation of her peace. The name of Albert Leslie now never passed the lips of Ellen, or of any other person in her presence; it seemed almost as if it had never been cherished, so closely was the seal of silence on it. Ellen still frequented the haunts of gaiety, still smiled on the crowd which hovered round her, but it was pride alone supported the drooping spirit; and the smile had a sickliness in its beauty, which told infinitely more plainly than mere words of the canker which was preying within. What to her were the laurels which decked her brow, now that the myrtle had been so rudely torn from the fairy coronal?—oh! they were worthless as the fading leaves borne on the breath of the blighting autumn wind, and they pressed heavily on her throbbing temples. The world spoke of her apparent apathetic indifference, her coldness, even with wonder, as they hung delightedly on the glowing music of her lyre: it was true, under that calm exterior it was difficult to discover aught else, but they saw not the tempest of conflicting feelings which was gradually sapping the principle of existence; they knew not, like the swan, she was breathing forth her own "sad dirge;" and that the heart of the minstrel was breaking. \* \* \*

The moonlight streamed softly through the window, and the balmy spring air lightly wafted a thousand delicious odours, regaling the senses of the group within the apartment: it was one in the mansion of Fairy Vale, and the group consisted of Ellen Mowbray, Lady Ellersly, Sir James and Lady Leslie, and their daughter, but the gay voice of mirth no longer echoed there; all was silent as the tomb, save the light breathing of the party.

"Surely she sleeps; Annette, love, look, your eyes are

keener than mine," said Lady Ellersly. Miss Leslie arose, and leaning over the couch where the form of the sufferer reposed, looked earnestly for a moment, on her pallid features. If she slept, that slight movement aroused her, and she spoke.

"Annette, dearest, give me your arm; I would fain once more see the moon light up the evening landscape."

"You will often see it do so yet, Ellen, and in perfect health, I trust," uttered Annette, as with the assistance of her mother she succeeded in placing the invalid on an easy chair by the window. The white moonlight fell sweetly on the incredulous yet happy smile which passed over the pale lips of the dying girl.

"Such hopes are vain, my own Annette," she said in a low voice, "nor could I wish them realized: *mine* were then the loss; but now I am near the attainment of my greatest wish. I know, I feel I am dying, nor would I it were otherwise, since all that rendered life valuable has departed. I may acknowledge it, now that the heart which throbbed so devotedly for *him* only, will soon be cold and still. I have but one request to make, the *last* which will ever pass my lips, and shall that be refused?"

"Name it, oh! speak my Ellen," said Lady Ellersly, almost inarticulately.

"Sir James, Lady Leslie, you will forgive—Albert—and—receive his bride—when she who pleads is cold in death; for the sake of the lost one you will forgive him."

"Dear girl! it shall be even as you wish," was the reply, uttered in tones of repressed sorrow, and as Annette leaned over her departing friend, she saw the large tears streaming fastly over the hectic of her cheek, but the pang was past, and brushing them away, she faintly said—"now I am happy," and laid her head on the shoulder of Miss Leslie. The soft strains of a harp, pouring forth a low hymn, stole from the adjacent village, and it seemed so solemn, so holy, that the melancholy group were hushed to involuntary silence, and long it continued unbroken. At length a stifled shriek burst from the lips of Annette, for the hand she clasped grew cold in her's, and the head lay like lead on its resting place.

The lamp was brought, and its rays fell dimly on the features of the orphan, beautiful even to the last: the bright blush of consumption was on her cheek; a tear pearled its beauty, and a happy smile played over her lips, but the eyes were closed, and the pure spirit which had animated that lovely one was fled.

MARIE.

## THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

He sleeps—but oh! he sleeps not *there*, hard by  
 The hallow'd building of the village fane;  
 Where oft in youth he stood, and pray'd to lie  
 Far from the tumult of the restless main.

His eyes are clos'd—but no fond brother's hand  
 Trembling with grief, performs that last sad rite:  
 Around his corse no mourning kindred stand,  
 Ere he be hid for ever from their sight.

He lies in death—but no maternal tear,  
 Big with a mother's woe, falls on his cheek;  
 No fav'rite sister, o'er his cheerless bier,  
 Weeps *that* her words are powerless to speak.

His rites are soon gone o'er—but ah! no sigh  
 Breathes out the funeral toll of him that's gone;  
 Perchance his messmate low'rs his dull dark eye—  
 Then hark!—a sound—a splash—and all is done!

The sullen waves close o'er him—but there's not  
 A stone to note the place where rests the brave;  
 A single bubble, bursting marks the spot,  
 Where sleeps the Sailor in his Sailor's Grave.

W. B.

## LINES

I think of the *past*, now the night star is beaming  
 Its silvery light from the clear azure sky;  
 The flowers are sleeping,  
 The bright dews are weeping,  
 And young hearts in slumber of beauty are dreaming,  
 Nor heed the swift hours as they lightly wing by.

I think of the *past*, though around me are glowing  
 A thousand bright scenes—a gay world of delight,  
 But though radiant the seeming,  
 Of halls brightly gleaming,  
 One word from the lips that we love, softly glowing,  
 Is a spell to illumine the gloomiest night.      **MADIE.**

## A VAUDEVILLE OF DUBLIN.

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“Ha! is not that her steward muffled so?”—TIMON OF ATHENS.

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It was a wet and misty night in November, and the large broad square of St. Stephen's Green, in our sister City of Dublin, dimly lighted as it was by few and distant oil-fed lamps, many of which were extinguished by the sharp sudden gusts of wind, looked dim and desolate to the solitary occupant of a road-stained provincial post-chaise, which a pair of tired horses slowly dragged up to a mansion, one of the largest on the southern side. The broad expanse of railed in-plantations and pasture sward, the ornamental promenade of the square, swept vast into the darkness which seemingly lengthened their surface, and flung its dark shadow on the grey and grim equestrian statue in the centre; the large pools of stagnated rain-water which reflected the flickering rays of the dull lights, and the hoarse cry of the weather-beaten watchman, as he re-echoed the tolling of midnight on the city clocks, combined to render the scene dispiriting and dreary; and inspire a wish for the fire-light cheerfulness of the household hearth, in the bosom of those whom business or vice had driven out wayfarers and wanderers.

Jaded and weary did the gentleman alight from the creaking “caroch,” and assisting his servant, an honest looking old domestic, grown grey in the service of the family, to remove a pile of heavy portmanteaus into his study, dismissed the postillion, and hurried up stairs to embrace his children, who had been long expecting his arrival.

The curtained and carpeted room, the bright blazing fire, the silver and glass sparkling on the table, and a supper laid out with elegance and comfort, were doubly welcome after the fatigue and cheerless journey of the day. Mr. Colthurst did enjoy his home, more than the boasted ease and mercenary officiousness of any hostelry, and sat down with delight to recount to his lady, and their children, the results of his expedition and prolonged absence in the country. The gentleman whom we have left so socially engaged, was a stirring, bustling solicitor, law-agent and receiver to extensive estates in the North of Ireland, a great authority in elections, and withal a lively little man, fond of good stories and corporation “feeds”, had “tasted his grass

before breakfast," taking both first and second\* parts, and could sing his song, and carry home three bottles as well as any K.E.C. in "the hall". He had now returned from a periodical visit to the tenantry of the several properties he managed, and had brought up a large sum of money, which the lateness of the hour alone prevented him from lodging in bank before he retired to rest.

The partner of his joys was a handsome black eyed woman, with a slight taste for spending the funds, as fast as he could amass them, loved her loo parties and rotunda balls, her drives on her high outside car to the Phoenix Park and Dunleary; and divided her attention among her children, Miss Edgeworth's novels, Dean Kirman's preaching, and the singing of Madame Catalani. Their family consisted of two daughters and one son, the last of whom, a tall intelligent lad of thirteen or so, was listening in breathless awe to the tale his father was reciting of some Rockite outrages among the peasantry, and resistances to rent seizures he had witnessed, all matters of course, and natural consequences of an agent's visit. His eyes flashed when he heard of his narrow escape from a party who attacked him, and effected a rescue of stock from the sheriff's hand.

"I wish I had been near the fellow, father, who struck you with a stone, I would have pistolled him with one of the screw-barrels I bought with my last Christmas box.

"Well, George, you have the classics now to engage, how is Stock's Lucian getting on? the Greek as cramp as ever? mind your lexicon and avoid translations, ruinous books, never saw one in my day. So Sarah has been practising the "Battle of Prague," she shall play it to-morrow for me; and come here little Julia," beckoning to the youngest, a rosy ringleted beauty of some seven years, "Madame Dumaulin gives a good account of your French. Mamma says, kiss me now, and go to your bed; I have kept you up too late, but 'tis not every night papa comes home."

The bell was rung, the "white serjeant" appeared, and the young ladies, making their good night curtsies, retired.

Mr. Colthurst brewed another tumbler of "old Roscrea," and resumed his conversation. The old servant who, presuming on his long service, had remained in the room, having at first come in to offer his congratulations to his master, and contriving then to bustle at the side table in noisily doing nothing, his presence had been overlooked and forgotten.

\* Metaphorice. measured twelve paces, for a duet on "the irons."

"I assure you; Sarah my love, that this night, when coming along the lonely dark road between Duleek and Dunleer, I would have compounded with Mr. Collier,\* had he chose to have stopped me, at a handsome premium; the rents in my old portmanteau, (by the bye, Mason, you may leave the room) what on earth has kept him here all this time? though he is a faithful old creature, he carries his curiosity a little too far, so George you may as well lock my study, though on second thoughts every thing there must be perfectly safe, so never mind it."

"At all events, Colthurst my dear, Mason has become so deaf and stupid, he can scarcely hear now the simplest direction, you may speak what you like before him."

"I am not quite so sure of that, though I am of his honesty, he appeared to raise his ears brisk enough, when I mentioned the rents, the sound of the *six and eight-pence* makes us all very sharp; but as I must be down in court early to-morrow, I shall now try to sleep, for I really feel weary." Half an hour saw the whole household buried in deep repose, *save one*. The echoes of the deep bell of the college clock, as it tolled two, had swung solemnly over the square; and the stillness of the house shewed the hushed repose of its occupants, when a figure slowly ascended from the basement story, and passed into the small parlour on the ground floor, which Colthurst had made his office; a dark frieze coat enveloped the proportions of the person, and a high muffler half concealed his countenance; but the inward turned rays of the dark lanthorn shone upon the features of the perfidious and trust-breaking Mason; at the foot of the staircase he stopped and listened intently, but no sound or stir disturbed his treacherous purpose. He entered his master's study, reviewed in order the various desks and escrutoires, and kneeling down proceeded, with an accuracy and dispatch that developed his experience in the practice, to take in wax, a faithful transcript and model of the lock and wards of the portmanteaus to which Colthurst had alluded, his task was accomplished in security, and the villain returned to his rest.

Our solicitor's attention was diverted next day from investing his money in La'Touches, by the protracted hearing of a course before Lord Manners, which detained him in Chancery until after bank hours, but as the property was in his own house he felt no uneasiness.

\* Collier, a noted Irish robber, on the northern road, who subsequently received a pardon from government, and yet lives; we have lit our cigar frequently in his "shebeen."

Late that night the attention of George, who had remained sleepless on his pillow, running over in his mind the construction of rather a perplexing passage in "the Micyllus," was recalled to the recollection of having concealed an English version of the author under a folio copy of Jacobs' Law Dictionary, and uneasy lest his father might discover the obnoxious volume, he determined to go down stairs at once, and lock it up in his own private collection; dark as it was he experienced no difficulty in finding the book, and was leaving the office to return noiselessly to his chamber, when a gentle step in the hall, and a gleam of light which streamed upon the floor, surprised and alarmed him; he feared it was his father, and his first impulse was to avoid him, he had scarcely time to hide himself behind a large bookcase when the door was opened; poor George's blood was frozen, both with the cold night air and terror, when he perceived it was the muffled form of Mason which entered, and not his father. Curiosity to wait the event silenced him, and he remained motionless in the covert he had so seasonably gained, he could scarcely suspect him of dishonesty, and yet what could be his purpose?

To his astonishment the faithless servant unlocked the leathern valises one by one, and taking out several bundles of soiled provincial notes, severed the ribbons that knotted them with a single-bladed knife he usually carried, selected one from each parcel, which he laid apart, and then, restoring them again rolled up as before, to their places, locked the trunks; he very quietly then sat down in Colthurst's easy chair, at his desk took a note of their numbers, and erased some endorsements and private marks. The impudence and coolness of his villany amazed George, even more than his daring depredation—that the man who had eaten the bread of his family for so many years, who had been the play-fellow of his father's childhood, and the confidant of much of their domestic history, should repay their kindness by such base ingratitude, grieved his noble feelings, and pained him more than even his parent's loss. The treacherous Mason then rose, and uplifting his lanthorn, lynx-like reconnoitred the room. George, as if the simoom was sweeping past, bowed his head, and suppressed his breath—he remained safe and unnoticed; but, as the robber was turning to depart, the luckless Lucian fell from his hand, and the sudden noise, doubly distinct from the quietude of the house, acted like the torpedo-touch upon the thief. He stood in a stupor for a minute, detection and fright paralysed him, but a violent re-action soon stung him into rage; he rushed to George's lurking place, and grasping

him by the hair, savagely dragged him forth, his aged arm was new-nerved with demoniac strength, and poor George's faint resistance was overpowered; the fiendish wretch dashed him to the ground, and the icy feel of the steel blade was at his throat, still the manly spirited boy disdained to shriek for help, or ask his life *from a servant*—he offered up a mental prayer for mercy, and a sudden change of purpose in his assailant's breast interposed on his behalf. Mason suffered him to rise, and relaxed his gripe, pointing the knife yet towards him, and tendering to him a small copy of the Sacred Volume, upon which his master used to administer oaths, and take the affidavits of his humble clients:—

"Now swear, that whatever you hear, or whoever may be suspected for this night's work, you will keep silent and secret what you have seen, or I will this moment take your life."

"I must comply—give me the book—there, you false villain, I have sworn."

The taunt had well nigh roused his rage, again he looked blood-thirstily at the boy, who returned his glare with the same undaunted, unyielding eye with which he had confronted him from the first.

"Only for your father's sake—but remember your oath—go up now to your bed, and be thankful you still live."

George slowly ascended the stairs to do so, passed his parents' room, who were happily unconscious of the mortal peril from which their child had just escaped, and lay down in his own little hammock smarting with rage for the assault upon his person; and grieving more for the wound his pride had received, and rather burning with shame for the degradation of a menial's hand being raised against him, than, it pains us to say, feeling gratitude to heaven for the preservation of his life.

He vowed a deadly vengeance, and kept his word. The third hour past meridian of the day ensuing, the hour so dear to schoolboys, which often with throbbing hearts we have welcomed, had dismissed George from peevish ushers and crabbed Greek, to the liberty and comfort of home. He had not seen his parents that morning, as the strict discipline maintained by the Rev. Doctor ——— enforced early and punctual attendance; and the severities of study had in great measure estranged his thoughts from dwelling on his adventure of the past night; but, on his return home, the flame was re-fanned by the intelligence that his father had missed five notes of ten pounds each from the parcels of money he had brought from the country, and was then out among the police officers endeavouring to trace the perpetrators



of the robbery; still no suspicion rested upon any servant, although no appearance of external violence or forcible entry into the house could be detected.

Colthurst, when he proceeded in the forenoon of that day to examine the various sums of money previous to banking them, and detected the craft with which the notes were abstracted from each parcel, felt convinced that the plot had been planned by some person familiar with his house, and a suspicion which he instantly repudiated as base and unworthy, rested like a passing cloud *upon his son*. George knew the money was there, and Colthurst remembered that he changed colour, and betrayed uneasiness, when directed the former evening to lock the office-door; still he felt indignant with himself for mentally dishonouring his child, his eldest, and his favourite, who had shewn a constant abhorrence of any approach to baseness or evil principle. Still the temptations and defilements of a public school, and the skill with which the seeds of vice are concealed in the youthful breast until their baneful growth can no longer be choked, filled the anxious parent's breast with alarm and distrust. He judged it probable that the visit to the portmanteaus would be repeated, and determined to quietly await the results of some further watching and delay.

He communicated his strange suspicions to his wife, whose anger at her son's name being involved was only exceeded by her resentment against her "liege lord," for presuming to doubt the integrity of her favourite old servant. Colthurst shrugged his shoulders—submitted—and was silent. The ladies after all are the best judges!

During dinner hour, while Mason was in attendance, with the usual frank smile dimpling his ruddy cheek; and his silvered hair clustering in the curls which benevolent elderly gentlemen "without encumbrances" love to cherish; the "head of the house," contrived to turn the discourse upon the mysterious robbery, and at the same time disavow all suspicion of the agents. His servant met his eye with the same firm upright look of emboldened innocence; but his son preserved a sullen silence, and avoided the gaze of both his parents and their attendant. He was pressed for his opinion on the matter; and Mason, turning round from his sideboard of plate, and stedfastly marking his countenance, paused for the answer.

George coolly replied:—"I would give my life to detect the treacherous villain who is fooling and making a jest of us all."

"But you suspect no one?"

"How can I suspect, father, when you cannot?"

"A guarded answer, George, but perhaps you are right." The conversation dropped, and George withdrew early to his apartment, where he remained musing over a scheme of vengeance till the lateness of the night assured him that the family had all retired to sleep.

The wind blew loud and gusty, and shook the doors and windows in their frames, as at nearly the same hour as on the preceding night, George descended the dark staircase, having fresh loaded his brace of "Rigleys"; and stationing himself in the hall, behind the clock, waited in patience the visit which he deemed, in common with his father, likely to be renewed to the office.

But noiselessly as he crept down the stairs, Colthurst heard the step as it passed his door on the second landing place, and stealing after with a light, perceived his son, at that unseasonable time, stealthily approaching the scene of the strange domestic drama. The fearful thoughts that had agonized his heart again returned; he was afraid to confess to himself how strong appearances were now against his child, how guilty seemed he even in a father's eyes. The fortune he had amassed for him, the product of his toil and care to give him independence, he would gladly surrender for a proof—aye, for a chance of poor George's innocence, and let him begin the world on no other capital but his integrity. A few minutes, however, solved the riddle, a light was seen streaming upwards from the under-ground story to the hall, and directly George crouched closer in his lair, and his father, extinguishing the candle he held, sat down in the dark lobby, the illuminated hall distinctly revealing to him the scene and the actors.

Inspired by his prior success, and relying on the dissembling character by which he had so long deceived his employers, Mason, with even less caution than before, was entering the office and had turned to shut the door, when, as he was stooping to unlock the portmanteau, having produced the forged key for the purpose, George, thirsting for revenge, sprung upon him, and exclaiming, "villain, you swore me to secrecy, but not to connivance," fired, and the man fell, shot through the body.

The report of the pistol instantly hurried Colthurst and the entire family into the apartment; in horror they enquired the cause of the deadly act, at the same moment the night watch who was passing on his rounds, hearing the discharge, demanded admittance; and the room, which was the scene of its owner's peaceful professional pursuits, was now crowded with the officers of justice holding in arrest the slayer of the servant; and polluted

with the sulphury smoke of the shot, and the streaming life-blood trickling in slow heavy drops from Mason's wound. George's mother, overcome by her son's situation, and the near presence of death to which she was so suddenly ushered at that late still hour of the night, had fainted on her husband's arm. The stern boy himself was the only unmoved figure of the group; the feverish desire for revenge seemed to have prematurely carried him into manhood, and invested him with the ruthless and iron feelings of a war-worn veteran. He stood between two constables, calmly contemplating the agonies of the man who had received his death wound at his hands.

"Ask him the cause—ask, will he now confess?"

"Master George—I forgive you—I have deserved this—you will find the money in my box—tell them the whole truth, for I have not power to speak." An internal flow of blood choked his utterance, and the wretched man groaned and died.

George, being thus released from his unlawful oath, divulged the transaction he had witnessed; the homicide was pronounced by the jury who held the inquest, to be justified by the cause, and his father implored his pardon for his groundless suspicions.

Time went by and George had graduated in the university with honour, but the remembrance of that night's scene had worked a startling change in his character, he felt the old man's blood was on him. Conscience told him he had been too hasty with his fire, and remorse for the life he had prematurely taken darkened all his days, and cast a blacker shadow on his nights. He grew up a silent, moody, cheerless man; feeling no hope or interest for the future, and tortured by the gloomy memory of the past. His proficiency in knowledge yielded him no pleasure, and an acute worldly disappointment no pang; a life of peace was a torment to his racked and uneasy mind; and eager to seek a refuge from thought in the variety of a campaign, he gave up his chance of a fellowship, and obtained a commission in the —th Foot, then serving in the Peninsula, and fell at the head of a forlorn hope, in one of the assaults upon Badajos.

B.

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## THE TEARS OF BEREAVEMENT,

*Addressed to a Widowed Relative.*

BY W. J. BROCK.

Daughter of grief! the clouds of life  
 Seem gathering o'er thy way,  
 The tears that stream adown thy cheek,  
 With heaving sighs far louder speak  
 Than words with melting sorrow rife,  
 Or tones of poet's lay.

Thy sable vest—the nodding plume,  
 The slowly passing train,  
 The dismal darkness of the tomb,  
 The throne of death's domain,  
 The painted scutcheon—all proclaim  
 The vanity of earthly fame.

And yet the harp of sorrow's strings  
 My hand forbears to sweep!  
 Though bitter tears thy soul may lave,  
 The path of glory is the grave  
 Where pilgrims cease their wanderings,  
 Where mortals cease to weep.

Rise from thy couch, sad mourner, rise,  
 Dash down the cup of grief,  
 No longer heave those plaintive sighs,  
 Young angels bring relief  
 From realms beyond the gorgeous skies,  
 Swift as the forked lightning flies.

They strew thy path with holy flowers,  
 They point to spheres of light,  
 And bending o'er thee, sweetly tell  
 Of regions, where each sad farewell  
 Is lost 'mid heav'n's harmonious bowers,  
 Of crested glory bright.

Weep not for those whom death's cold hand  
Hath numbered for its own ;  
The righteous die to join the band  
Of seraphs round the throne,  
Of Him whose tender pity flows,  
To wipe away the mourner's woes.

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### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

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There is no feeling more universal than a love of flowers. In every stage of human society, from the savage, to the most cultivated and refined, those fanciful productions of nature have an effect to wake the joyous pulse of life ; to still the troubled spirit and impart a feeling of serenity and hope. They ornament the earth with a profusion and beauty, superior to anything that art could bestow ; and impress the imagination as existing witnesses of a state of departed innocence and happiness. One who has a taste to discriminate and admire the varied beauties of nature, experiences an elevation of thought when contemplating the higher order of its productions ; and emotions come over the heart and mind—sometimes indeed, difficult to understand or describe—such as the proudest structure reared by man's skill and ingenuity can never call forth ; and with which, in comparison, the noblest flight of human genius appears cold and insipid. The inhabitant of a great city, imprisoned within its walls by business or necessity, becomes more interested in that part of nature's operations which relate to mind : constantly engaged in witnessing the ordinary display of men's passions, and in studying their motives, he becomes at length incapable of deriving pleasure from objects unconnected with the exciting influence of busy crowds. But, to the genuine child of sensibility and fancy, solitary scenes of natural loveliness have a renovating power upon the affections and understanding. Who can view the waving trees, with woodbine and grape encircling the top, forming a flowery canopy, and a velvet carpet of turf beneath—the feathered warblers, the sky, the lake, and the mountain flower, blooming like the spirit of liberty, wild and free—who can listen to the soft tones of the wind and view the bright clouds floating over as it were, to the music of its melodies—who, I say, can experience these enchanting sights, and still not be overcome with feelings of gratitude and joy ?

Pastoral poets have described a terrestrial paradise, where all the delightful productions of different seasons and climates

are collected in one spot; and they have ingeniously peopled it with beautiful unsophisticated shepherdesses, who are wooed by tender swains, expressing pure and disinterested love, with enchanting simplicity and delicacy—uncontaminated by rude manners and coarse expressions. Pity it is, that their imaginative devotion and assiduity should not be more generally imitated. Enraptured as we often are with the splendour and fragrantcy of flowers, their transitory beauty frequently occasions the unconscious sigh. Their evanescent existence has often been compared to the corresponding periods of human life, that they are seldom contemplated without a mixture of melancholy. The most gorgeous feathers captivate the sight merely by the richness of their colours, and the most brilliant gem dazzles the eye by its splendour; but these are all blanks to the blind man, who can always be regaled by the delightful perfume of the rose and violet, of the lily and jessamine.

Imaginative nations have attached symbolical significations to flowers. Who does not know that the rose is the flower of love? And how sad, yet beautiful, is the passage of Shakespeare, where rosemary, the flower of widows and of mourning for the departed, is so happily introduced. In the oriental language of flowers, a rose without thorns signifies, *we may hope everything*, whilst a rose without leaves means, *there is no hope*. The beautiful foliage, the graceful form and delicious fragrance of its blossoms, have immortalized the rose in history, as well in song as in romance. Queen of flowers! where is the poet that has not celebrated thy beauties! where the painter that has not aimed to imitate thee? and who possessing senses does not wish to take to his bosom "the fresh blown roses washed in dew?" The lily has always held a prominent place in emblematic language: the white lily is an emblem of purity; and Garcias, king of Navarre, instituted an "order of the lily" in 1048, in honor of the Virgin Mary.

Although inferior to the infinite diversity of a natural landscape, a garden produces, in a great degree, emotions of enchantment and delight; it presents forms of beauty and variety, novel from their regularity, and void of whatever is noxious and unsightly. The art of gardening deservedly ranks among the finer inventions of genius. In tropical climates, the luxury of perpetual verdure, and the blessing of health, might be enjoyed in far greater proportion were the inhabitants industrious, persevering and enterprising: regular avenues, beneath lofty and umbrageous trees, would afford air and exercise, protected from the sun's rays; and by clearing the wild forests, entangled and rendered impassable by interwisted plants and shrubs, a free

circulation of healthy and pure atmosphere would be promoted. Africa is distinguished for the profusion, variety, grace and brilliancy of its vegetable productions: in Loango, are seen forests of flowering and fragrant trees; groves of orange, wild cinnamon and acacia; while tulips, lillies, hyacinths, and a great variety of splendid flowers, to us entirely unknown, ornament the plains. In short, the empire of vegetation is unbounded, from the summit of the Andes where the lichen creeps over the hardest rock, to the bottom of the ocean where floating fields of plants arise unseen. Even upon the dark vaults of mines and on the walls of the deepest caverns, plants are found: the desolate regions of the frozen zone furnish growth to the birch and willow, and a covering of moss is found beneath the snow. Thus, then,

“ Where the Prairie bends  
Its world of gorgeous flowers, gay nature's ardent flight  
My kindled spirit wends,  
Till the broad scene seems palpable to sight;  
I list the moanings of the mighty plain,  
And sounds, like the rustlings of autumnal grain.”

T. H.

### ONE OR TWO THOUGHTS.

There is a charm in the stillness of evening—in the waving of the grove—the rustle of the trees—the warble of the birds—and the murmur of the stream; all combine to fill the mind with reflection, and to charm the soul with the serenity of its contemplations.

We sit down in sadness to muse over the scenes which memory recalls to the mind's eye; which, dressed in the most glowing colours, bring back in visions all that has passed in our brief existence: the scenes, the friends, the beloved of our earlier days again crowd on the mind, and we are by turns enchanted with enthusiastic delight, and enveloped in deepest gloom. For, albeit to the memory they appear as things that are, in reality they are past, and all is changed.

The scenes of our earlier days are changed; and, except to the memory, are no more. The friends of those days we number not now with our friends; perhaps they, also, are no more, and a few brief years only have past since we hung over the bed of death, and implored the God of Heaven to look down indulgently upon them; then, weeping and sorrowful, followed them to the last abode, where they now rest in peace.

The beloved of those days—those whose hearts were formed so congenial to our own; formed by the hand of nature to mingle with our own in boundless love; whose every thought and every

wish rose alike in our own minds, and centred themselves in our own breasts—where are they? Torn from us by the hand of fate, some are traversing regions afar off, in the sunny lands which fancy delights to picture to the musing mind: some, by unforeseen events are estranged from us, and perhaps unmindful even of our existence: and few, very few, of those beloved companions of our youth will the mutability of earthly things permit to be the companions of our growing years, and the participators in the joys and sorrows which those years will bring.

And if we trace the face of nature, or what is commonly so called, the changeableness of earthly things is alike discernible.

“Come, gentle *Spring*, ethereal mildness come!”

saith the Poet. The Spring appears, surrounded by clouds and showers; and the genial sun draws from the ground the green herbage, the budding flowers burst forth, and earth appears delighted with its own brightness. Man wanders forth, and, well pleased with the scene which is displayed to his view, lifts up his voice in praises to the power which thus administers to his happiness. And summer comes: and autumn following, joys to see the abundance which bends before his gathering hand. The ripened fruit yields to the gentle touch. The tempest howls, earth's beauty is fading, and winter is ushered in by rough and boisterous blasts, and all is dreary without: but within, while the bright fire casts its warmth around, it is sweet to list to the storms which rage, and howl, and shake the earth as they roll over; and whilst we are thus sheltered and secure, to weep for those who sink beneath their power.

Then, then, is the hour to ponder upon the fate of things below, to scan the page of history, to trace the rise and fall of empires, cities, states and kings: Babylon above all, Babylon the long forewarned, where now the tiger crouches and the lion roars! The histories of individuals would supply matter for endless speculation: but to snatch a modern name from the numberless, Napoleon Buonaparte appears most prominent. Trace him, gradually rising into giant power, crowned with victories: see him trampling upon thrones, and holding, as it were, the destinies of empires in his grasp. Then see him suddenly hurled from his eminence, made captive by the power which he despised; see him, a prisoner in a small island, with melancholy, yet haughty look, surveying the wave which lashes its shores. Now turn to where yon willow weeps over his tomb, while his favorite steed grazes nigh; and think you that the silent sentinel who guards that tomb, mourns not the mutability of earthly things?

C.



THE AVENGER.

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The mansion of Sir Thomas Harcourt was crowded with guests; lights blazed brilliantly in almost every apartment, and the sound of music which came floating on the air without, gave joyous intimation of the revelry which reigned within. It was the wedding-day of Sir Thomas's only daughter, Henrietta; and he, in the true spirit of good old English hospitality, had invited all his friends and acquaintances to celebrate the nuptials.

There were many fair and beautiful females present, who excited the admiration of every beholder, but the fairest and loveliest of all was Henrietta, now the young and happy bride of Arthur Templeton, an officer in the army, whose high reputation, mental endowments, and pecuniary possessions rendered him in every respect worthy of becoming the son-in-law of Sir Thomas Harcourt. Proud of his beautiful bride, Captain Templeton had, with Sir Thomas's permission, invited one or two of his own personal friends to be present at the festivities. Among these was Lieutenant Edward Danvers, a brother officer, and intimate friend, with whom he had passed several years at college, and by whose side he had fought on the field of battle. In addition to a very noble, manly figure, and very handsome countenance, Lieutenant Danvers possessed great powers of conversation and extremely elegant manners, qualities which failed not to win the favorable opinion of every female with whom he could claim even the slightest acquaintance. On the present occasion, all the guests were assiduous in paying homage to the amiable bride, but from none did she receive such delicate and respectful, yet alluring attentions as from the elegant and fascinating Danvers. The festivities were kept up with great spirit, and in a few days afterwards, Captain Templeton and Henrietta arrived in London. They took up their abode in a noble family mansion, which the bridegroom's father had assigned over to him, and caused to be handsomely furnished for his reception. Time flew on apace, and the ties which bound the young couple to each other were strengthened by the birth of a daughter. Their happiness was now complete, and life would have been to them one continued scene of joyous sunshine had not an event occurred which suddenly dimmed the brightness of their days, and led to a train of events fraught with the most bitter suffering. A war broke out with France,

and Templeton received orders to join his regiment. He had long since intended to sell his commission, but, from time to time, had delayed doing so, and now, alas! it was too late. With many a bitter pang, he tore himself from his wife and child, promising to write frequently, and endeavouring to console Henrietta by expressing his belief that the war would not last long, and that then he should return never again to leave her. He was gone; and, for awhile, Henrietta felt his absence severely, but her friends were unremitting in their attentions, and the gay round of pleasure into which she was now led afforded but little time for painful recollections. At home, the mornings were generally spent in paying or receiving visits, and dinner parties, routs, balls, concerts, and the opera, beguiled the remaining hours. This may seem a strange mode of life for one who was a mother, but the picture is nevertheless perfectly true, and, we regret to say, is merely an every-day scene in the lives of our aristocracy. The attention to domestic duties is unfashionable in the extreme, and vice has become as common among the inhabitants of St. James's, as St. Giles's, with only this difference, that among the former, it is disguised in splendour and elegance, whilst among the latter, it stands forth in the loathsome attire, which properly belongs to it: but to our tale.

Among the male friends of Henrietta, there was not one who possessed more completely the *entree* to her society than Lieutenant Danvers. He was at all her parties, accompanied her to the opera, was sure to be seen at every rout or ball she went to, and found ready admittance to her house at all hours. Scandal was busy in sullyng her reputation, but she knew it not until, accidentally glancing over one of the daily journals, she found her conduct pourtrayed in such colours as gave it the appearance of decided criminality, and then it was that, for the first time, she owned to herself a passion for the heartless and wily Danvers. Ever since her husband's absence, he had exerted every art to win her affections and effect her ruin, and now, as a last resource, he had with fiend-like artifice, penned the paragraph in question, and obtained its insertion in one of the most fashionable papers of the day. Possessing a sound knowledge of human nature, he well knew that to make his victim feel herself thoroughly degraded was, after gaining her affections, the last step towards completing her destruction. He succeeded; and to give some idea of his cool, heartless baseness, be it known that since Templeton's absence, he had maintained a correspondence with him, reminding him of the

happy days and hours they had spent together, and expressing the greatest desire for his speedy return to England ; an event which was much nearer at hand than could reasonably be expected. One morning, he entered Mrs. Templeton's drawing room and found her reclining on the sofa ; an opened letter lay at her feet ; her face was buried in the cushion, and she was sobbing heavily. A glance at the handwriting told him that it was that of her husband—his friend whom he had basely robbed of every earthly treasure. Henrietta raised her head—and beheld her destroyer standing before her coolly reading the letter : he hurried towards her, but she shrunk from him with a shriek of terror, and fell senseless on the couch.

The letter contained fearful tidings—a treaty of peace would speedily be concluded between the hostile powers, and soon, “very soon,” continued Templeton, “I shall return to my happy home, and pass a long and blissful life with my own adored Henrietta.” Alas ! how little did he suspect that the bliss he anticipated had been nipt in its bud ; that the sunshine of his days would now be changed to utter darkness, and that his only companions, during the short span of existence which was allotted him, would be sorrow and despair.

Peace was speedily concluded, and scarcely had it been officially announced, ere Templeton again set foot upon his native land. At Dover, while waiting for post horses, a newspaper was handed to him, and, glancing over its contents, he read the following announcement. “Considerable sensation has been excited in high life by an elopement, which took place yesterday morning. The parties concerned, are a Lieutenant D——s and the beautiful wife of Captain T——n, who is now abroad. We understand the gallant Lieutenant is, as usual in these cases, the bosom friend of the lady's husband. It seems that, just before the present war broke out, the Lieutenant sold his commission in the army, and gave up fighting the battles of Mars in order to enlist under the banner of Cupid. Report speaks highly of the conquests he has gained.” The paper fell from his hand. Could it be possible ! Was it she?—the being on whom he so fondly doated, and whom he believed to possess almost an angel's purity. Impossible ;—but then the description of her seducer—the bosom friend ; yet, till now, Templeton had never heard of the immoralities here imputed. That imputation he knew was false, but yet the whole of the account, unless altogether a base fabrication, was sufficient to cause the most agonizing fears. The carriage was in readiness ; Templeton hurried hastily into it, and promising the postillions a hand-

some douceur, bade them spur their horses to the utmost speed. In spite of what to him seemed long delay at every stage, he arrived in London that night and found himself at the door of his deserted dwelling; now, alas! his home no more. All was dark within—he knocked violently, and presently the door was opened by an elderly female. A few words sufficed to answer his enquiry—the *elopement had taken place*. He drove off instantly to the house of Sir Thomas Harcourt; the family were on the continent and had been there for some months. He hastened to the hotel which Danvers was in the habit of visiting, and here the information he had received at his own house was fully confirmed, but no clue could be given to the route the fugitives had taken. Just as he was quitting the hotel, a friend accosted him from whom he learnt that it was believed the parties had taken the road to Dover. He instantly determined to continue the pursuit without an hour's delay, and his friend perceiving that he was bent on punishing the betrayer, agreed to accompany him. Very early the following morning, they arrived at Dover, but no such person as they sought for had been seen in the town. At last, one of the post-boys at the inn informed them that, two days previously, he had driven a lady and gentleman with a little girl, in a carriage to Deal, and from the description, Templeton had no doubt of the identity of the parties. The pursuers now hastened on to Deal; the fugitives had taken shipping for France. To France they followed, and received such intelligence at Boulogne as led them to believe that the guilty pair were stopping in the town. Templeton remained at the inn while his friend went out to make enquiries. After an absence of several hours, he at length returned. He had met Henrietta and her seducer, and had tracked them to their retreat. Templeton immediately dispatched a challenge to Danvers—it was accepted, and on reference to Danvers's friend, the meeting was appointed to take place on the following morning. Both parties, as may be conceived from the nature of their profession, knew well how to use a pistol with effect, and it was most likely that the affair would terminate in the death of one of them. Indeed, Templeton told his friend that he did not intend to spare his man, and that should either his first or second fire not take effect, he should insist upon a third, as, by the laws of duelling in such a case as the present, he was fully entitled to do. The appointed hour came, Templeton and his second were on the ground before their time, but it was not long ere Danvers and his friend made their appearance. The necessary preliminaries were immediately gone through, and the duellists took

their distance. Templeton had a white handkerchief tucked in the breast of his coat, one end of which hung out and afforded an excellent mark for his antagonist. His second, just before the signal was given, suddenly perceived this, and requested him to tuck the handkerchief in, but he obstinately refused to do so.

The word was given—they fired; but without effect. In fact, Danvers thinking that his antagonist would be satisfied with one fire had discharged his pistol in the air. Again they fired, and again without effect. A third fire was demanded by Templeton, and considerable dispute arose between the seconds as to Templeton's right to demand it, in the midst of which Danvers himself interfered, and expressed his readiness to concede the point. This settled the matter and the pistols were again loaded and handed to the antagonists. Danvers was now determined not to fire without effect. He was perfectly composed, and could almost make sure of killing his man if he chose to do so, but Templeton on the contrary was much agitated, and his hand exceedingly unsteady; in fact he was eager for revenge and literally trembled under the excitement of the moment. For the last time the word was given—Templeton's ball flew hissing over Danvers's shoulder and he again remained unhurt, while the former received his antagonist's fire in the breast (the handkerchief had been the mark aimed at) and with a convulsive bound from the earth, he fell dead at the feet of his second.

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In the attic of a wretched hovel, situate in the purlieus of Paris, was seated a young female whose dress bespoke the most abject poverty. Her looks were wild, her hair dishevelled, and a single glance told that her mental faculties were deranged. On the bed, by her side, was an open coffin in which lay a beautiful child, a girl about five years of age. The bloom had not yet faded from her cheeks, and there was an expression of easy repose about the form and features, which at first might have been mistaken for the effect of sleep—the deep and happy sleep of childhood—but alas! it was the still deeper sleep of death. The mother's gaze was fixed intently on the child; a rose was in her hand; and she sat plucking the leaves and strewing them upon the corpse, while tears streamed rapidly down her pale and sunken cheeks. At her feet knelt a boy about a year younger than the girl, whose fine open countenance was turned towards the woman, and shewed, by its strong expression of earnest entreaty, that he was endeavouring to arouse her from her present melancholy abstraction.

The wretched female was once the virtuous, loving, and be-

loved Henrietta Templeton; now the abandoned mistress of her husband's murderer, the elegant and fashionable Danvers, who, after living with her for several years, had at last become tired of her attractions, and left her and her two children to starve upon a miserable pittance, the wreck of her property, which he had squandered in gaming and debauchery. The child in its coffin by her side was her first-born—the only memorial of those days of happy innocence which so soon had fled for ever—and this was the day appointed for its burial. Presently a gentle tap was given at the door of the apartment, but the victim of crime heard it not. Again, still louder; but still it was unanswered. The door was opened, and the ministers of the dead stood before her.

"Mother," cried the boy, hiding his face in her lap, "they have come." She turned her head round wildly, and with a shriek of agony and despair, fell senseless on the coffin. The men removed her, and while some females residing in the house were busily endeavouring to revive her, the coffin was fastened down, and its trappings placed over it. After some time spent in administering restoratives, the wretched creature shewed signs of returning life, and became conscious of the sad task she had to perform. One of the men put the coffin on his shoulder, and she rose almost eagerly to follow it; the boy held his mother's hand, and thus they followed their conductors to the burial ground. She stood before the grave, her features fixed, and pale as marble, but when the body was being committed to the earth, she suddenly pressed her hands together, and falling on her knees before the grave, a faint murmur was heard to issue from her lips. The sound ceased; her hands fell—she was raised from off the ground, and staggered forward to embrace the boy, but, as if some horrid thought had seized her, suddenly shrunk back, and, with a fearful convulsion of countenance sank lifeless into the arms of those around her. Thus died Henrietta Templeton. May the history of her short but sad career prove a warning to all who wish to avoid both ignominy, misery and untimely death. Let the woman who once enters the broad and open road of vice escape them if she can—her utmost efforts will be useless.

A few days after Henrietta's death, she was buried in the same grave with that sweet child whose body she had so recently strewed with rose-leaves. The boy alone was now left; and as he stood, chief mourner over the double grave, so handsome, young, and helpless, the tears of the spectators fell in sympathy with his own. The house of a poor old woman named Borneau,

at which he and his mother had long resided, was now his only home. She had long since taken a liking to her little Edward as she fondly called him, and was determined that while she had a crust to share, he should never want. This was more than most women in her very humble circumstances would have done, but as she was a widow and had no children living, Edward might, she thought, prove in time a great comfort and help to her. Years flew by, and he grew both in stature and knowledge, but it was that kind of knowledge most likely to effect his ruin—the knowledge of vice, picked up by associating with all the young sansculottes of the French metropolis. Though thus degraded by the caste of society into which fate had thrown him, he not unfrequently evinced a proud and haughty spirit, by no means suitable to his condition, the fact being that he was conscious of not being in that sphere of life to which by birth he was entitled. He remembered, at one time, living with his mother in what he now considered absolute splendour, (for Danvers had not long left her when she died) and, in addition to possessing a miniature likeness of her, handsomely set in gold with a lock of hair at the back, surmounted by the initials “A. T.” (of which for a long time he could not conceive the meaning), he had in his possession numerous letters which he frequently attempted to decypher, dated from Woodlands Park, signed by Sir Thomas Harcourt, and beginning “my dear daughter;” others again signed “yours devotedly, Arthur Templeton,” but who this Mr. Arthur Templeton really was, little Edward could not possibly imagine. His foster-mother had read these documents carefully over, and had, long since, caused a letter to be written to Sir Thomas Harcourt, detailing the poor boy’s circumstances and condition, but that epistle was never replied to. She well knew, however, from what Henrietta in her anguish of mind had told her, that Edward was the child of crime—the son of her betrayer, Danvers, born soon after her elopement, but this knowledge she had very prudently, never imparted to the boy, who till his mother’s death, had always borne the name of Danvers, and was much too young to dream of making further enquiry. By some means or other (for most people are fond of gossiping about what least concerns them,) Edward’s illegitimacy became publicly known, and when he attempted to assume any haughtiness over his playmates, they did not scruple to taunt him with it in very scurrilous terms. On these occasions, he at first used to fly to his foster-mother and appeal to her as to the justice of such stigma, but the only answer he could obtain was that she did

not want to be plagued about it. This used to make him still more angry, and he would immediately return into the street, single out one of the most daring aggressors, and generally speaking, thrash him very handsomely. At last, some of the bigger boys began to insult him, and then, as he would not put up with it, he got himself handsomely beaten. Continued provocation and ill treatment at last soured his temper, and he determined to quit Paris altogether, in pursuance of which resolution he stole the packet of letters and papers from his foster-mother, besides helping himself to all the cash in her possession, and having hung his mother's miniature round his neck, stole off one morning before day-break.

Leaving Edward to pursue his wayward fortune, we must now return to the betrayer, Danvers. After deserting his victim, he returned to England, and having squandered away the remains of his fortune in extravagance and debauchery, figured for some time in the metropolis as a fashionable swindler, until at last, during a temporary absence on the continent, he was declared an outlaw, and thus compelled to absent himself for ever from his native land. He now assumed a foreign title, subsisted entirely by gaming, and at last became associated with a numerous party of gamblers who carried on their iniquitous practices at many of the principal cities in Italy and France; but his career was fast drawing to a close.

Having received information that a young English nobleman, a great gamester, had just quitted Venice to proceed to Naples, he and three of his companions instantly set out thither in order to ensnare him in their toils. Taking the shortest route, they traversed the mountains, and on coming to the centre of a narrow defile, suddenly found themselves intercepted by brigands. There were not many, and the travellers having considerable spoil about them and being themselves well armed, refused to surrender. Shot were fired on both sides, and Danvers's companions fell. Being himself unhurt, he closed with the brigand chief and attempted to wrest his stiletto from his hand. Some of the banditti would have fallen upon him instantly, but their leader bade them keep back. The struggle was continued for a considerable time, although the brigand being quite a youth compared with Danvers, and of a very strong muscular form, had decidedly the advantage. At last, the ruffian threw his antagonist, and as he fell, plunged the stiletto into his breast. He lay bleeding on the ground, partly reclining on one hand and wildly gazing on a miniature he held in the other, and which at the end of the struggle, had acciden-



tally fallen from within the brigand's vest. The latter stood over him watching the workings of his countenance very intently. Suddenly, the dying man raised the trinket to his lips, kissed it passionately, and pronounced the name of Henrietta. "She was my mother!" exclaimed Edward, (for it was he) "and you?"—"I," murmured Danvers, death fixing his features as he spoke—"I am your father and her destroyer—and now—at last—in justice to her—you have become 'THE AVENGER.'"

S. H.

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 MEMORY.

Thou greatest bane or blessing man can feel,  
 While eagerly life's toilsome path he treads;  
 Which either weal or woe around him spreads,  
 How potent is thy influence none can tell.

From thee a radiant joy will oftentimes spring,  
 When all of past is pleasurable thought;  
 Then bliss extatic thou to man doth bring,  
 Which but of that enjoy'd in Heav'n falls short.

But if our by-gone days thou dost recall,  
 With but a bursting bosom's tale, to tell  
 Of mighty woes which do the breast enthrall,  
 A murky sorrow, like some with'ring spell  
 Draws round the heart, and chases far away,  
 The relics of each feeling bright and gay.

D. A.





**THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.**

## THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

“Why did she love him?—curious fool be still,  
 Is human love the growth of human will?  
 To her he might be gentleness;—the stern  
 Have deeper thoughts than our dull eyes discern,  
 And when they *love*, your dreamers guess not how  
 Beats the strong heart; though less the lips avow.”

“There is George Hamilton and that dark, forbidden stranger—friend of his, coming across the meadow,” said Jane Melton, as turning hastily from the window at which she had been standing, she seated herself at a table where her two elder sisters were busily occupied, the one with her needle, the other with her drawing, and added, “I hope to goodness, girls, they won’t come here, for I cannot bear that Dudley, as George calls him, he looks so ferocious, except—except when—he——”

“What?” exclaimed Elizabeth, laughing gaily; “how am I to interpret all this hesitating and stammering? pray explain yourself.”

“Well then, Lizzy, except when he looks on our Anna, and then his countenance relaxes, and, his eyes change their expression of wild ferocity to one of such sweetness and softness, that I could almost love him myself, but then in another minute he looks so terrible, that I quite shrink from him.”

“God forbid that you, or any one else connected with me, my dear Jane, should love so mysterious a being as this Dudley, whom I much fear is but a sorry companion for George,” said Elizabeth, bending a piercing glance on Anna, who leaned over her drawing to conceal the burning blush that tinged her cheek, and the involuntary tear which sprang to her eye.

Ah! I thought how it would be; here they come, look Elizabeth,” exclaimed Jane.

“Anna, dear, go and seek mamma, will you,” said Elizabeth, anxiously, and the gentle girl had scarcely time to make her escape, ere the gentlemen entered.

The fine black eyes of Dudley rolled round the apartment with evident anxiety, and then drooped with an expression of disappointment but too visible. He was a tall, noble figure, and possessed features at once elegant and repulsive; as Jane had remarked, there was a ferocity in his wild glance, which nothing but unusually softened feelings could change; it was one from which most would shrink appalled, but it had a power which none could appreciate unless they had experienced its

influence it might be likened to that the savage breeds with the reptile which steals upon his path, and by which alone he possesses a spell to subdue it. Anna Melton had felt that mystic power, she was wrapt in the delusive wiles of the stranger; and opposite as were their natures, she deeply, devotedly, madly loved him. And he knew it; although but twenty-eight summers had shed their glories upon his head, yet was Dudley better skilled in the workings of human nature than most men who had doubled his years; he was conscious of the extent of his own power—that it was irresistible; that like the mountain avalanche, it would sweep all before it, and he scorned not to exert it to the utmost, when opportunity or inclination became his guiding star. He had been the school-fellow and favorite companion of George Hamilton, whose absence in India for some years had severed the intercourse for a time, but his return had re-united the chain of friendship, and they were again almost inseparable; alas! George knew not all, or his noble spirit would have shrank from association with Lewis Dudley. Mrs. Melton was the widow of an officer, who had fallen in the Peninsular wars, and she had retired from fashionable life to a country retirement to educate her daughters, and economize upon the small independence she fortunately possessed. The family of George Hamilton had long been intimate friends of the Melton's, and thus it was that the young man possessed not only the *entree* of the house himself, but also the liberty of introducing a friend occasionally, and by this means the obnoxious Dudley had obtained a footing there, which he held with a tenacity the family could well have dispensed with: true, absolute rudeness might have had the effect of banishing him, but this Elizabeth strongly objected to, as involving the risk at least, of offending George, who had long been her affianced husband, and whom a few months would make so in reality. Mrs. Hamilton conceived Dudley too repelling ever to excite affection in the breast of any female, much less her own sweet retiring Anna; she had even expressed this opinion, but she saw not the blush of indignation that suffused her daughter's cheek on the occasion, or she might have been led to exert a more than common watchfulness. Dudley had never spoken of home, parents, sisters, or aught relative to his situation and connexions in life; he was generally cold, haughty, and reserved, and a passionate love of music, seemed to Mrs. Melton, Elizabeth, and Jane, the only link connecting him with social humanity; but there existed thoughts and feelings beneath that freezing exterior, which, if exposed, had astonished those whose

shallow penetration failed to fathom them; the heart that cherished them was not radically depraved, but its native purity had been sullied by collision with an evil and sinning world. Such then was the being who now paced the apartment, (to which we have already introduced our readers) with quick and uneasy steps as if regardless, or at least unconscious, that it contained any save himself. The lively Jane gazed on him with a look in which dislike and scorn were mingled, but he either heeded, or saw it not, for his countenance still wore the impress of deep thought and entire abstraction.

"A pretty humdrum party we are this morning, in good truth!" she exclaimed, after some minutes silence; "there is George twirling his thumbs and sitting so still and saint-like, one would imagine he had committed some heinous crime, and was performing penance, while Elizabeth fidgets with her work, and sighs, and reflects his looks as if she were a mirror—a detectable pair truly. Then there is Mr. Dudley, pacing the room with mechanical and melancholy precision; looking very much as if he had lost something, (I don't pretend to *guess what*) and was endeavouring to find it, while I, like a caged bird, am longing to be free, that I may wing my flight over the bright green meadows which gleam so invitingly yonder, in the warm sunshine! Ah! Lizzy, Lizzy, there is a gorgeous butterfly on that rose-bush; what a treasure for our collection; b. a beautiful creature! I must have it," and opening one of the long windows that led to the garden, away she bounded, her bright ringlets streaming on the light summer-breeze, and her footsteps scarcely bending the green sward beneath them, while the merry-hearted George, eager for a frolic, sprang after her, and both were lost to sight in an instant.

"Happy, happy hearts; Oh! how beautiful is innocence," exclaimed Dudley, mechanically turning from the window, and speaking unconsciously aloud. Elizabeth raised her eyes and gazed upon him; his cheek was pale, and his lips quivered visibly.

"Gracious heaven, Mr. Dudley, you are ill, very ill!" she alarmedly exclaimed; "what can I do, what can I get for you?" and her hand touched the bell-rope.

"Nothing, gentle Elizabeth, nothing;" he returned, recovering himself by a violent effort, and staying her hand, "it was but a momentary pang that shot athwart my brain; perchance the memory of some by-gone hour; there are few, lady, who have not some bitterness mingled with the honey of existence." "Your words are but too true, sir; alas! how often by our

own headstrong follies do we forge the very links that are destined hereafter, to fetter us to remembrances which can produce nothing but unavailing sorrow, and undying remorse.

The full dark eye of Dudley quailed beneath the unwavering look which Elizabeth bent upon him; he spoke not, but sighed heavily, and leaned over Anna's drawing to conceal the deep emotion that agitated him, and she fancied she beheld a tear fall on the sketch he was examining. The unusual absence of Anna, annoyed Dudley more than he cared to allow, even to himself; he had heard from Jane that she was at home; why then did she shun him?—could it be that he had deceived himself, and that Anna only smiled upon him in friendship?—No, no, it could not, for when her mother and sisters had looked coldly on him, her greeting was always the more gentle, her glance the more kindly, as if she would fain soften the pang their unkindness necessarily occasioned, and at these moments Dudley's heart had glowed with emotions, which were both new and beautiful to him, and he resolved to encourage the blissful dreams that almost etherialized his spirit, even although they should but prove a spell of misery to darken his hereafter with unceasing gloom. He had sometimes indulged in visions of future happiness, pure and unalloyed, with Anna Melton, when she should be his beyond the power of mortal to divide them, and the difficulty of obtaining that desirable consummation had weighed heavily on his soul; the coward heart, albeit, undaunted by difficulties or dangers, sank for a time almost despairing, until the fatal penetration, with which mankind are so eminently gifted, taught him that she loved with all the pure devotion of woman's first affection. Mrs. Melton's approval, he knew, would never sanction their union, and there was only one course for him to pursue; he must win her without demanding that, or not at all: delay, he perceived would be dangerous, and he at once determined to take a decided step towards the accomplishment of his wishes.

It was evening; the sun had shed his last rays over the earth, and the tops of the tallest trees, only, were tinged with his departing glories; twilight was stealing gradually over the eastern heaven, and the small birds were one by one hushing their music into stillness, and all, save the nightingale, hastening to repose; it was in truth,

"The hour when fancy and remembrance weave  
Their fairest tissue of enchanted dreams,"

when Anna Melton, leaning on the arm of Lewis Dudley,

strolled in deep conversation through the grove which formed part of the grounds surrounding Mrs. Melton's habitation. Anna spoke, long and earnestly she spoke, but her voice was low and broken.

"Why do you urge me to take a step which must prove the grave of our mutual hopes," said Dudley, in a reproachful tone; "do not your mother and sisters regard me (*me* the unoffending in word or deed) with hate and distrust? would they not spurn me from their doors, merely for the crime of loving you, could they do so without a sacrifice of self? do they not, I repeat, look on me with suspicions as degrading to themselves, as injurious to me; and would they *dare* trust your happiness with one, who although he would willingly forfeit existence to save you a momentary pang, could scarcely gain credence even were he to do so?"

"You are too hasty in your judgment, dear Lewis, indeed you are; my mother and sisters may be too anxious for my welfare, too watchful over my peace, but they are not, they *cannot* be unjust."

"This then, Anna, is to be the eternal barrier between us; I will not submit to plead, where I cannot command respect; it would be too great a sacrifice of that I owe myself. And now, Anna, farewell; I had thought my hopes at length rested on a changeless shrine; I had concentrated the whole store of my hoarded affections on one sole object; I had dreamed of long years of unalloyed bliss, hallowed by one smile, soothed by one divine, adored presence; the vision has fled, and left my heart, riven and desolate, but *how* desolate none can tell."

"Lewis, Lewis, stay, in pity stay, do not deem so harshly of me!" exclaimed Anna, catching his arm as he was departing, and drooping her head on his shoulder, she wept bitterly. Dudley smiled triumphantly as he gazed on the subdued girl, for he felt she was his own; heart and soul, his own.

"Nay, do not weep thus, lady, it will but make our parting the more bitter," he said, in a cold and haughty tone, following the advantage he had gained, "these tears ill befit one for whom so many brilliant prospects are smiling; go, then, and may you be happy; my love, at least is devoid of selfishness; in the glow of the sunshine you will, perchance, sometimes think of him to whom all seasons and all climates are alike indifferent."

"I cannot, *cannot* bear it," frantically uttered Anna, "aught but this—your coldness, your unkindness, your reproaches, I



would endure unshrinkingly; the bitterest trials of life would be light if undergone for your sake."

"And yet you refuse to make the only sacrifice I ask of you."

"Tell me once more what you wish?"

"I would have you fly with me, and become mine in truth, as well as spirit."

"And whither would you take me?—of your home, family, or situation in life, you have never told me."

"Nor shall I now, the future will reveal all you wish to know; but *love* admits of no cold, earth-like calculations. Say but yes, or no; the one will seal me yours for ever, the other banishes me to regions from whence I return no more."

A tremulous "yes," fluttered on the lips of the agitated girl.

"To-morrow, then, an hour after midnight, meet me here, alone; do not confide our purpose to mortal ear, but be punctual, and be firm. And now, adieu for a time sweet Anna, soon shall we part no more;" and pressing his lips to her throbbing brow, Dudley darted from her sight.

Hour after hour they journeyed on, and Anna began to feel more weary than she chose to admit, and as her physical powers failed, so did her spirit faint and sicken at the mystery which enveloped her. She was now the bride of Dudley, him she had so often heard called "the dark, mysterious Dudley," and for what strange trials might she not be reserved? He spoke, softly and tenderly, and Anna felt that talismanic power with which he had won her, resume its magic influence over her heart and soul, and home, mother, sisters, all, *all* were forgotten, save him, the first and only one who had ever excited an interest in her bosom.

"Welcome to your home, my sweet Anna, gem of my soul!" said Dudley, as the carriage stopped, and he aided his wearied bride to alight. One of the attendants rang loudly at the portal, and Anna gazed with silent astonishment on the moss-grown battlements of an ancient baronial castle, gleaming proudly in the white and soft moonlight: the hand of time had committed many ravages on the massive pile, and the wild shriek of the owl sounded gloomily from the ivy-covered turrets, while many a noisome weed sprang from those where the stamp of ruin was impressed in more legible characters.

The summons at the gigantic portal was at length answered by a rough voice from within, exclaiming—"Who goes there," and a kind of watch-word having been given by Dudley, the gates

creaked for a moment on their hinges and then flying open, the party passed into a large paved court yard.

"Welcome, right welcome, noble sir, and gentle lady; all is prepared within and awaiting the presence so long and anxiously expected," said the old man who gave them admittance.

"It is well, old man, it is well; you are ever attentive to your master's commands; deem not the less lightly of them henceforth, although they be uttered through gentler lips." And Dudley glanced on the trembling girl, who clung to his arm.

"Your will is mine, and as my fealty has been yours, noble sir, so shall it be your bride's;" and the old man ushered them into a large gloomy hall, lighted by one dimly burning lamp, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and which, as its feeble flame occasionally emitted a brighter ray, shone on a curious collection of ancient armour, instruments of war, and trophies of the chase, mingled in "most admired disorder" with those of more modern construction, and presenting an assemblage, singularly heterogeneous to the unaccustomed vision of Anna. A few men-servants whose rude appearance was ill-concealed by the livery they wore, stood on each side of the spacious apartment, and as Dudley and his bride passed between them, their muttered greetings echoed through the vaulted hall. At length they were ushered into a saloon of large dimensions, hung with tapestry, so old, that its now fragile texture fluttered in every breath of wind: a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and casting its red glare on the high backed chairs and grotesque furniture of the ancient apartment. A female attendant presently appeared, and conducted Anna to a chamber, of the same gigantic dimensions as the other, but wearing a greater air of comfort and a more modern appearance; too weary for curiosity or refreshment, Anna threw herself on the bed and slept, softly and calmly as infancy she slept, in despite of the mystery and singularity of her situation.

Leaning on the arm of Dudley, she next day explored the castle and its vicinity, and learned she was now residing on the coast of a county far, very far distant from her former home.

"You will perhaps be sometimes lonely, Anna," said Dudley, as they wandered on, "for we have few visitants at the castle: its solitary and romantic situation charmed me, and I purchased it, for I love not the world, the cold, heartless, unfeeling world! In this retirement I have been comparatively happy, and now shall be blessed, since I shall always have thy sweet smile for my greeting. Anna! I shall be often absent, but you must neither ask me why I am so, or for what purpose I go forth."

Anna submitted in silence, but many and bitter were the tears shed ere long, as night after night she sat waiting Dudley's return from his secret expeditions, for racked by fears for his safety and tortured by anxieties as to the cause of his frequent absences, repose was a stranger to her pillow even when she retired. Dudley beheld the rose fading from her cheek with feelings verging on distraction, but he never deemed *himself* the cause. The meek and uncomplaining girl held his wishes too sacredly ever to hazard an enquiry that might give him pain, and month after month rolled on in the same endless succession of fearful anxiety on both sides. At length Anna's feelings and thoughts were for a time, diverted into another channel; the beautiful affections of maternity assumed an almost undivided influence over her, and in gazing on the innocent face of her infant, she seemed nearly to forget all else. Dudley's heart warmed and expanded with the holy happiness his domestic ties shed around him, but still the unaccountable and mysterious absences which had so much alarmed Anna, continued without intermission; and although at periods the recollection of them weighed heavily on her spirit, use had accustomed her to them as matters of course, and she no longer felt that fearful foreboding of evil which had almost bowed her to the earth before. In vain did she seek to hear aught of her mother and sisters; all her letters remained unanswered, and even George Hamilton had ceased to correspond with Dudley. Anna was, as it were, isolated from the world; never, by any accident, did she behold a face unfamiliar to her gaze, within the castle gates; sometimes as she took an unfrequent ramble among the wild scenery without its walls, she met a solitary peasant whose uncouth manner and strange dialect, were ill-suited to her refined and gentle manners, and she seldom accosted them, but the mystery which enveloped every thing relating to her husband, the old castle, and even the very attendants upon her person, would occasionally give birth to conjectures so wild, vague, and fearful, that Anna started from the creations of her own imagination, but she was not destined to remain much longer in ignorance of the circumstances which she had so many months panted to learn.

One night, a dark dreary November night, when the wind howled through the trees in hollow stifful gusts, and the rain pattered drearily against the long narrow casements of the castle, Dudley returned much earlier than was his wont. Anna was still up, and sad and unhappy, was pacing the length of her apartment, ruminating on the strangeness of her destiny.

She had heard his summons at the portal, and prepared to meet him, when pale and agitated he entered the room.

"Anna," he wildly exclaimed, "this is no longer a fit place for you and our child; you must away, even before the castle clock tolls the midnight hour, for ere morning, a band of armed men will invade the so lately peaceful home of domestic happiness. Nay, do not tremble, dear one; if you love me, oh! nerve yourself to encounter the worst that may befall us."

"But you will go with us, Dudley; oh! in mercy say you will accompany us, and I am prepared for every evil, every misfortune, so that we are not separated," shrieked Anna, sinking on the ground, and clinging to her husband's knees.

"I could not leave thee, my gentle flower, and her, my precious babe, to brave the tempest alone and unfriended; ah! no, 'twere too great a stretch of human hardihood," uttered Dudley in a low tone of exquisite feeling, and laying his hand on the glossy ringlets of his kneeling wife, he bent over her, and silently invoking the protection of an invisible power in the hour of danger and distress, and Anna felt his warm tears fall fastly on her neck and brow. In less than half an hour Dudley, Anna, their child, and one female attendant, were on their way from the castle, travelling as rapidly as four fleet horses could carry them. After many hours incessant speed, they alighted on a lonely common, and Dudley taking the infant on one arm, and giving the other to his wife, desired their attendant to follow, and walked hastily forward, while the chaise, taking a circuitous route, dashed from their sight in a moment.

Ten minutes quick walking brought the little party to a low and mean-looking cottage, the door of which was opened by a man, whom Anna remembered to have seen among those at the castle, but whose name she was unacquainted with. The interior of the building corresponded exactly with the exterior, and the furniture was scanty and wretched.

"Anna," said Dudley, "you once said 'the bitterest trials of life would be light, if undergone for *my* sake'—are you still of the same opinion?"

"Can you doubt me, Dudley?"

"No, Anna, no, I cannot, after the many proofs you have given me of your fortitude, your forbearance, your affection! This, then, is one of those bitter trials; poverty—chill poverty is our only heritage for the future; you start—canst bear it, Anna?"

"Yes, oh! yes, and more—all—anything save this fearful

suspense; this racking, dreadful mystery; tell me, tell me all, and I will bless you."

"I fear me not, dearest; but to-morrow——"

"Oh! do not say to-morrow, Lewis; to-night were fittest!"

"Well, then, to-night; it will be sooner over; oh, God!" and Dudley pressed his clenched hand on his throbbing brow, and paced the small apartment with frightful rapidity. "Anna," he resumed, and stopping before her, he pointed to the infant that slept upon her bosom, "look upon that babe, gaze on its innocent lineaments; where yours and mine are intermingled; think upon the adamant chain with which that tender bosom links us to each other, pause on the happy days that have been ours—the virgin affection which you gave me, the unalterable truth of the heart I rendered in return—on our mutual vows plodged at the sacred altar—vows registered in heaven—and deep, black, base, as are the injuries I have heaped upon you, do not, oh! do not, *curse me!*"

"*Curse you, Lewis,*" uttered Anna, in the low deep tones of suppressed agony, "no, no; did you even deserve my malediction, I could not, would not, *curse you.*"

"My own Anna, I will not fear to trust you," said Dudley in a calmer tone, "yet, when I look upon you, the young, the pure, the beautiful, I hate myself for the selfishness which has torn you from a peaceful happy home, to share the fate of a lost, proscribed, and guilty wretch. Once, Anna, I was innocent, ay, even as yourself, but that time is buried in the illimitable ocean of the past, and the same wave that swallowed my honor and innocence, engulfed my every hope of happiness; for I cannot gaze even on you, my Anna, without the bitterest pangs of remorse goading my spirit almost to madness. But, I will no longer court concealment; perhaps the revealing of my faults, my follies, my *crimes*, if ye like, will, in some measure, relieve me of the weight which presses on my heart, almost unto death."

"Know, then, Anna, that at a very early period, long ere youthful inexperience had subsided into sober and calculating manhood, I was left by the death of my natural protectors, to the guidance of the headstrong passions which their unbounded indulgence had unhappily fostered, until they became the bane of myself, and all in connexion with me."

"The curse of wealth (for such I am fain to term it) was mine in an unusually profuse degree, and it was my ruin. Extravagantly fond of pleasure, while yet a mere boy I became an adept in, and devotee to, the most popular follies of the fashionable demi-

sphere in which I breathed; I was courted and caressed by all. My gold won a passage to every heart, whether it beat in the iron frame of man, or animated the breast of gentle woman; but it almost seemed the diviner affections of our nature were denied me, or, at least, imparted only in a concentric degree; the *one* friend, (I cared for no other) for whom I had felt an intense and all-absorbing regard, was honorably toiling under the burning sun of an eastern clime, and if I smiled on beauty, it was but as a moonbeam, reflecting light, but lacking warmth. Plunged in the most absurd and mad extravagancies, striving by my splendour and munificence to astonish and outvie the most wealthy of the gay and titled throng that fluttered round me, riches soon found themselves wings, and while even yet I deemed my treasure inexhaustible as the purse which embellishes the fairy tale of childhood, I found myself—what?—*beggared*.

Too soon the fact became public, and among all the throng who had shared in my prosperity, and followed me even as my own shadow, not one would extend a saving hand; my gold had fled, the glittering chain of their attachment, and it, as a consequence, was riven, until each link was solitary, as if it had never known companionship. The sycophantic crew! The gaming table was yet a resource; often had I been pillaged of thousands at those execrable haunts of crime and misery; and why should I hesitate to endeavour to amend my fortunes in the very scenes which had so materially aided in devastating them? This, Anna, this was the sophistry by which I endeavoured to reconcile my reason and feeling with my diabolical purposes, and I succeeded in stilling my conscience for a while. My few remaining guineas procured me the *entree* of a fashionable establishment, the scene of many a dishonourable, vile, base transaction, and there, for a time, I succeeded to my utmost desires; but the punishment of iniquity if tardy, is sure, and the den of ruin was ere long, by the vigilance of the police, discovered and abolished. Then did myself, and a few of the most daring of my associates turn to a desperate resource as most calculated to supply our necessities for the future. For that purpose, we purchased the old castle from which we have so lately fled; its contiguity to the sea, and the vast subterraneous passages beneath leading to the ocean's verge, favoured our plan in no small degree, and there, for years, we have carried on an extensive contraband trade, myself, the guiding spirit of the crew. Thus, while to the world I have seemed but as other men, have I trucked a path so fraught with infamy, that it

scarcely dare contemplate it, lest the recollections that throng hurriedly upon my brain, should hurl it to madness: but to my narrative,—How I became acquainted with yourself, my own Anna, you are already unhappily aware, but blame not the deep love which blinded me to everything save the bliss of calling you mine. It was not your beauty won me, Anna, worthless as I am, but the kindly smile, the gentle words which were my welcome, when all else looked coldly on me; these, it was, that inspired that unfathomable affection which induced me, fiend-like, to lose all consideration for any save myself, and has brought you to this desolation,—yes, desolation, for, but last evening, our practice, our haunts, ourselves, were discovered, and I, the leader of those bold hearts, compelled to fly like a craven, leaving my castle to be sacked and polluted by the bloodhounds of justice, nor dare to lift a hand in defence of mine own, lest the stain of my infamy, by becoming public, should cling to the treasures of my bosom, my guileless Anna and her child. Here, dearest, we may rest in peace; humble as is this roof, it will yet afford us shelter, if, after the disclosure I have made, you dare still to associate your fate with one whose greatest crime, amid the list that rise in fearful condemnation against him, is that of having lured an innocent and confiding girl from the peaceful and sacred home of her widowed parent, to breathe out a weary existence in the heavy atmosphere of poverty and wretchedness. Anna, choose!”

“What would I not sacrifice for the father of my child?” exclaimed Anna; and throwing herself into her husband’s arms, she wept forth upon his bosom, the feelings she could not speak.

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It was night, and Anna sat within her lowly home, lonely and sad; her first-born knelt before her, its young head bowed upon her knee, and its gentle voice lisping its innocent vespers in low-toned and simple words, while the mother’s hand rested upon its glossy curls, as if imploring heaven’s blessing on it.\* An infant, a few months old, and beautiful as light, slept calmly by her side, but he was not there who was to Anna the sun of that humble cottage. She was changed, fearfully changed, by anxiety and sorrow; her cheek was pale, and her dress mean; the light golden ringlets no longer hung in luxuriant showers over her cheek, veiling its beauty as with a fairy shadow, but they were now arranged smoothly over her brow, and although

\* Vide Engraving.

detracting from the loveliness of her countenance, imparted at least, an appearance more sad and holy than in other days.

"Ah! why does he thus linger;" she mentally exclaimed, as she looked from the open casement on the moonlit landscape, "my heart is heavy to-night, I cannot rest; surely, surely, some harm must have befallen him. Alas! I sometimes fear the love he boasts must be but weak, or he would listen to my apprehensions, my entreaties, and leave this nefarious practice ere it ends fatally. Alas! how strange a destiny is mine, ever racked, tortured, maddened by the direst forebodings; here I cannot rest, I will seek him."

Anna placed her child on its humble pallet, and after watching till it sank into repose, stole forth into the bright moonlight. The soft air refreshingly fanned her fevered brow, and so deep a repose was on every object, that it almost extended itself to Anna's spirit, but it was with a sad, although sweet influence; she thought upon her mother, and the gentle sisters whom her heart longed with an overwhelming desire to embrace once again; alas! she knew not even if they existed, save in the recesses of her own fond breast. She glided unconsciously onward, wrapped in deep reverie, until the report of a pistol, at no great distance, roused her to recollection; she shuddered with instinctive dread; she felt that something fearful was about to happen, and that no human power could avert it, and impelled by this indefinable apprehension, she flew along the shore, which bounded the glittering ocean, almost unconscious that she did so. She threw a piercing glance over the wide waste of waters, and beheld a small vessel evidently making for the shore, which at the part she stood was wild, unfrequented, and bounded by black craggy precipices; Anna fancied that Dudley might be near, awaiting the little vessel, and she deemed the shot most probably some private signal. Determined to await the event, she crept beneath a huge rock, and seating herself on a fragment, rested her burning and throbbing temples on her hand, and watched intently the progress of the little bark. At length it made the shore, and at a shrill whistle given by one of its crew, and responded to from the beach, a boat was lowered, and two men springing into it, rowed rapidly towards the land. A tall shadowy form emerged from the shade of a neighbouring rock, which, with a death-like chill, Anna, in a moment, recognized as her husband; in another minute two or three men followed him, and after a brief consultation with those in the boat, the latter returned to the vessel, when the work of unloading their illegal freight commenced; yet all was silent as the grave, save the slight and oft-repeated dash of the oars,



whirling the placid moonbeams into countless stars in their rapid progress.

The work proceeded for some time uninterrupted, when a shout, which sent the life-blood back to Anna's heart in icy streams, broke on the stillness of night, and, as if raised by magic, a band of soldiery rushed from a concealment in the rocks, and commanded the contrabandists to surrender. For a moment they stood passively, as if paralysed by surprise; and then the voice of Dudley thundered out—"Never, never, while life is ours; on, brave boys, on; fight for your lives, your liberty; surrender, and the stain of a craven's death be on ye!" The words acted like a talisman, and the weapons of the combatants gleamed in the moonlight. With a wild scream, Anna, regardless of personal danger, and thinking only of her husband's peril, flew from her concealment, and rushed into the thickest of the conflict: the deadly weapon of his antagonist was pointed at Dudley's breast; she threw herself between them and received it in her own.

When Anna recovered from the long and perhaps happy insensibility which succeeded the events of that fatal evening, she felt as if awaking from a fearful dream, the circumstances of which she was unable to recall, although the consciousness of their dreadful nature most vividly existed. She was still in her own humble chamber, but yet the furniture seemed changed and wore a greater air of comfort; a low exclamation escaped her.

"Thank God, she speaks at last!" exclaimed a dear, familiar voice, and in a moment her sister Elizabeth stood before her.

"Elizabeth!—Dudley, my children, where are they?—how came you here?—I thought perhaps you were dead and my mother and Jane, but have I been sleeping, or am I dreaming now?"

"No, no, you are awake dear, dear Anna," said Elizabeth, leaning over the bed and kissing her, "but you have been very ill, and must not fatigue yourself by talking."

"But Dudley and my children, sister?"

"Are well, quite well, dearest, and our mother, and Jane, and George, are here; they will be delighted at your restoration."

Anna burst into a flood of salutary tears, and in a few hours after she had once more embraced her mother and sisters, Elizabeth, (now Mrs. Hamilton) revealed all that had passed, the medical attendants deeming suspense and anxiety more injurious than the worst reality.

"We were happy to hear something of you, my own darling

Anna continued Elizabeth, "even although that something threatened to deprive us of you for ever. It was fortunate that Dudley had sufficient thought, in his fearful situation, to write the events to George, for he knew after his arrest that there were none to take care of you, and that unless aid was procured, you must perish. We came, dearest, and found your wound, through a most providential incident, less dangerous than we anticipated: the weapon struck on Dudley's miniature which you wore suspended from your neck, and after shivering the glass, glanced aside, thus rendering the wound less deep than it otherwise would have been. We have been here a week Anna, during which your insensibility has continued unbroken by a lucid interval, until now. In a few days we trust the galling, but alas! deserved incarceration of your husband will be ended, and he restored to you, for George is determined to procure his liberation, even by the sacrifice of half his fortune; and then, dear Anna, you will once more be happy, for Dudley has promised never, never again, to embrace this dangerous and dishonourable life, but in retirement to devote his existence to your future peace, for we cannot, after this generous interposition of yourself to shield him, doubt you will receive the penitent."

And Elizabeth was right: in a few days Anna wept the most delicious tears she had ever shed on the bosom of her restored husband, and heedless of all the sufferings he had caused her, gladly devoted herself to soothing the bitterness and gloom which the late events had naturally diffused over his spirit.

After a few years spent in peace and honourable exertion in a foreign land, Dudley returned with his family to his native shores; a respectable and respected member of society. Yet was not the heroic affection of Anna doomed to oblivion, for on the lonely spot where her interposition saved his life, a husband's gratitude has erected a lasting memorial of the intrepidity and generous self-devotion of THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

MARIN.

### TO THE SELFISH ONE.

You bid me write, but bidding brings  
No spell to wake the minstrel's strings,  
For grief's chill dews have damped the lyre,  
And on the chords the tones expire.  
Nor hope, with all her tempting charms,  
Nor joy, that flings round hope its arms,

Nor love, that ever lives in bliss,  
 Nor friendship's clasp, nor passion's kiss,  
 Can ever more awake the strain  
 Had wont to soothe the minstrel's pain.  
 The world is false, and formed to be  
 The haunt of crime and misery;  
 'Tis but the ordeal fire, which leads  
 To bright rewards for virtuous deeds;  
 And we should on its trials look,  
 As on a swiftly passing brook.  
 Love—I have found a smouldering fire,  
 That proves the spirits' funeral pyre;  
 Friendship, a sunbeam darting light  
 When fortune shines, but taking flight  
 When fate brings on misfortune's night;  
 Thou needst' not fear the blot of those  
 Who on hope's treacherous couch repose,  
 For thou art one of those, who steel  
 The heart to all man ought to feel;  
 And, in thy selfishness of soul,  
 Remov'd from feeling's wild control,  
 Safe and secure thy course is steer'd,  
 None loving—and—to none endear'd.

EMILY BIRD.

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 AN OCEAN FANCY.

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 BY EMILY BIRD.
 

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Wide waste of tumbling waters! treach'rous deep  
 Veiling with placid brow dire shapes from sight;  
 Sweet is thine aspect now, and softly bright!  
 But, like the lion from his startled sleep  
 Rousing in wrath, anon thy waves shall wake,  
 And, casting off their gentle slumbers, take  
 The form of fury in its fiercest sweep!

Wild roll the billows now, for lo! the night  
 Descends in darkness o'er the surgy scene;  
 And the faint stars from out their cloudy screen  
 Throw on thy breast a dim religious light,  
 That bring's to fancy's gaze with threatening mien  
 Dark grisly monsters from their coral caves,  
 To sport in anger o'er the sullen waves.

## THE CITY OF THE SOUL.

*(Concluded from page 352.)*

In order to avoid these horrid nuptials, which after the death of Chetar, she ~~must~~ <sup>must</sup> take place, the unfortunate girl, on the morning of the day which was to have seen her Queen of Nerbuhl, and of the lovely island of the Learned, drowned herself in one of the great baths of the palace. Shortly afterwards, the monster Nerbuhl, perished by an unknown hand, and in a manner, which after the murder of his father, was singularly and justly retributive. A vase of the loveliest flowers was one day placed in his chamber, by whom was never discovered, but probably by some disconsolate admirer of the unfortunate Tryamena; Nerbuhl, when in the act of inhaling its delicious odour, was seized with convulsions; torrents of blood gushed from his nostrils, eyes, mouth and ears, and he fell ponderously upon the marble pavement of the apartment, *poisoned* by a subtle powder probably now unknown, a blackened, ghastly corpse! But vain were it to attempt any description of the horrible wickedness now perpetrated daily and hourly, and as much in public as in private, in the *City of the Soul*: men had no fear of the gods before their eyes, and their very knowledge was employed but as a means of annoyance and destruction against each other. Inventions, suggested it is said, by the bad spirit, dilapidated the beautiful city, and destroyed many of its inhabitants: whilst HE stalked *visibly* through its streets and squares, its palaces and houses, its woods, and its gardens! He animated with his legions the colossal sculptures which adorned it, and received the trembling homage of a terrified and deluded multitude, who, cowering, humbly deprecated the fierce malice of the evil one, whilst they madly threw off all allegiance to, and spurned the protection of, the mild and merciful divinities! These, justly incensed, and perceiving that the Island of Mauriga-Sima, and the City of the Soul, were foul blots on the fair face of creation, resolved to destroy both! Yes, the die was cast! the irrevocable decree went forth, the sanctuary of learning, liberality and crime, was doomed to irremediable destruction; whilst its inhabitants, immersed in guilt, still persisted in their criminal career, disregarding the fearful omens which indicated the impending anger of Jehovah, or, according to their former creeds, of gods. For many months so dense a

cloud of vapours enveloped Mauri-ga-Sima, that it could not be discerned from this, or any of the neighbouring Isles; thunders rolled, and lightnings glared above the heads of the devoted inhabitants; the earth rocked violently beneath their feet, shaking down columns, statues, and palaces, under which many hundreds of individuals found a grave; fire spouted in torrents from the ground; hail, rain, and snow descended from the skies; the ocean, calm and lucid as usual round the neighbouring Islands, rushed and roared in eddies, whirlpools, and billows mountains high, round Mauri-ga-Sima; it was impossible to approach the fatal island to render any sort of assistance to its inhabitants; neither could any depart from thence; the learned men however, in general, far from being terrified by these evident symptoms of divine wrath, employed themselves to discover the *scientific causes* of the *meteorological phenomena* with which they were visited; but some few it is said, quite terrified out of their philosophy, in attempting to escape were sucked into a vortex, or overwhelmed by billows and water-spouts. These wretched people, therefore, were obliged to be left to their fate, whilst the hearts of their neighbours quailed with astonishment and terrors. And lo! one midnight a fearful cry was heard! a cry which seemed to seek the uppermost heaven! a cry which caused the slumberers in the undoomed islands to start from their couches, and rush in multitudes to the sea-shore; that night had the moon and stars turned their bright glad eyes from earth, unwilling to behold the punishment of the guilty; but, from the spot whereupon men knew the Island of Mauri-ga-Sima to be situated, arose, for many minutes, broad, terrific columns of red fire, with sparks, smoke, and a mighty noise, which, in a little while vanishing, left the spectators involved in darkness, whilst a horrible stillness succeeded the supernatural uproar. When morning awoke, a bright expanse of ocean shone calmly beneath the radiant sunlight, but the crystal waves danced over a *mighty kingdom*; far below them laid the Island of Mauri-ga-Sima, the incomparable City of the Soul, and all its wise but wicked people!

"Such is the account," continued Kian-tsee, "given by oral tradition of a unique nation, and of the singularly dreadful catastrophe which befell it, in confirmation of which it must be stated, that even to this day adventurous men (chiefly fishermen and divers by profession) occasionally bring up from the sea-depths about the spot, also noted by tradition as the site of Mauri-ga-Sima, relics of such an Island and such a City. Amongst these some of the most valuable have been for some

years porcelain vases and cups of various kinds, but all so far excelling the present admirable manufacture of that article in our neighbouring continent, that they are bought up with avidity by the Chinese, and at exorbitant prices, for the special use of the Emperor and Imperial family. It is the endeavour of the Chinese to imitate as nearly as possible, in their manufactory of porcelain, this of Mauri-ga-Sima, and truly in their best articles they are little behind the worst specimens from the City of the Soul; but all their ingenuity has been baffled in the attempt to recover the art of forming vessels possessing the curious properties of that from which you quaffed the invigorating wine of Mauri-ga-Sima."

"And that balsamic ambrosia," said I to the obliging Kian-tsen, "should be an article of far greater value than even the curious porcelain."

"It might become so," replied my physician with a smile, "if I chose to resign the right, now vested solely in myself, of finding and administering it; in order to explain which it may be necessary to state, that I am by profession one of those very divers for sea-buried treasure of whom, but now, I spoke. For some years I contented myself with earning a scanty and precarious subsistence, by the sale of the valuable porcelain, with fragments of marbles and metals, which I raised from the sunken island; for, I must observe, that the value of many articles being in proportion to their rarity, whilst great sums are sometimes given for them to their fortunate possessors, or, in this case, finders, yet many months, nay, even years, intervene ere he who has once had the good fortune to bring up a relic of the City of the Soul, from the great deep, shall do so again. On the whole I have been a fortunate diver, but chiefly so in discovering, thanks to heaven, the restorative properties of the wine which so delights you. Occasionally have been, and are even to this day, brought up by the divers and fishermen, some small vases and vials of porcelain and crystal, hermetically sealed, containing a liquid rosy red, which, after the poisoning affairs in the old buried city, we all were naturally afraid to taste. A stranger in Formosa, a European like yourself, and unacquainted with the deleterious quality of our water, came, some moons ago, to my humble dwelling, firmly, I believe, to die. Sick was he indeed unto death, and in a moment of maddening thirst, seizing one of these flasks which fortunately stood within his reach, he broke off its neck, and at a venture poured down his parched throat its contents. Miraculous indeed was the effect of this draught; and, need I say, that availing myself with judgment of the

precious secret thus accidentally put into my possession, ere I divulged it to the world myself, or suffered my convalescent lodger to do so for me, I obtained from the magistracy of Pao-on-ang, a permission answering to your European patent, for the sole possession and distribution of the hitherto neglected wine of Mauri-ga-Sima. A heavy punishment invades those who invade my right, and every one finding a vial of this invaluable elixir, upon honestly placing it in my hands, receives a handsome gratuity. Upon my demise the right will of course descend to my children, if, ere that event occurs, all the precious ambrosia of the sunken Island be not exhausted, which seems likely, because, though I have pursued since this remarkable discovery my trade of diving, with redoubled diligence, it is many many moons since I, or indeed any of my companions, have found a flask of this invaluable commodity."

"And can you not," said I, "upon analyzing it, discover the materials of which it is composed, and manufacture fresh?"

Kian-tsee shook his head sorrowfully, and replied, "no, señor, for I have told you that when, and where, this was composed, flowers and fruits flourished on the earth, of which no specimens have descended to us. The best chemists of China, Arabia, Persia, India and Turkey, have endeavoured to analyze the contents of some of these vials, and the result of their labours has invariably been expressed thus:—"*Materials enter into the composition of the elixir of the City of the Soul, the like of which are not now to be found on the bosom of the habitable globe!*" Here Kian-tsee paused, sighed, and rose to take his leave, apologizing, as I placed a liberal recompense in his not unwilling hand, for the prolixity and dullness of his narrative. I smiled at this little piece of affectation, and assured him that I had received equal delight from its singularity, and instruction from the fine moral lesson it conveyed; and, that when I returned to Germany, I would assuredly strive to impress on the minds of my scientific, philosophic, and speculative countrymen, the necessity of allowing *Religion* to form a part of their fanciful codes of morals, some of which were too insecurely founded on the chimerical idea, that man could arrive at perfectibility by attaining *human knowledge ONLY*, without the aid of *divine*. Kian-tsee departed, and I saw him no more, being obliged next day to quit Formosa, to which I never returned."

"Thus," remarked Fritz, "concludes my ancestor Haphe's narrative; and what, Altenburg, do you think of it?"

"Think," ejaculated the speculative student, taking the merschaum from his lips, "why, that affording as it does, in common

with many other fatal instances, a practical elucidation of the fallacy of my theories, I should be something less than a fool to persist in planning what are not less weak, visionary, and absurd, than wicked."\*

### THE FATAL ELOPEMENT.

Monimia was the daughter of Count Marini, a Venetian noble of great wealth and popularity, who, for many years, held a seat in the councils of the senate, where his talented and politic conduct gained him both esteem and admiration. Age, at last, enfeebled his powers, and he then retired from public life to his residence at Genoa; a fine old palace surrounded by enchanting grounds and orchards, commanding an extensive view of the sea, and containing every luxury which, to an individual of his rank and wealth, habit had rendered indispensable. The count was a widower, and the only object claiming his affections was the young and beautiful Monimia, on whom he doated with all a father's fondness. The youth and beauty of the maiden, together with her sire's acknowledged wealth, had attracted many suitors, all of some recommendations, but who was best qualified to make her happy, her anxious father had not yet determined. Many had been already rejected, not by Monimia, but by the Count; who was of opinion that he had as great a right to legislate for his family, according to the dictates of his own cool judgment, as he had to pass edicts for the regulation of society with the concurrence of a majority of his brother senators. Amongst the discarded suitors, about a year prior to the commencement of this narrative, was one Signor Ludovico Strozzi, a young gentleman of high birth and fortune, but of extravagant and dissipated habits. He was cursed with one of those unhappy temperaments which require constant excitement, and by giving way, without proper direction, to feelings too powerful for youth entirely to withstand, he became, in a short time, a professed and experienced gambler. It was at the commencement of his wild career that Ludovico Strozzi became acquainted with Monimia, and so devoted was the attachment which he, in time, felt towards her, that, had he succeeded in his suit, the whole

\* The tradition of sea-buried cities is common to many nations; but, the curious reader is referred to a note in Lalla Rookh for the notice respecting the Isle of Matri-ga-Sima, upon which the foregoing narrative has been partially founded.



course of his future life and fortunes would have been changed and fraught with unalloyed happiness. The Count saw his failings too clearly, and the young noble was dismissed. This disappointment was his final ruin; he had set his whole soul upon one object, and having failed, now desperately revelled in every excitement, however ruinous, which could for a moment dispel the memory of his misfortune. Ruin ensued; and Ludovico soon found himself deserted by all his friends, and pointed at by strangers as one of those beings who gain a precarious subsistence by fleecing the uninitiated frequenters of public gaming houses. Neither the Count nor his daughter had ever heard of Ludovico's degraded condition and thus had she escaped a pang which, to one who so warmly returned Ludovico's affection, would have been bitter in the extreme.

Amongst those suitors who stood most in favour with the Count, was Signor Alessandro Starza, a senator of high repute and fortune, whose greatest disqualification consisted in his having made considerable progress towards that "certain age" which, as a noble author says, no one can attain without being "certainly aged." To be explicit—Monimia was just turned twenty, in all the pride of youth and beauty; her suitor was nearly fifty, and possessed no charms but such as were of a very uncorporeal nature. Monimia respected him, she even felt a regard towards him on account of his talents and kindly disposition, but it was impossible that she could ever love him. He, however, became eventually the object of her father's choice, it was his will that she should marry Alessandro, and, as hitherto she had always been accustomed to yield implicit obedience, she bowed to this decision without murmur or remonstrance. It was finally settled that the bridal should take place in a few weeks, and Monimia was wisely endeavouring to imagine that she might, in spite of all discrepancies, be happy with her intended husband, when a circumstance occurred which turned her thoughts entirely from the wholesome channel in which they had been flowing.

Walking alone one evening on the beach, a sea-faring man, whose dress was characteristic both of the sailor and fisherman, suddenly advanced towards her, and putting a note into her hand disappeared again amongst the rocks almost instantaneously. The letter was from Ludovico, he had heard of the intended marriage, and intreated her not to consent to it; he would see her himself, he said, in a few days, and intreated her to pause till then. This note threw Monimia into great alarm and perplexity. At first she doubted whether she ought not

even to shew it to her father, but she eventually placed it in her bosom, and resolved to keep its contents secret. As may naturally be imagined, her former feelings in favour of Ludovico were aroused, and at times she felt almost tempted boldly to discard the suitor of her father's choice; but at last resolved to await the interview with Ludovico, though how, when, or where such an incident was to take place it was not possible to imagine.

We cannot always at the time trace a motive for every trivial action we commit, though philosophers assert that there must be one; nor can we undertake to say why it was that every evening since she had heard from Ludovico, Monimia had bent her steps towards the beach, and sauntered till dusk on the very spot where she had so mysteriously received his note. Certain it is, however, that this habit was pursued until one evening, just as she was about to leave the shore, her attention was attracted by a boat which advanced rapidly towards land. She stood watching its progress, and presently the keel grated on the sand. One only of the crew disembarked, and both his features and person were completely concealed by his cloak. He advanced towards her, suddenly threw the cloak aside, and discovered the form of Ludovico Strozzi. The meetings of lovers are always better imagined than described, and therefore we shall not enter into a narration of this interview; suffice it to say that Monimia returned home disquieted in mind, conscious of the wrong she had done in tacitly consenting to the interview, and hesitating as to the course of conduct finally to be pursued. Ludovico had proposed an elopement, should she accede to it or not? alas! she could not resolve. Weeks flew rapidly by, and the day appointed for the bridal was now close at hand. Ludovico would not forego his purpose; he had taken up his abode in Genoa, and was secretly resolved not to return to Venice without Monimia. It was true that he was a degraded creature, true that he was unworthy of so pure a being as Monimia, and true that he sought to blast for ever a flower of almost heavenly purity and beauty; but he loved, ay, deeply loved the being he sought to ruin, and possessed no generous feelings with which to counteract his selfishness. At every meeting between the lovers Monimia's affection became stronger than her sense of filial duty! At length the evening prior to her dreaded espousal arrived, and they met for the last time. Ludovico had not yet gained her consent. There lay the boat in which he had landed, his men were within hail, and in that little bark they might soon be at sea, far beyond the reach of all pursuers. Monimia thought of her aged father and wept;

Ludovico sought to console her, and entreated that she would consult her own happiness by instant flight, he would, he said; himself bring her back to her father's arms a happy bride, and all might yet be well. The maiden's agitation was extreme, "now or never," murmured her daring lover, leading the fainting Monimia towards the boat, and snatching up a whistle blew a sharp shrill blast as he hurriedly forced his prize on board. At the signal, two rough sailor looking fellows who had been long in readiness for this adventure, hurried down to the beach, then jumped on board and pushed off, the sail filled before the breeze, and the little bark soon became a mere speck in the horizon. On she went, bounding gaily over the foaming waves, and Ludovico now began confidently to anticipate the hour of landing on the shores of Corsica, where lay a vessel which would take them on to Venice. The night was dark, and a stiff breeze had sprung up; the forerunner of an approaching storm. The gale increased, and occasional flashes of lightning displayed the foaming fury of the surrounding billows, while at intervals, some threatening wave would break partly over the boat, and almost fill it with water. With all speed the water was baled out, and still the boat rode on, but should the storm increase, it was not possible that she could live much longer. Now came a tremendous flash of lightning, and Ludovico, who sat with one arm clasped firmly round the almost senseless Monimia, while, with the other he vainly endeavoured to keep the rudder steady, thought he perceived a boat at sea, and not far distant. It was so, the count was in pursuit of his daughter and her seducer—to save from destruction her on whom depended all his happiness—for whom alone he had gained wealth and honour, and with whom he would now gladly perish, rather than she should become dishonoured or debased. Was it so to be? or was the seducer alone to perish? Alas! that sometimes happens which seems to us at the moment, almost unwise and unjust, though on mature consideration we are convinced to the contrary—but to our tale. The boats were near each other; nearer and nearer they approached, and at last a sudden flash discovered the fact: this flash was followed by a thunder-peal which seemed the signal of destruction. Monimia shrieked, her father heard the cry, on the instant he gazed eagerly to see from whence the sound proceeded—another shriek followed, but nought could be discerned; again the lightning blazed around, a female form was floating near the boat, instinctively did the name of "Monimia" burst from her father's lips, and she, with a dying effort, convulsively raised her hand—another wave buried the maiden in

his abyss; the wretched father shrieked, and gazed upon the waters as though his glance should penetrate their utmost depth; the fragile form rose again close to the boat—he clutched it eagerly, and, with one instantaneous effort, snatched it from the waters. He gazed closely upon the features; it was his own lost Monimia!—he pressed her in his arms; her head sunk upon his bosom—he kissed her lips, but they were cold and lifeless.

The next morning a vessel entered the harbour of Genoa, and on the deck sat an old man, whose white locks floated in the wind. In his arms he held a female form, pale and lifeless, and upon it his eyes were fixed with almost fearful intensity. The sailors had tried to persuade him to let go the body, but he would not; at last, the captain reluctantly ordered it to be taken away by force. The wretched maniac spoke not a word, but kept his arms fast twined round his daughter; the men, as gently as they could, withdrew them, and while some held him back, they bore away the form of the beloved and beautiful Monimia. He watched them intently, while they carried their lifeless burthen from the deck; and as it disappeared, fell back into the arms of those who held him. His heart had broken at this last, sad parting.

S. H.

## WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I slept beneath the moony ray,  
And heard thee, Inez! tune thy lyre,  
To soothe the dreams that held such sway  
O'er this sad bosom's heart of fire:  
Mild were the strains that calmed the ire,  
Waked by despair within my breast,  
And soft the voice that bade retire  
The gloomy forms that banished rest.

Inez! 'twas but a vision blest  
That shone around my midnight bed;  
Far in the islands of the west,  
Thy music's dulcet sounds are shed:  
But ah! 'tis sweet, when day is fled,  
To meet in dreams the one we love;  
And when the veil of night is spread,  
In fancy far-off regions rove.

E. B.

## THE CHOICE OF A PARTNER FOR LIFE.

*To the Conductresses of the Young Lady's Magazine.*

LADIES,

Being a young gentleman who has neither turned Benedict, nor turned fifty at present, and residing less than a hundred miles from the suburban parish of Poplar, I was recently induced to avail myself of an introduction to the Literary Institution there, on a lecture night. The Lecturer was Mr. T. Cromwell, whose usual subject, at the Metropolitan Institutions, I had been given to understand, was Antiquities, but who was, for that night only, so strangely to alter both his tune and tone, as to descant on the "Science of Matrimony." (The wag who told me this, I should inform you, was well aware that, albeit, I detest antiquities, my interest in the subject of matrimony has been warming into enthusiasm during the six years past.) Well, I went, as I have said: and quickly found that, though I had been deceived on one point, the lecture being one of a course on the "Science of Happiness," not the "Science of Matrimony," the subject of matrimonial happiness *was* one of its leading features. And I do protest, ladies, that I was edified by what I heard to that degree, that, after taking not more than the next six years to digest the various points of the discourse, I really think I shall begin to look out for a wife. Meantime, it occurs to me, that as a large proportion of the very numerous young ladies I am acquainted with could not have been present on the occasion, since I did not receive more than twenty nods of recognition at most, I can be of service to the greater part of the remainder, (who read your Magazine, I know,) if you will permit them to hear the matrimonial part of the lecture through the medium of the abridgement sent herewith, which, I assure you, although an abridgement, was done from the original, with all the accuracy that my well-known skill at short-hand-ising sermons, public speeches, etc. would allow.

I am, Ladies,

With profound respect and admiration,

That established adorer of your sex,

CÆLEBS JUNIOR.

## THE ABRIDGEMENT AFORESAID,

BEING

*A Portion of Mr. Cromwell's Third Lecture.*

I am inclined to suspect, that the mere mention of my first topic for this evening, will excite a smile in some; it being that under which I shall attempt to lay down a few rules for happiness in *the choice of a partner for life*. I believe, the reason most folks see some ground for smiling at LOVE, when they are not themselves under its influence, (for that makes them serious enough) may be, that a certain portion of *folly* is usually thought to accompany indulgence in the sentiment. And—being, at the moment, I suppose, carried away by that strange notion—I did myself once note down, in a sort of common-place book that I keep, for the entry of thoughts as they arise in the mind, the following remark: “The history of the affection of the sexes, in perhaps eight cases out of ten, is the history of their making fools of themselves; and candour requires the admission, that of the two descriptions of fools, the *male sex* make themselves the greatest.” I know not what may be generally thought of this observation, but, I confess that, looking at the matter very solemnly, I cannot help thinking there may be a *little* truth in it. There have, possibly, been few people, who, when actually in love, have not said and done things, chiefly remarkable for their lack of the same people's ordinary discretion: and, perhaps, the enquiry whether all who have observed this, have been wiser than the rest of the world in the same particular, might be one which it would not be perfectly prudent to enter into.

Now, it might go far to relieve this passion of its supposed ridiculous circumstances—it might make it too *respectable* a thing to be laughed at—like the passion for getting money, which has always made a very respectable figure in the world—if those who fall in love, would only resolve beforehand, that *they*, in their own proper persons, and not the mere whimsies of their brains that are not themselves, should engage in so important a business. Who can help laughing at the man, who thinks that *he*, he himself, and of his own wise will, is doing a thing, when, all the time, were he not the sport of a mischievous delusion, he would see that a power, totally foreign to himself, (if he be a reasonable being,) the power of mere *situation* and

*contingency*, is leading him, (as he may afterwards discover,) where *he*, that is, his own proper thinking self, could not possibly have been led? Which explains a remark I some years ago met with, and that for awhile a little puzzled me—that “a large number of those who think they marry by *choice*, really marry by *accident*.” Two persons of opposite sexes are, by some capricious turn of the wheel of events, brought into each other’s society. But who will say, that is a reason for their *falling in love*, at least, till they have discovered whether it is their own proper selves that are doing so? which they may easily discover, by taking time to see whether the person they fall in love with, is actually the person whom their proper selves, unled by either whimsies or accidents, would choose. It is because they will not do this, that they make mistakes; which other people laugh at, and they repent at leisure.

But here, at once, the topic becomes serious. That repentance may be life-long, bitter, all but unendurable. They, who must endure it, have one consolation, indeed, if it be a consolation, that, whatever the consequences of their conduct, they had (or fancied that they had) their *choice*; and, what was more, they *would* have it. Wiser friends—people not naturally wiser than themselves, it may be, yet wiser at the time, through not being under the dominion of their feelings, *saw* those points of unsuitability in the parties, that must constitute the elements of misery, not happiness. They advised, remonstrated, but in vain. And now, though the home of the wedded ones be the scene of sullen heart-burnings, and mutual reproach, what matters that? *they had their choice*. Though their tempers be found utterly unharmonising, their pursuits ever-varying, their tastes in all things opposed, *they had their choice*. Though discord disturb the social meal, eyes flash anger beside the hearth, the din of contention be heard even by the passing passenger; though—sight for fiends to clap their hands at—the arm of fury be raised against the being, whom he that raises it has bound himself by a heaven-recorded oath to protect and cherish! still, still, what matters it? However repenting, disagreeing, hating, the *pair* are *one*, for—*they had their choice*. Oh! if there be a spot on earth, from which every solace is banished, where discontent dims the light of the sun, peace flies; and hope comes not, but torment racks the breast, and wrath works like madness in the brain, it is the domestic circle fully possessed by the feelings and passions I have described. And how is its misery exalted by the reflection, that that same domestic circle should, and under different circumstances would,

be the perfect home of happiness, the best type that earth can afford of a future home of more than mortal felicity!

Fortunately, the scene just sketched is one, that, in its strongest lineaments, comparatively seldom occurs; but, under innumerable modifications, it but too frequently is allowed to flit its hour upon the theatre of married life. Let not those, as to whom that life is yet with the future, act as though they *would* learn from nothing but the experience, which, in this matter, can be no benefit, since it can avail nothing. "Experience," an old proverb says, "keeps a dear school: but fools will go to no other." Alas! they, who are fools in nothing else, are often fools here: and their repentance, as often, is in the exact ratio of the strength of mind, the talent, and the judgment, they have displayed in every thing *but* marriage. I know not which sex may be said to suffer most from its imprudencies in this respect: but this, I think, may be said, (though it is a lamentable thing to say) that the most engaging qualities in each, are the most apt, through the want of discretion complained of, to betray the happiness of their possessors. They, who only marry so much *money*, cannot properly be said to look for happiness; for the hardest-set worldling and wealth-seeker, one would think, is not actually so ripe for Bedlam, as to consider money and happiness the same thing: and, therefore, they, whatever betide, can scarcely be disappointed. It is the sweetest and most disinterested affection misplaced, the fondest and most ingenuous hopes blighted, (met by sheer neglect and brutality) that, in the female, most commonly constitute wedded woe: it is a generous self-devotion, a "world well lost for love" sacrifice, a romantic resolution to give up all for the fair being, who seems to merit all by loving him, that, oftener than is imagined, I believe, lure some of the worthiest of the opposite sex into the ruin, not of their prospects in life alone, but the more cruel ruin of the heart, the anguish of seeing how they *have* given up all for one utterly undeserving. Neither were it easy to say which sex, in some cases, bears its calamity most silently, and, so far, most heroically, without a whisper to the world of its disappointment. The tears of the one are shed in secret; the health vanishes in wordless despair: the other plunges into the vortex of business, the whirl of dissipation, the lunacy of gambling, or the more maddening excitements of the bottle: and to death alone, who is beckoned on by each before his time, is revealed the consciousness of having had hearts, minds, affections, qualities, that, had they but met their like, would



have ensured happiness; that, meeting not their like, found language powerless to express their misery.

If I have now any auditors—I will presume at that amiable age called the *teens*—who, allowing all the evils of ill-assorted marriages, are inclined to think I have thrown the blame of them on the parties, who, all things considered, are the seldomest blameworthy; that *friends*—that is, parents and guardians, in most cases, are often far more culpable, in preventing blessed unions of hearts; and, moreover, are quite sure that *they* would be supremely happy with their dear Ernest, or Horatio, their sweet Angelica, or Rosa-Matilda, would the said parents or guardians only withdraw their frown of disapproval; I feel bound to inform them, that, in my humble opinion, the cases are extremely rare that would justify the views they entertain. Such have occurred no doubt; and the parent who really sacrifices the happiness of his child at the shrine of wealth or family aggrandisement, is a being too mean for anger, and, as lost to common human feelings, almost beneath contempt. But genuine love for their offspring, and desire for their real good, are so instinctive in the parent's breast—far more so, by the way, than filial affection in the child's;—that instances of this kind, I imagine, are to be found much more frequent in the pages of the novel, than in real life. I am a friend to a good, sound novel; I think, with a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, that few things in this world (in the way of recreation) are better than the companionship of such, when one would be otherwise alone in a long winter's evening; but I fear, the best of them, Miss Edgeworth's almost only excepted, have to answer for inculcating false notions on this head. Oh! the miseries that *they* pourtray, as befalling young lovers, adorned with every possible perfection of mind and person, and *only* wanting, on the one side or the other, that *equality of condition*, which, whatever youth and romance may fancy, is a very necessary ingredient to married happiness, and for want of which, the stern parent relentlessly says "no!" But they get married at last, and *then*—but there the book always ends: and did it never occur to the young novel-reader what a satire this conveys upon the perfections so glowingly depicted up to the very happy moment? With all those perfections, that *must* render them the most blissful of mortals when united, the writer dares not trust his pen to describe that bliss: and is it from no latent fear, that were he to attempt it, he must reverse the picture? Besides which, the perfections themselves are plainly too highly

coloured for anything resembling reality; and though the youthful reader may see and acknowledge this, they insensibly tinge the imagination with their glowing hues, and render the transference of those hues to some beloved *real* object far too easy. The staid parent is no party to this fancy-painting, and consequently, does not always regard his son's selected one as quite an angel, even by candle-light, and in her ball-dress; nor believe his daughter's admirer to be Adonis himself, in the guise of a military officer. And the novel is also too frequently the exemplar of an error, which, though the parent see it in its true light, young persons are of themselves too ready to fall into; I mean that of entering into engagements with each other, which some considerable period of time will alone enable them to fulfil. It really does happen infinitely oftener in the tomes from the circulating library than in actual life, that a fond pair are mutually smitten from their very childish days, grow up to man and womanhood without the infidelity of a thought, are separated by cross accidents, and perhaps by seas and continents, for five, ten, fifteen, or even twenty years; and then meet again, to find the lover's ardour as warm and unabated, the lady's charms as fresh and unimpaired, as though they had parted yesterday; while—yet more miraculous, perhaps—both, though neither knew whether the other were dead or living, have had their hearts as hermetically sealed against the insinuation of any other attachment, as though not a man or woman in the world besides themselves had existed. Rather than all this, I imagine the truth to be, that very few people marry their first loves; and that few, out of those few, are the happier for it; the reason for all which may lie in the fact, that boys and girls, however susceptible their hearts, have not always heads of equal sagacity.

If I am now asked to point out the qualities that appear most likely to insure happiness in marriage, I reply that, in this matter, it is much easier to direct what to avoid than what to choose. All must judge for themselves what qualities would best constitute *their* happiness in their partners; and, for happiness sake, I doubt not, the fancy must be consulted in the choice, as well as the judgment; only care should be taken that the fancy be not entirely captivated where the judgment cannot approve. The ingredients for happiness in marriage are necessarily as various as the dispositions, tastes, and even the virtues of the persons to be married. With some, for instance, it would not do, though with others it would, to follow the example of the Vicar of Wakefield, who chose his wife as she chose her

wedding-gown, simply for the qualities that wear well: they must also find a degree of *accomplishment* in their partners; in which case the danger will lie in their possible selection of *mere* accomplishment, a mistake that is sure to be rapidly betrayed by sober matrimony. With some, again, an exact agreement in tastes is a *sine qua non*, while this would pall upon others, who might prefer a little opposition in some things, were it only to give the charm of variety, through the pleasure of occasional mutual compliances, and an occasional agreeing to differ. There is, however, one quality, that I would recommend everybody to make a *sine qua non*; being that, which, if it be possessed but by one of the parties, will greatly tend to the comfort, if not the happiness of both; and, if both possess it, will secure their happiness under almost any circumstances. More than anything on earth besides, this quality will go far to harmonise the most conflicting tastes, and reconcile the most jarring tempers; to instil mutual forbearance, for which there will be a constant, however small demand, so long as people are not quite perfect in this world; to bid the voice of passion die in love, "like thunder broken into music;" to teach prosperity the lesson of mutual rejoicing with fear, and sorrow that of mutual consolation with hope. Oh! and I have seen how this quality has even reversed all the ordinary rules regarding wedded happiness, bringing blessing upon those who richly deserved to be unhappy. Sweetened by this quality, even the most imprudent marriage has brought joys, that its *victims*, as they are considered, would not exchange for all that wealth could purchase. This, it is true, affords not the smallest proof of the *wisdom* of those who enter into such marriages; for, scarcely in a single instance, perhaps, are *they* deliberate enough to perceive the gem they are about to possess themselves of, or do they catch a glimmering of it, can appreciate its after advantages. But what *is* the quality, the gem, the sovereign alchemy, that can thus turn loss into gain, make smiles of what should be tears, bestow the bright-green wreath of happiness where nought is won, or merited, but garments of mourning? I name it in the few, simple, sacred words, already repeatedly quoted in these lectures, "*an honest and good heart*;" that, the only sure foundation for true love as for true religion, the sovereign panacea for life's ills, and sweetest improver of its joys; the one solid, loveless basis, upon which can be built anything resembling permanent human felicity.

## THE VOICE OF MELODY.

*Addressed to a young Lady on hearing her play a favorite air. .*

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BY W. J. BROCK.

*Author of "Flowers of Hope."*

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Fair minstrel ! in those melting strains  
 Soft as the evening zephyr's sigh,  
 The spirit of enchantment reigns,  
 As if seraphic melody  
 On wings of love,  
 From realms above,  
 Swell'd the full chorus of the star-gemm'd sky.

That music in the poet's ears  
 Hath charms that cannot be express'd,  
 The same that oft in by-gone years  
 Hath lull'd my infant mind to rest,  
 When on her child  
 With aspect mild,  
 My earliest friend her tender kisses press'd.

Oh ! sing once more that favorite lay,  
 Sweet minstrel ! of the olden time,  
 Its numbers waft my soul away  
 To childhood's holier, happier clime,  
 Where hallow'd fances  
 O'er emerald plains,  
 Fling round the soul a mystic spell sublime.

There is a soft, a pleasing voice  
 In music, as it rolls along,  
 It bids the weeping bard rejoice,  
 And tunes his pensive mind to song;  
 It speaks of bowers,  
 Where smiling flowers  
 Scatter their sweets the fragrant grove among.

Seraph of music ! in those numbers,  
 Affection's sweet response is heard,  
 Bland as the breath of morning's slumbers,  
 Or groves with balmy zephyrs stirr'd ;—  
     The stream of thought  
     With music fraught,  
 Flows o'er the soul at love's enchanting word.

Rife with the gales of hope it bears  
 Sweet solace to the maiden's soul,  
 It speaks of coming, brighter years,  
 When vested in the bridal stole,  
     The sacred kiss  
     Of nuptial bliss,  
 Shall dry the tears that o'er the spirits roll.

Yes, lady, there's a language sweet  
 Beyond the ken of earthly minds,  
 A voice with magic tones replete  
 In music's swelling notes—that finds  
     Responsive strains  
     O'er emerald plains,  
 In youthful hearts—in love's Æolian winds.

The sable-cinctur'd throne of night,  
 With stars that in their orbits blaze,  
 Hath charms that may allure the sight,  
 Hath glories that demand our praise ;  
     The flow'r-clad hills,  
     Or murmuring rills,  
 Mid painted landscapes claim the poet's lays.

But oh ! those swelling numbers bear  
 More charms—more richly-laden *spells*,  
 On wings unseen, o'er fields of air,  
 Each whispering zephyr softly *tells*  
     The tale of youth,  
     Of love and truth,  
 When buoyant childhood track'd the flowery dells.

## DELICIOUS MISERIES OF SINCERE AFFECTION.

BY J. H. HUNT.

Inspido e quel dolce che condito,  
Non-e di-qualche amaro.—*Aminta di Tasso.*

The course of true love, it has been very admirably observed, never did run smooth. Guardians who are wolves, mothers who are griffins, fathers who are dragons, uncles who are boaconstrictors, and other relatives who make a point of being hyænas, are the causes of the turbulency of the stream of amatory life. And if, by any peculiar organization of the hearts of their respective relatives, there may be here and there found a lady and gentleman who exist simply for each other, and the consummation of whose worldly happiness, is not retarded by the various zoological endeavours of the large circle of their intimate kindred, such a couple are sure to put their heads together for the specific purpose of discovering or making a misery, which, however it may retard the progress of their mutual interests, they feel to be indispensable to the perfection of their love, and therefore, of their felicity.

It is very evident, from the following beautiful lines, that Shakspeare hit upon the same idea as ourselves, though he does not carry out the matter to its fullest extent, and, therefore, does not allude to this yearning for a self-created misery, which always distinguishes the loves of those who are free from every other:—

“ For aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth ;  
But either it was different in blood,  
Or else it misgraff’d in respect of years ;  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it ;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say—Behold !  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

It was extremely fortunate, in the case of Pyramus and Thisbe, that they had a brick-wall for their desirable impedi-

ment, otherwise there is no doubt that Thisbe would have been extremely consumptive, and that Pyramus would have been ordered with his regiment to India. The Hellespont was a similar blessing to Hero and Leander.

Neither is the luxury of this inconvenience a whit less sought after by our modern lovers. You shall behold a lady, beautiful, young, talented, amiable, virtuous, of high rank, and with enormous wealth. She is addressed by a gentleman, beautiful, young, talented, amiable, virtuous, of high rank, and with enormous wealth—and by another gentleman, beautiful, young, talented, amiable, virtuous, of high rank, and destitute to a fascination, of any superfluous means. The latter is sure to be the object of her election. *They* are hopeless of ever being able to effect a union—whereas the former gentleman offers immediate marriage. Between him and the former, therefore, there is just the difference that there is between prose and poetry. With the wealthy suitor, what fear can the lady possibly entertain that her hopes shall be blasted? She is to hope only for three weeks, and then the future reality of her life is to be established. The delights of acute suspense, anger, at imagined neglect, sorrow at parting, tears, fevered cheeks, pale lips, beating heart and aching head—she is to enjoy these delights for three weeks only. Would Petrarch, she reflects, have for one instant, tolerated the prospect of such immediate happiness? of love so divested of the luxury of woe. How could the poet have sonnetted himself, as he did, into so engrossing an affection for Laura, if she had nipped all his agony in the bud, by telling him to buy the license, on his first intimation of the feeling of admiration with which he regarded her. As Byron says:—

“Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch’s wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?”

But with the love of the poor gentleman, what a wide prospect of unhappiness does she not see developing itself before her—what gratifying disappointments are scattered over it—how deep the anticipated felicity of being compelled to gaze at the moon every evening, at eight o’clock, for ten years, while her lover, (who is struggling for a competency by means of buffaloes in the torrid zone) she has very excellent reason to imagine, is doing the same thing—how convulsing the delight to be afforded by that singular, mutual, and stationary twopenny post! What enjoyment to be found in the thought, that by the time her admirer has attained his competency, he may also have established his consumption, or that they may both be dying of

old age, or that he may be drowned as he is coming home with his money, or that he may be inconveniently deprived of it by a crew of inconsiderate marauders!

Then the letters to and fro! How his teem with devotion! How she can see her inspiration in all his thoughts and sentiments, and in the feeling with which he regards and talks about everything. What interest in the delay of an expected sheet of the magic foolscap. In the horrible conjectures which result from that procrastination! How she dreams, waking and sleeping, perpetually of general postmen. How his electrifying "Bang! Bang!" echoes through the most hidden recesses of her heart—living, as she does, in such a susceptible state of probable knockeries. How, with the whole power of a god, is the Red Man of St. Martin's Le-Grand invested—and yet, as the Italian poet (slightly parodied) very justly enquires,

"Chiedereria, che sotto umane forme  
E sotto queste spoghe of the government  
Fosse nascosto un Dio?"

The question is not in the least strange. But lovers all acknowledge the deity of the peripatetic man of letters. *She* watches for him from her window the live-long day. Her sun rises above the horizon when the edge of his red coat turns the corner of the street. He walks towards her mansion, (no doubt unaware of the fact) like a celestial messenger from the court of love. When he reaches the street door, the postman is at his meridian. It is a summer's day if he lingers there long; but if he pass it by, twilight steals quickly after him, and when the postman turns into Hanover-square, night throws her dusky mantle over the obnubilated earth, and flings her lifeless upon a contiguous ottoman—lifeless, but not in that final and excessive way, which would render it by any means necessary to institute a post-mortem examination.

What anxiety if a friend arrives from the far land of her lover's exile—with news, letters, and presents. Anxiety, but of what deep joy. Such occurrences give rise to some of the most attractive miseries of sincere affection. In what detail is the new arrival compelled to communicate, over and over again, his fund of precious knowledge. Six times he informs her that her lover is quite as stout as he was—twelve times that he takes wine with her portrait every day after dinner—twenty-four times that his housekeeper is

"Wretched, ugly, stupid, old, and poor"—



forty-eight times that he received her last letter but one—ninety-six times that he adores the puppy dog of her bestowal—one hundred and ninety-two times that he calculates upon paying her a visit in the spring—several hundred times that he writes verses to her every day—and several thousand times that he can really find nothing more to say upon the subject.

What we have adduced, indeed, in favour of the theory, that a vastly greater quantity of happiness is to be found in these unfortunate matches, than can possibly be distilled from those of a matter of fact felicity, we consider to be perfectly conclusive: a settlement of the question which we have not the least idea that any one will regard, otherwise than as indisputable. We have the authority of the greatest living poetess for saying, that married women “perish in forgetfulness. Be not won,” says Miss Landon,

“——— or thou wilt, like a bird,  
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,  
And perish in forgetfulness.”

This lady agrees with us, therefore, that there is not the least doubt that the years of wretched anticipation of this eventual happiness are delicious, but that the bliss itself is so far slightly negative, as to consist of a horrid incarceration. But, as this latter fact, to the few, may appear disputable, we shall prove it also, with quite as much facility and satisfaction to ourselves, and everybody else, as we have proved the former fact.

Having already proved that a pervading infelicity is essential to that very peculiar sort of bliss which may be termed the happiness of the affections, we have only to shew how much the married state assists to afford us perpetual contentment to make the world at large forswear anything so much at variance with a perfect state of humanity, so subversive of all poetical fascination. Suppose that the lady, of whose happy existence we have just given the reader a faint idea, suppose that lady had made election of the wealthy suitor, in lieu of the one who was so attractively destitute. After a mere three weeks' taste of the delicious suspenses of courtship, she is married to him. They depart for the bridegroom's seat, charmingly situated in a remote county. The honeymoon over, Lady Hamincourt begins to feel what is termed “settled.” Her hopes are all realized—the greatest object of her existence is attained. Blessed by the society of an amiable and attached partner—surrounded by all the elegancies of life—by her musical instruments, her paintings, and her books—courted by her acquaintances, be-

loved by her friends, honored by her domestics, and idolized by the poor of her neighbourhood,—Lady Hamlincourt ascertains that she has no one wish ungratified, nor is without the means to gratify the first new one that may arise. Poor creature! She is indeed deserving of the heart-felt commiseration of her fellow-creatures. Where are the little fears, the transient doubtings, the exciting obstacles of all sorts, which first originate happiness, and then feed it for its healthy endurance? What is the general postman to her? Is she to be flung into a poetical rhapsody by the sight of the Queen's livery? What are the joys of "Bang! Bang!" to her? Can two strokes on a street-door knocker bring to her ears

" ——— the voice of all the gods  
Making Heav'n drowsy with the harmony."

Can she, for ten long years, to the manifest improvement of her poetical abilities, behold in anticipation the union doubly prized by her, since it will have been brought about by a thousand mutual sacrifices and endearing agonies? No: Lady Hamlincourt is a being without hope, a creature arrived at that not-by-any-means-to-be-contemplated state of prose, that enables one to sit down for the rest of a whole life. The joys of virtuous endeavour, are shut out from her at the early age of three and twenty. To be ambitious is forbidden her. She chose to confirm her happiness when young, and now she must abide by the gratifying consequences. She has no one to thank but herself, though it would be undoubtedly hard to repress our expressions of condolence—particularly if she exhibits strength of mind in the resignation which results from her being made sensible of her situation.

## FEELING.

When the ills of life assail us,  
Feeling through their tearful shroud,  
Comes in pity's guise to hail us,  
Like the sunbeam through the cloud;  
But it all our fond hopes telling,  
Shines to mark their swift decay,  
Like a lamp in death's cold dwelling,  
Set to light the with'ring clay.

Hearts that false love beacons hither,  
 And deceit awakes to pain,  
 Torn by *Feeling*, soon must wither,  
 Far too soon to love again.  
 Yet it oft our pleasure heightens,  
 In the joy that friendship weaves;  
 And it all our sadness brightens,  
 In the tear affection gives.

J. W. E.

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 THE PORTFOLIO.
 

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(No. III.)

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 BY JOHN CHARLES HALL.

*Author of Miscellaneous Poetry, &c. &c.*


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 SUCH IS LIFE.
 

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I gaze on a fair and a beauteous child,  
 In form like an angel—beneficent, mild,  
 Engag'd in diversion, it plays with a toy,  
 Thinking life's journey's past without any alloy.

I gaze on the ocean—its silv'ry spray  
 Is sparkling 'mid beams of a bright sunny day;  
 The calm is now o'er—the billows they foam,  
 The waves on the rocks of Charybdis are thrown.

The child now no longer seems happy—its joy  
 Is ended—for spoilt is the beautiful toy:  
 Thus oft life's calm's broken, the fair infant form,  
 Like ocean is ruff'd, by tempest and storm.

(To be Continued.)

## ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

*(From a Sermon preached by the Rev. James Rudgt., D.D., on the Sunday after the Eclipse, October 15th, 1837.)*

“There is no devotion more pure than that which is excited by a contemplation on the works of God—a contemplation which carries up all the best feelings and affections of the soul to Heaven, and fixes them upon nature’s Lord, as the magnificent creator, the intelligent source, and the kind preserver of all that is glorious in the firmament above, and of all that is beautiful and lovely on the earth below. And it is on this account that there are no exercises from which I derive a more exalted satisfaction, and anticipate a more gratifying result than those upon which I so frequently employ your thoughts and meditations—on the “wondrous works of God.” The declaration of Elihu to Job, I like to enforce on the attention of my hearers, “Hearken unto this, O ye children of man: stand still and consider the wondrous works of the Lord.” And of all the indications of the might and majesty of Jehovah’s works, what more glorious to survey than those which are exhibited in the celestial hemisphere—“these declare his goodness beyond thought, and power divine.” A sentiment, perhaps, like this of the poet (Milton) occurred to you, as you stood gazing at the moon, during her obscuration, or eclipse, on Friday evening, when an opportunity was presented the most highly favorable, from the cloudless state of the atmosphere, for witnessing this phenomenon in the planetary world, and for seeing, ere the obscurations commenced, the moon—

“Arrayed in glory, and whose beams display  
A blaze of light, and gave a paler day.”

This was the second opportunity you have enjoyed, within the present year, of witnessing a lunar eclipse, and thus of attesting the astonishing accuracy with which their appearance was calculated and predicted. You doubtless need not be told that this phenomenon was occasioned by the intervention of the earth between the sun and moon, when in opposition; and it will help you to comprehend this matter the better, by bearing in mind that, as the earth is an opaque and nearly spherical body, it throws a conical shadow on the side of the moon, opposite to the sun, whose axis passes through the centres of the sun and earth. Every point of the moon’s surface successively loses the light of different parts of the sun’s disc before it is

eclipsed. Her brightness therefore gradually diminishes before she plunges into the earth's shadow. The earth's shadow, however, seldom entirely obscures the moon, and even the spots discernible by the naked eye, and without the aid of the telescope, upon its surface may be at times distinguished—spots which as astronomy has pictured, are as so many high mountains and lowly valleys, and volcanoes even,—such was the opinion of Herschel,

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" Whose spotted disc  
Shows mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
And caverns deep, as optie tube describes."

It was observable that at no period of the lunar eclipse, on<sup>n</sup> Friday, did the earth's shadow conceal from the naked eye the moon's surface; and the reason why the spots may be at times discerned, is when the moon is at the period of the eclipse, at her greatest distance from the earth; for the nearer the moon is to the earth, the greater is the darkness which is diffused around. Instances, however, are on record, in which the moon has entirely disappeared, and not the faintest vestige of its existence could be traced by the aid of the most powerful optical glasses, even when the night was clear, and most favourable, as it was on Friday evening, for the gaze of the common observer, and the study of the contemplative astronomer.

Eclipses are of the highest possible advantage to astronomical and other departments of science. By lunar eclipses it is satisfactorily proved that our planet, the earth, is of a globular form, that the sun is of an astonishing magnitude beyond that of the earth, and that the earth far exceeds in dimensions the moon, and by astronomical instruments it has been clearly ascertained that their relative diameters are as follows:—The diameter of the sun is nearly 900,000 miles, with a circumference of 2,800,000 miles; that of the earth about 8000, and of the moon scarcely exceeds 2000 miles, and the distance from the moon to our earth is about 237,000 miles, which is 400 times nearer to us than the distance of the sun. In the science of geography, eclipses are of considerable use in determining the longitude of places, particularly lunar eclipses, because they are oftener visible than the solar ones, and the same eclipse is of equal magnitude and duration at all points from which it is viewed. In chronology, solar as well as lunar eclipses serve to determine any past event that has occurred, of which I will mention one in particular. There was an error in the Christian era of three years, which, by the means of an eclipse, has been rectified. The period at

which our Lord was born was during the reign of Herod in Judea, and according to Josephus, there was a lunar eclipse immediately before his decease. This phenomenon occurred on the 13th of March, but it has been clearly ascertained that it took place four years subsequent to the nativity, and supposing that this error had not been detected, the present would be the one thousand eight hundred and forty-first year of the Christian era, instead of being 1837! Thus it may be said with truth that—

“ We, in the dark eclipse, with filial awe,  
Trace the all gracious parent of the spheres,  
Their distances and their proportions learn;  
Extending navigation; securing  
The mariner thro’ the tremendous waves.”

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## THE FORLORN ONE.

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BY S. T. HUNT.

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Would I could draw rich balm from heaven,  
To soothe thine aching heart,  
’Twere sweet to have the power given,  
To act an angel’s part.  
How would my soul exult, to kiss  
Grief’s shadow from thy brow,  
And light it up with laughing bliss,  
So pale, and pensive now.

Vain my desire thy path to smooth,  
Thine anguish to remove,  
E’en pity’s self would fail to soothe,  
The pangs of blighted love.  
’Tis only him who dealt the blow,  
Who struck with poison’d dart,  
Can raise thy hopes, now laid so low,  
Can soothe thine aching heart.

## SHELLS.

IN describing flowers, a poet would descant on their brief existence, on their emblematic language, on the victim prepared for the sacrifice, and the bride for the marriage ceremony, crowned alike with garlands—of flowers strewed upon the grave, and in the hero's path! But a botanist, considering these matters as unimportant, would speak only of *Morandria*, *triandria*, calyx, pistil, and germen. In like manner, the magic of a name would effect a corresponding contrast in my individual ideas, upon the subject under consideration; for, had I written the scientific appellative *Conchology*, instead of the more simple one I have preferred, my mind would have presented nothing but *Macra radiata*, *Mitillus edulus*, *Ciprina islandica*; and the reader would have been prepared to hear of bivalves, multivalves, and univalves; of argonauta, turbo, voluta, nautilus, and so forth.

Untrammelled, however, by terms associated with the business-like part of the subject, shells—those medals of the ancient world—those gems of the ocean—those musical instruments of poetry,—awaken a train of recollections, at once picturesque, fanciful, and sentimental; and the eye dwells upon their infinite diversity of form, of brilliancy and colour, with even more of enthusiasm than curiosity. Every branch of Natural History is deeply interesting, and the study is calculated to inspire in a high degree, intellectual and devotional meditation. Its immense importance, and the boundless variety of objects it comprises, become more clearly developed as our knowledge improves, and tend, in the beautiful language of Cuvier, "to lead the mind of man to its noble destination, a knowledge of the truth; to draw human beings from the empire of prejudices and passions; to spread sound and wholesome ideas among the people; to make reason the arbiter and supreme guide of public opinion:—these, indeed, are the objects of science." The naturalists of Europe have effected a complete metamorphosis in this branch of science since the last half century: and the gratitude of this and of future generations, is justly due to those wise and great men, who have devoted so many untiring and difficult investigation, and produced so astonishing and interesting results. The study of nature is a search into the origin and termination of the visible world; a search into creation;

and few things more perfectly indicate a mind unfavourably constituted for correctly estimating its beauty and sublimity, than a slowness in being moved to the admiration of whatever is worthy of enraptured praise.

Conchology is of much greater importance than is generally admitted. As shells are the most abundant among fossil remains, interesting deductions respecting the changes our earth has undergone, may be drawn from an accurate acquaintance with the subject. Enormous masses of them—the remains of oceans and shores now no more—have been formed in situations remote from the sea. Layers of petrified shells, and other substances, imbedded in the earth—some in horizontal, others in vertical positions, evidently produced by some stupendous revolution—have been discovered by geological research; and shells are abundant even upon the summits of the highest mountains. The whole number of known species is about five thousand; and half as many fossil species have been discovered entirely different from those now inhabiting the sea. They are found exhibiting every imaginable hue and shape. In some, the greatest regularity of design is apparent; the colours brilliant and unmingled; the tints blended and mellowed like the evening clouds of summer, or gracefully waved with bands of lilac and gold. Others present imitations of the rainbow to the admiring eye of the beholder; and in different species we see delineations resembling Arabic characters, Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the painted coats of the fawn and leopard. Some, again, are pure white, and others are pencilled with the most delicate rose-coloured tints; while brown, red, yellow, violet, purple, and orange, are intermingled in the most lawless irregularity. Still more wonderful, the variety in colour is not produced by any difference of properties, either in the shell, or the animal within it, which may be perceptible to our senses; but colour, both in the animal and vegetable world, is in truth, a secret of nature. Mysterious power! and why have such gifts been lavished thus profusely upon objects, myriads of which, no doubt, are hid in the bosom of the fathomless ocean, —where all is still, save the overwhelming dash of the dark world of waters. It is well: there is a moral in the mysteries of nature, types and images of our unknown destiny, which goes down

" Into the quiet of the human heart,  
With far holier eloquence than that which breathes  
From the dim aisle or curtained sacristy."

In the East Indies and Africa, a species of shell is used in



lieu of small coin. They are collected twice a year, and are sent, (so great is the demand) to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually to Bengal. A pound of them is about the value of twopence. The most splendid patterns of lamps left by the ancient Greeks, were evidently imitations of rare and beautiful shells; and in China, both their forms and colour are imitated in the manufacture of porcelain. The celebrated Tyrian purple was the production of a shell-fish; and in the days when Ossian sung, the hollow shells of the scallop were the drinking cups of Fingal and his heroes, and flat shells their plates.

Pearls, those ornaments so highly prized, are produced by a species of oyster; but the sacrifice of life and health, which necessarily attends on the collecting of them, and the cruel process of manufacturing artificial ones from muscles, should be sufficient grounds for discouraging the useless traffic. White pearls are most sought after in Europe; but in Asia, yellow ones are preferred.

Coral, that wonderful production of the tiny architects of the ocean, who have raised up foundations from the depths of the sea, to serve as islands for the habitation of man, is used for many ornamental purposes. There are three species; red, white, and black. Necklaces, bracelets, and ornaments for the hair, are manufactured of coral. As to the ornaments for the ears, I appeal from the thoughtlessness and vanity, to the dignity, refined taste, and intelligence of our ladies, whether they should not be banished from the toilet? and I leave it for them to decide which is most respectable—the naked barbarian, who slits his ear, ornaments it with feathers, shells, and flowers, and exults in the imagined consequence he derives from such decorations, or the educated lady who condescends to imitate him.

Respecting the history of the science, but few words need be said. Of the ancients, Aristotle and Pliny are the only names which merit quotation, and many centuries elapse before we again meet with one whose writings give indication of its progress. The turmoil of society which accompanied and followed the decline and fall of the Roman empire,—the engrossing nature of the religion and superstitions of the dark ages,—the exclusive attention bestowed on the writings of the ancients at the revival of letters,—together with the higher claims of other studies, when civility and wealth had begun to diffuse a taste for original composition, and gave encouragement and leisure to men of science and letters,—were all oblitative of a pursuit which was solely ornamental, and which had no attraction

except to those chosen few, who had found in the contemplation of nature's works their principal gratification. That this number was not inconsiderable is certain; as, otherwise, it seems impossible to account for the publication of the voluminous and expensively illustrated books on natural history, which issued from the press within, or shortly after the first century following the discovery of *printing*. And, indeed, the monastic system and its institutions must have been favourable to the growth of such feelings, giving the necessary leisure and seclusion; while nature, presenting daily her works and phenomena, and her seasonal changes to these recluses, dull but not dead to their influence, insensibly operated and gave direction to the employment of their minds.

It is evident from many extraordinary appearances which have been brought to light by geological investigation—and for which the fact of the deluge cannot alone satisfactorily account—that our globe has suffered convulsions not recorded in any history. A furnace of inextinguishable fire is still raging beneath our feet. We have terrific proof of its violence and power in volcanoes and earthquakes; and we cannot pronounce it an improbable event that Europe may one day sink into some vast cavern, hollowed by continual eruptions, and an explosion elevate the basin of the Pacific into an uninhabited world. That portion of our globe where Europe now sits—the luminary and central point of civilization, shedding its enlightening rays of intellectual light to other portions of the earth, may, to-morrow, become a new ocean; the South Sea give place to a new continent; literature and science may again go down in darkness, and the inhabitants of new lands again grope through the mists of ignorance and superstition. The possibility of such changes as have once taken place, and which, the same cause still existing, could again produce, should impress upon our minds the importance of a life of virtue, the folly of human ambition, and the value of a *hope* beyond this world. H.

## THEATRICALS.

CITY OF LONDON, NORTON FOLGATE.—Affairs appear to be progressing admirably at this elegant little house, and should the remainder of the season realize the promise held forth by its commencement, we doubt not the spirited lessees will reap the reward their exertions so richly merit. *Don Juan* is still performing nightly, with great success, and *Mrs. Honey* as the *hero* elicits rapturous applause: the characters throughout the piece are generally well sustained, and the performers exert themselves to the utmost, but why is *Miss Holmes* compelled to enact *Haidee*?

she is not calculated for the character, and was everything but the realization of the poet's beautiful conception.

Among other novelties have been produced during the last week, *Life and Fashion* and *The Net Maker of Bagdad!* We had not an opportunity of witnessing the first of these, but understand it was received with great applause, and announced for repetition; the latter is excellent in its kind, and loses nothing of its interest by the performers.

### LITERARY REVIEW.

*The Literary Bouquet.*—Part I. Price Ninepence.

Virtue; Ivy Lane.

Our fair readers will probably remember that, we last month directed their attention to the above work, as exalted eminently beyond others of its class; we had then only seen the first No.; the subsequent ones have tended amply to confirm the favorable opinion we then expressed. We hail with pleasure the era (we can call it nothing less) which places a miscellany, composed of legitimate articles, of sterling talent, equally divested of the common-place that wearies and the insipidity which disgusts, within the reach of almost every class of society. In its pages we find ample food for every variety of taste: to enumerate all the articles contained in the *monthly part* before us would far, very far exceed our limits; a collective glance over them must for the present suffice. The Antiquarian, Historical, and Topographical articles, are the distinguishing features of the publication, and their ~~writers~~ display at once a thorough knowledge of each subject, a depth of research and accuracy, we have rarely observed in others. The lighter papers are of a description which will afford infinite amusement to all, as they are sufficiently varied and numerous to meet every peculiarity of temperament and inclination, whether tending to the productions of refined sensibility, or of genuine humor. The whole is pleasingly interspersed with poetry, nor is the drama forgotten.

The Reviews of new books, Music, and last though not least, notices of Literary and Scientific institutions, form no inconsiderable feature of its arrangements; the latter, in particular, are extremely lengthy, offering occasionally, a large portion of the lectures delivered, involving at once amusement and instruction. Furthermore, the part is embellished with an Engraving of the town of Maldon, Essex, and which alone is worth six times the price of the part. We trust the exertions of the spirited proprietor will be guerdoned with the success they so eminently deserve.

END OF VOL. I.









